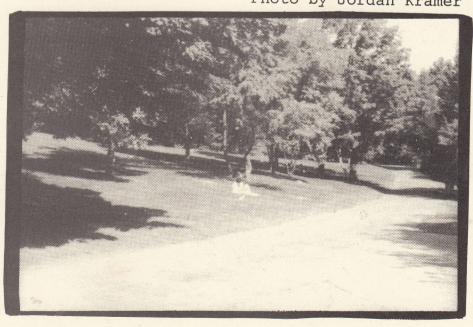


# MATRIX

Buck's Rock New Milford Connecticut 06776

Summer 1985

Photo by Jordan Kramer



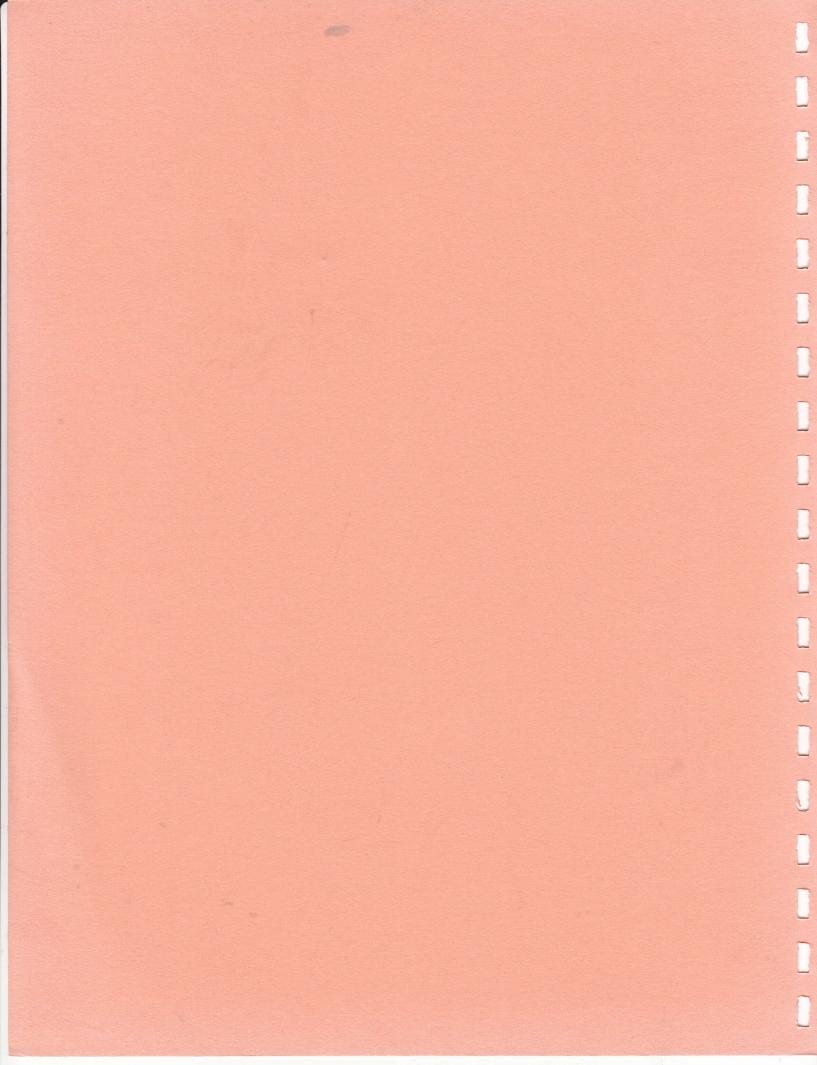
Buck's Book New, Missord Connections 06776

APRIL TERMINA









## Just a few words from"THE CHIEF"

What to write, what to write. I'm much better at writing articles that are fun to read than editorials. Let me rephrase that. I don't mean to say that my editorial won't be fun to read, but I don't think that I've ever read an editorial that has made me laugh. I'll come straight to the point, and say that a hell of a lot of work went into this yearbook, and at this point it's not even finished yet. The writing, art and layout, production, typing (oh, the typing), collation, photography, and anything else that I forgot to mention that was important in making this book, all took time and effort that did not go unappreciated. I thank everyone who made the job of "editor-in-chief" a little easier (except Tim Moran--kid-This has been a pretty good summer for me overall, much in part because of the Pub Shop and the people in it. I made many lasting friendships, plus some that will probably drift apart after a while, but that's the way things always happen in life. I'm glad for the chance that Buck's Rock and the Pub Shop have given me to expand my horizons (I know, how corny) and strech my talents as a writer so I can view what I'm writing with a more experienced eye.

Being elected as Editor-in-chief of this yearbook means a lot to me, because if I come back next year, I would only be able to be a JC, and not be able to be any kind of editor of this or any other publication. Now, when I go back to school, I will be all the better equipped to try for an editing position, as I will be later in life. Writing is a very important part of my life, so I don't take anything that I write lightly, as some people I know could tell you. Even this editorial, which is probably getting corny, means something. This is

where I get to express my thoughts and thanks.

Anyhow, since I've already expressed my thoughts, it's time to express my thanks. First and foremost, I'd like to thank Tim Moran, who--although he can be a royal pain in the @\$\$! sometimes--is responsible for a lot of my improvement in writing. I always complain about him, but everyone knows that I don't really hate him. He's a really nice person once you get to know him. I'd also like to thank my co-editors: Laurie Feigin, John Porter, Golan Levin, Roger Bailey, Ethan Goodman, Boris Kolba, Alissa Quart and, of course, not forgetting Amanda Liptz. It couldn't have been done without you!! Love ya and I'll miss you all!!

AMANDA JAMY

Hey amy, Shux

Good

Karma! Janger

Janger

Janger

Janger

Amy Vernon Editor-in-chief

This is going to be short and sweet. I won't spiel.

Thank you, Pub (especially Amy and Boris), for what was in this respect, an incredible summer - even though it felt like either a drudge or unemployment most of the time!

PINKFLOYDLEDZEPPELINTHEBEATLES Enjoy the Yearbook, and have a nice day!

> FROG Laurie Feigin Associate Editor

## The Prophecy Come True / The Return

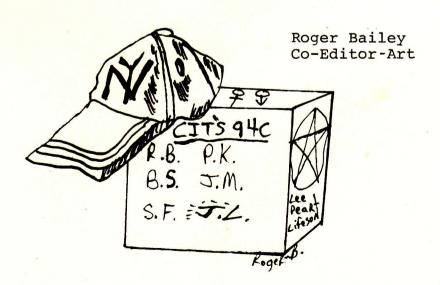
Yes, here I am in year number eight - I've come back to Buck's Rock once again! And to top it all off, I was made co-editor in art for this tome. "Why did you come back?" you may ask. Well, here's the explanation....

Twas a chilly evening in the December of 1984. chatting with my mom about camp and she said something shock-

ing - "no, we're not going to camp!"

I was hit, I was stunned. I needed a drink! (Soda). Silence fell upon our humble abode, until one bright day in February... "Of course we're going back, Rog!" said my mother casually. I was charged with positive energy, I was elated, I needed another drink! (Hawaiian Punch). And sure enough, four months later, I returned.

See ya 'round!



This year I was very happy to receive the position of Editor of Production (not that I had much competition!). I'd like to thank the entire Pub Shop staff and especially Ian and Marko, who taught me how to print in the first place.

Editor of Production

Ethan Goodman

PS For any returning Buck's Rockers, I won't be as vague as Amy Rule was in last year's Yearbook:



My experience as photo editor was fun, exciting, new, different, sensational, spectacular, daring, good, supacalafragalistic expealidocious, stupendous, overwhelming, indecisive, boring, uninteresting. Well, it had its ups and downs.....

Anyway, as it's my last year here, I would like to give my last thanks to: Lou and Sybil, the Pub Shop, The Pub CITs - Amy, Amanda, Boris, Mark, Sarah, Aura, Mum and Dad, my dog and everyone else who knows me.

John Porter

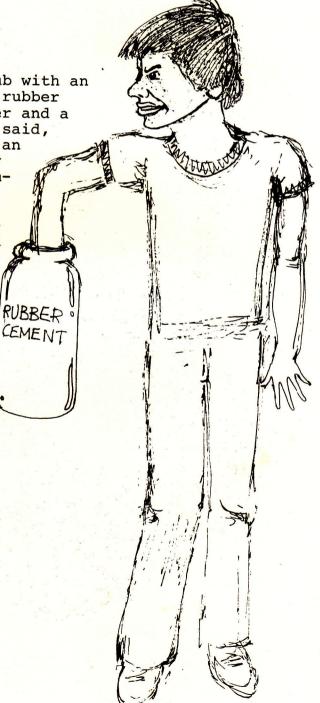
PS Sorry it's a little short.

PPS Thanks to Photo.

One fine morning I came into Pub with an irresistible urge to play with rubber cement. They shoved a typewriter and a ream of paper into my arms and said, "Golan, be a dear and write us an editorial." Therefore, I hereby present to you my unwilling compliance:

Before I say anything of importance in this editorial ( which I probably won't ), I would like to state that the illustrations in "Matrix" are some of the best works ever put into one of our productions. Glimmering (?) over past yearbooks, such as Coda, Fleeting Images, and Matters of Moments, I see that never before have we put so many highquality illustrations into a yearbook. This, I believe, is our best yearbook yet.

> golan levin Co-Editor-Art



#### PAPER LIFE

I write to live. I stalk ideas. I ignore the pain of Fragmented fantasies, And swell them into Fledgling plots. I suffer To enhance poetry. I save these Crazy clips of color In the dark filing cabinets Of my mind, Ready to escape Onto a lined page: Soliloquies of lonely girls And giant mosquitoes that Survive on blood, And tall, tissuey tiger lillies-A one dimensional existence, A Paper Life.

There is not one person I would like to praise, but many. My thanks to the Pub Staff and my friends. I could not have faced this 'ordeal' without you! I'll miss you!

Love, Alissa Quart Co-Writing Editor I kept putting off writing my editorial. Right now, it is 10:24 in the morning on Sunday the 18th, and I'm finally getting around to it. Although I'd really like to use the new final copy typewriter, I think someone would yell at me if I did, so I'm using "frog". I"m using a piece of deep green paper, and I'm also using white-out, so the original of this is gonna look pretty funny. But now, I should get down to the substance of this thing.

This summer is more special than most summers for two reasons. The first is that this is almost definitely my last year here. The second is a bit more complicated. In September, my best friend at school is going to boarding school. A lot of my other friends have graduated, or are graduating half year. I'm going to have to work a lot harder than I have in my last two years of school, or I will have no chance at all of getting into a decent college. In short, my school year will be @#\$%&\*. So this summer becomes a last refuge from the reality that I'm going to have to face come September.

I made some really good friends this summer, one of whom is definitely one of my very best friends in the world (yes, my fellow DS, this means you). I've also had a show on WBBC, ended up in the CIT play by default and, of course, was a Yearbook Editor. There were some bad things, like shop troubles but, overall, it was a good summer. Thank You.

Boris Kolba Co-Writing Editor

#### EDITORIAL -- AMANDA LIPTZ -- MORAL SUPPORT EDITOR

Ok, it's trivial, I know, but necessary. Let's face it, every-body knows it gets pretty ugly in Pub around yearbook time. Just like the art work, writing, photographs, and collation, our own personal sanity is important to getting this book out on time. I am honored to be the first Buck's Rocker to acquire this position, and I hope next year's moral support editor will take it as seriously as I did. (And with as few staff deaths.) Good Karma!

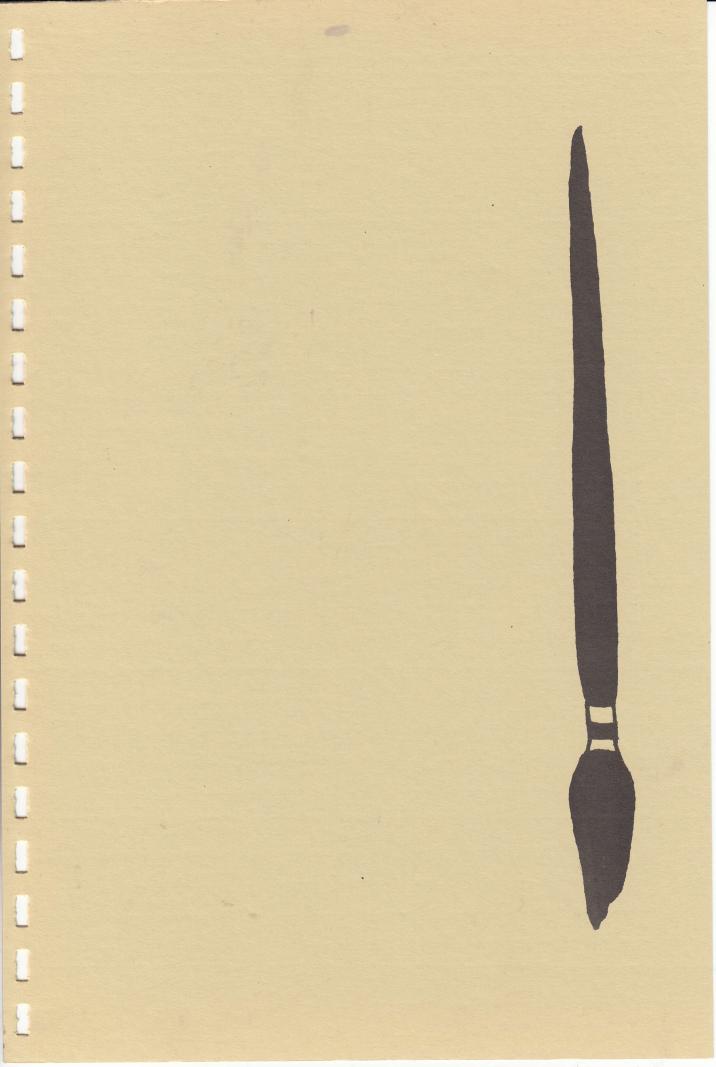
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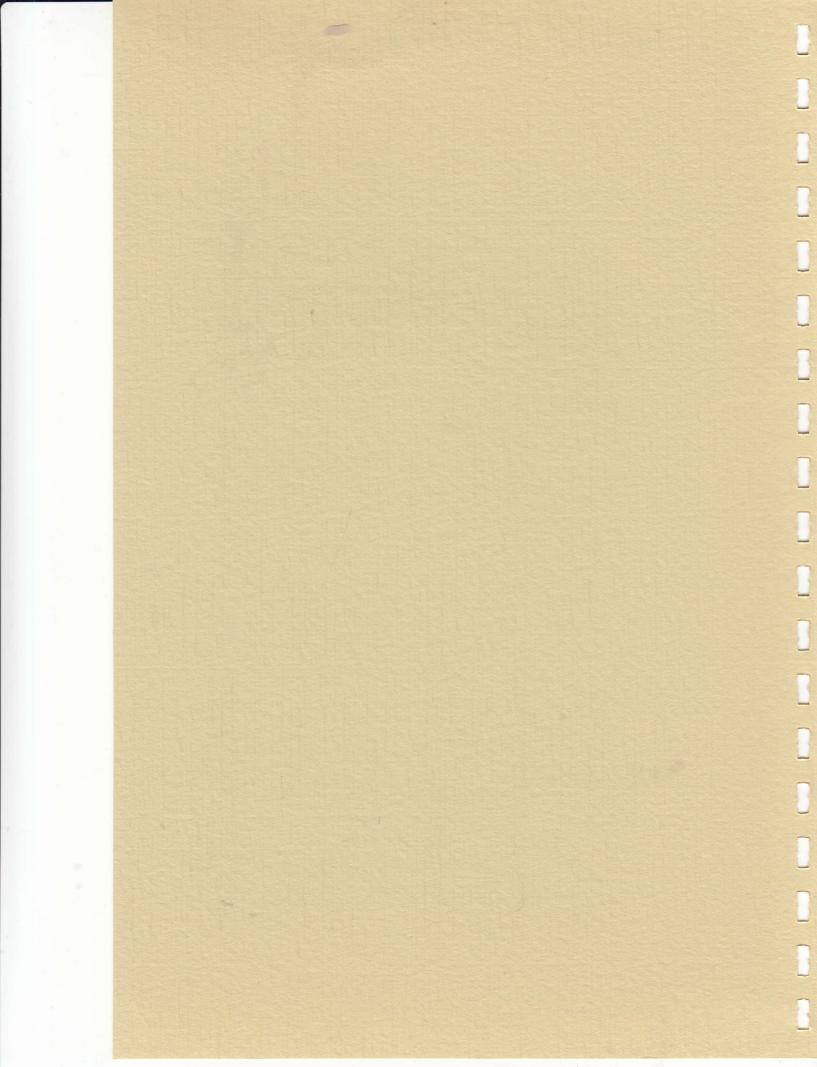
Amanda Liptz

Moral Support editor

He, He, He)

AMANDA









Lesson #1- Gather the glass, maneuver it, use jacks to put a neck on the glass, and break it off. Discouraging.

Lesson #2- Same as #1, but use the blow pipe. Blow a bubble and break it off. Still discouraging.

Lesson #3- Same as #2, but take a second gather. Then break it off. Yes, still discouraging.

Now you are ready to enter the wonderful world of glassblowing. To help you there are the counselors, Mike, Tom, and Larry, the JCs, Steve and Aliza, and the CITs, Jeff and Todd.

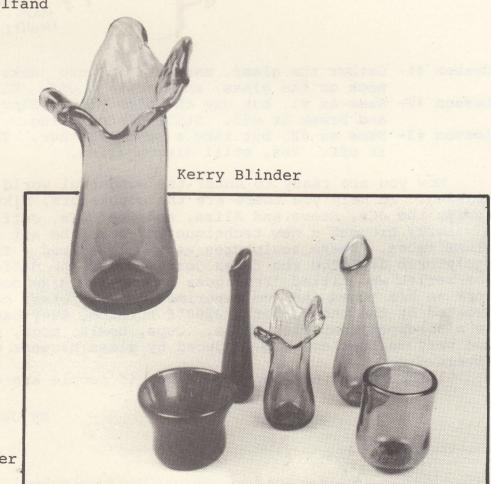
Larry brought a new technique to camp, the art of making glass faces. These sculptures were called Fred. The sculptures depicted the faces going to all the different shops. The series was titled "Fred goes to camp". Mike continued to work on his bones and Tom experimented with glass colors. Excited by the thought of a 2200°f furnace, many campers came to also experiment with glass. Cups, bowls, mugs, pitchers, and perfume bottles were produced by glass blowers of all levels.

Glass blowing can be lots of fun if people are cautious.

By Jeff Richter



Jonathan Gelfand



Nick Weiss
Josh Danzig
Kerry Blinder
Joey Center

## Science Shop

Science Shop is a really great shop. You don't hear much about it, though, and I guess it's about time you did.

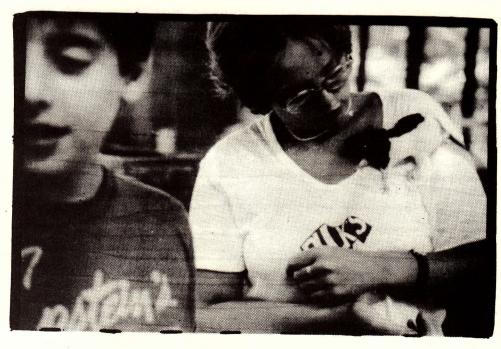
It is, for one, the only shop you can walk into and see mice that have been rescued from cats, caterpillars munching on leaves, or a cow's heart floating in a jar of chemicals. It's the only shop where you can dissect a rat, or watch a live one plead with you for a few Product 19 wheat flakes (preferably the whole box). And it's one of the few shops where people gather and play guitars on the porch, and everything is peaceful except for the tap-tappity-tap-tap of the computer shop next door.

It's also the only shop where you can start a survey, such as the one I did, and chart the results. It's definitely the only shop where you can watch Mandy dunk a (live) rat in a bowl of water (more or less giving it a bath) and then watch her spraying it with flea spray as it climbs all over me-therefore de-fleaing me as well (which might not be such a bad idea, actually...). Science is also the only shop where a counselor (Anita), hangs over your shoulders as you write an article for the yearbook (or whatever), jumping up and down yelling "Can I read it?" Can I read it?"

I really think the Science Shop is a great place, and you will too. So next year, you better get on down here, or we'll

sick Nancy (the rat) on you!

Erika Bubar



Larry Levine Mandy Smith

# Wood DECDO

Gong! Gong! Gong!

I wake up and look at the clock--9:00! Oh, no! I've got to work this morning. I get up, throw on some clothes, and run at top speed to the Woodshop. When I get there, I hear:

"Lew, my lathe has stopped working!"

"Danny, what do 'I do now?"

"Roger, help!"

"Good," I think to myself. "All the counselors are busy: the perfect time to sneak in!"

"Ellyn, you're late."

"Sorry, Lew," I mumble. I get to work and help a camper cut the wood for a bowl, and put on the face plate.

"Now, first you cut it out round on the band saw with the help of these things called relief cuts..."

"What?"

I start again.

"You cut it round..."

It is obvious that the enthusiatic camper's attention is elsewhere, and he walks over to the person on the lathe. So, in the meantime, I start to work with another camper who has been impatiently waiting for some time.

"Now, what's the problem?" I ask.

"My wood broke."

"Your wood broke! How?" I reply, trying not to sound exasperated.

"I dropped it."

I take a deep breath.

"Look, I'm not too experienced in the art of broken wood. Saul over there can help you."

"I'm not working until this afternoon, Ellyn!" shouts an irate Saul from across the room.

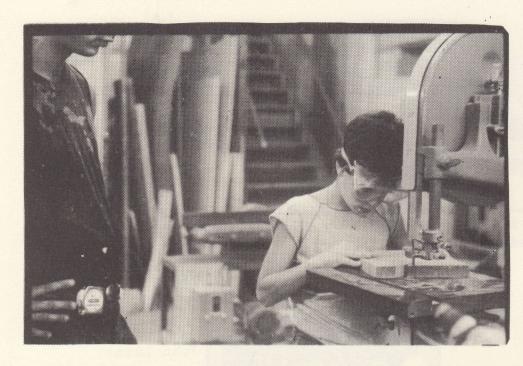
"Sorry, Saul."

This happy bantering goes on in the Woodshop all day and every day. The diversity of personalities and skills of the staff and the high number of campers who come into the shop make it an interesting and lively place to work. All staff members and CITs pull together to facilitate the smooth running of the shop. If there is a cutting board being made, Danny will router the edges; if a sculpture is being produced, Roger contributes his expertise; if there is a lathe problem, David steps in, and if a camper needs perfection, Saul is the person to see!

If all around general help is needed, people come to me. After all, I'm here to learn. I've helped on a wide range of

projects this summer, including bowls, plates, glasses, boxes, stepstools, anklets, earrings, and even lamps. I feel I've learned a great deal in terms of skills and also in terms of dealing with people. I'd better get back to work, a camper is approaching!

Ellyn Blau



Jason Wild making a cutting board.

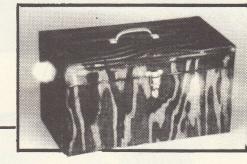


Simon Harf at the lathe.



Willann Klinman Rebecca Tessler

Kerry Blinder



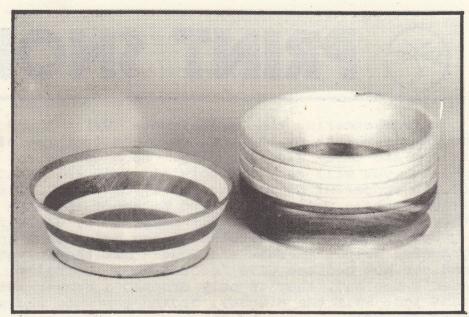
John Lazar

Susannah Lipsyte

Saul Goldstein

Daniel Wolfe





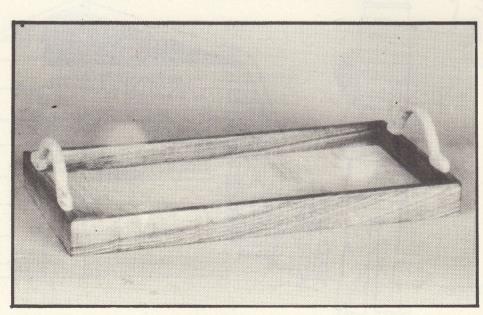
Jason Wild

Simon Harf



Lydia Neuman

Anna Fader
Maura Axelrod



Simon Harf

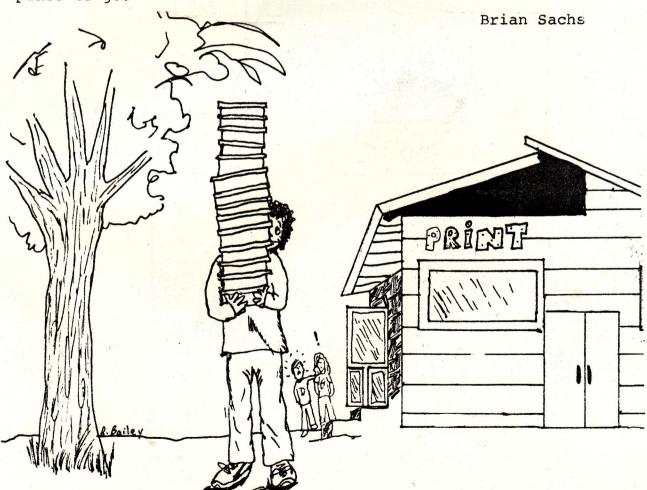
# PRINT SHOP

Anyone entering the world-famous "Print Shop" will be immediately struck by the awesome sight of three sleeping counselors and three sleeping CITs. Upon waking any of the counselors, you will get the reply of, "Ask the CITs!" Then, all of the wonderful CITs--Lisa Bauer, Jennifér Stulberger, and Brian Sachs-- will jump up and be ready to serve you-- until they forget what's going on. Then, it's, "Gayle!!"

Upon request, the heroine of the print shop and her two graceful helpers--Frank and Doug-- get themselves into action and see how bad the CITs "goofed up". Normally, their problems aren't too bad, they've only dropped a drawer full of letters (and lost half the pieces), broken a press, and scared a camper

into oblivion.

But, for anyone who doesn't mind a little noise, a little fun, and a lot of sleepy people-- the Print Shop is a great place to go.



#### If You Don't Like My Stationary ...

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Everyones a Wiener at Bucks Rock



Phone \_\_\_\_\_\_
Name \_\_\_\_\_
Address \_\_\_\_\_

LIFE IS A BEEP - AND THEN YOU DIE

#### LIONEL SACKS

Expert: Skier, Cliff Jumper, Sky Diver, Hang Gliderer, Tight-rope walker, Trans-Atlantic Swimmer, and Bare-Handed Aligator Wrestler

PHONE: 215-667-8259

ADDRESS: 170 GRAMERCY ROAD
BALA CYNWYD, PA 19004

#### Josh Danzig

1055 Heathcliff Ln. Marietta GA 30067 Professional Person

Phone

ALL THE LETTERS
GRANDMA CAN
WRITE



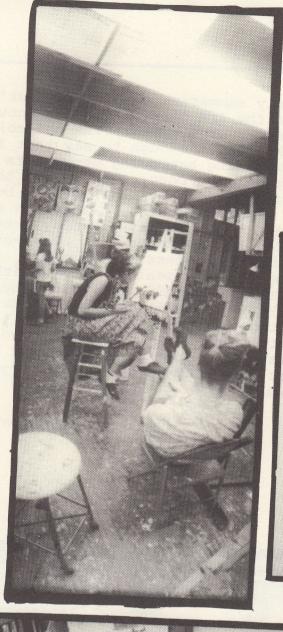
#### The Art Shop.

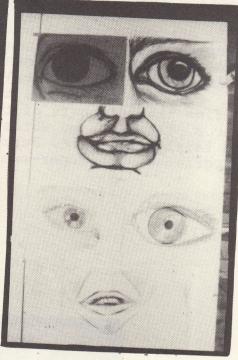
What words can fairly summarize that famed Buck's Rock institution known only as the Art Shop. It is not enough to say that you can paint, etch, draw, mono print and collograph to your hear's content. Nor is it enough to say that it is staffed by the most overwhelming happening counselors (Bosha, Dianne, Carla, Adrian, Chris, and Doug). And to say that the CITs (Aura, Sarah, Valerie, David, and Dan) are the best in the free world is simply not satisfactory either. We might mention that at the Art Shop you can have as many casts of your face done as Carla has the patience for, but even that will not sum up the hip incredibleness of the shop. And to venture that the most now, hip, happening, today, with-it, and 80's campers are found exclusively at the Art Shop still cannot begin to accurately define its total supertude.

If not all these, then what? you ask. What will fairly define the neatoness of the Art Shop? Well, there are no words. There are no words in any language outside of Swahili to fairly define it. Just come in to the shop one day and experience the super-swellness of...THE ART SHOP!!!

Dan Bukszpan



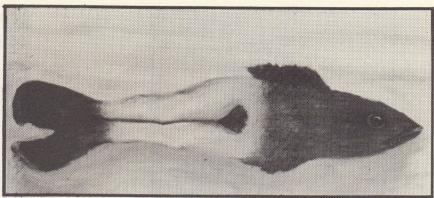




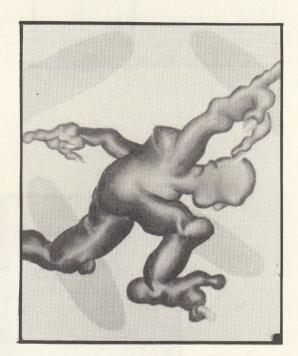




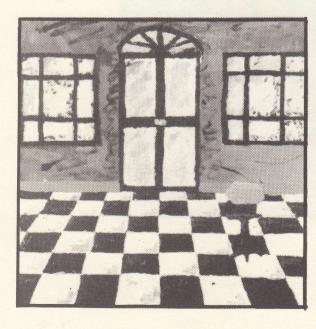
Shana Hack



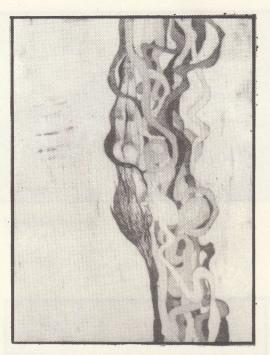
Aura Winarick



Michael Levitt



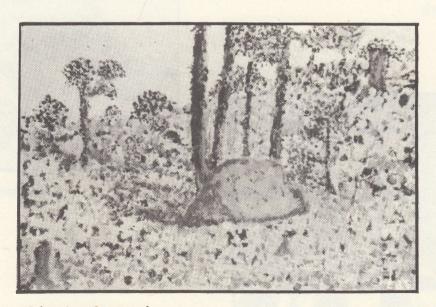
Caryn Angelson



Vezna Gottwald



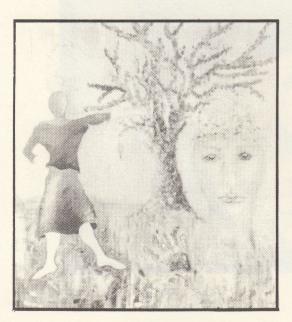
Jill Steinberg



Elizabeth Stein

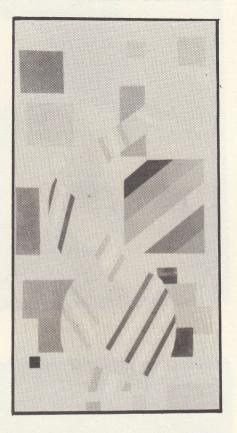


Natasha Harrison



Debbie Eisenstadt

#### Lauren Siniawer



Bobby Silverman





Robin Kessler



Elise Bergelson

# 10 ?"HELLO 20 FOR X=1 TG 30 NEXT X 000 0000



# OF FROM: COMPUTERS

#### TO: BUCK'S ROCK

| 10    | REM  | Program to inform user of events in the Computer Lab 1985.  |
|-------|--|---|
| 20    | REM  | Counselors were: Martin Widyono, Paul Bateman and Dick Boelens.   |
| 30    | REM  | CIT's were: Danny Rockoff and Laura Detres (morning), Jonathan Gelfand and Jason Miller (afternoon).                              |
| 40    | REM  | BEGIN PRINTOUT  |
| 50    |  | "Disk-drives whirred as programmers saved<br>their creations to disk. Animated-figures ran<br>across the screens announcing their |
|       |  | existence."   |
| 60    | PRINT  | "Printers chattered with signs and banners while campers listed the programs they were  |
|       |  | working on."  |
| 70    | PRINT  | "Upon entering the shop, one might think that it was a war zone only because of the almost  |
|       |  | total chaos that existed. But amid this total chaos, the potential for learning was   |
|       |  | endless. Many times a cry for help echoed   |
|       |  | across the shop 'Martin, it doesn't work!' or 'Paul, my disk got stuck in the drive!'   |
|       |  | or 'Give me a lesson in basic graphics', and  |
|       |  | the most famous question of all, which was always posed to the CIT's, 'Can you get my   |
|       |  | disk out of the box ?'. "   |
| 80    | PRINT  | "Even though the conditions were not the best   |
| () ·_ | A State of the sta | in the world, we prevailed lost   |
|       |  | disks, damaged hardware, and lost books"  |
| 90    | PRINT  | "About the staff : " =  |
| 10    | O PRINT  | "MARTIN : A very patient man who took the   |
|       |  | time to explain things. Often found playing 'Chess' or 'Risk'."   |
|       | en en en en en el men  | under a complete of plantage of beart, quite  |



## OFFROM: COMPUTERS

TO: BUCK'S ROCK

polite in his English manner. Usually found helping campers, working on machine code, or down at the waterhole."

120 PRINT "DICK: More of a guitar player than a programmer, but he tried and succeeded.

Usually found at a computer, guitar workshop or trying to teach people how to pronounce his last name."

130 PRINT "JONATHAN: A hard working helper whose insatiable appetite for computer knowledge was only exceeded by the 16 pieces of Honey-Dew melon he ate at CIT snack."

140 PRINT "DANNY: His creative programming reflected his interests in the Martial Arts. How many disks did you damage, Danny?"

150 PRINT "JASON: His programming style was equally matched by his hair style. Both could do with being brushed up a little in the mornings."

160 PRINT "LAURA: She wasn't found playing Chess or Risk. She wasn't found at the water-hole or playing Martial Arts or getting people to pronounce her last name properly or even eating 16 pieces of Honey-Dew melon. In fact she could always be found at the shop being a calm and stabilizing influence on the rest of the staff.

170 REM END OF PRINTOUT....... 999 END



## FROM: COMPUTERS

TO: BUCK'S ROCK



Dick Boelens, Dan Rockoff, Paul Bateman, Chip Zimmerman and Jason Miller at Computers.



Chip Zimmerman and Dan Rockoff

REAL MEN DON'T HAVE FLOPPY DISKS

# When Johnny comes marching home from the Animal farm

(Sung to the tune of, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again").

#### 1

When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
His arms are shaky, he's practically dead,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The goat's got loose by the pony he's kicked;
On his pants is donkey lick,
And we'll all run quick
When Johnny comes marching home.

#### 2

When Johnny comes marching home again Hurrah! Hurrah! His face is dirty, his bottom's in pain, Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! He was shoveling muck in the donkey bin, His animal came and pushed him in And you'll hold your nose When Johnny comes marching in.

#### 3

When Johnny comes marching home again Hurrah! Hurrah! Triumphant smile upon his face Hurrah! Hurrah! He adopted an animal, helps when it's sick, Forces down pills, he's learned to be quick And we'll all feel proud When Johnny comes marching home.

Jonathan Gross



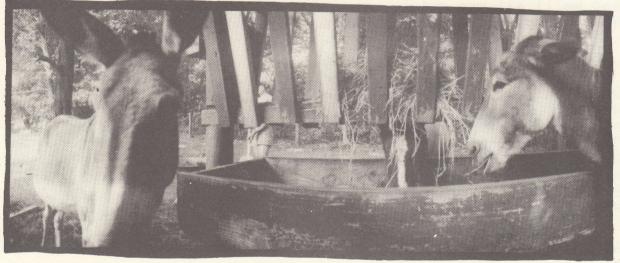
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#### The Animal Farm

The Animal Farm, situated at the edge of camp past the Infirmary, is a wonderfully isolated place. It's a good place to go for a quiet read or conversation, but it's best of all, of course, as a place to see animals.

The presence of the animals is obvious from the pungent odor which greets you as you walk up the road towards the Farm. However, don't let this slight irritant discourage you from coming. It is fun to care for animals such as rabbits, goats, donkeys, ducks, and hens. Campers "adopt" their own animals for the summer, and some enthusiastic Buck's Rockers adopt several. Adopting an animal obliges the camper to care for and feed the animal twice a day.

The Farm has also organized the wonderful Animal Show in which the animals are paraded in all their glory around the camp. Amusingly, the Noisiest Animal Award went to the only one who remained silent, and the Award for Good Behaviour went to the bird who flew away! Everyone found this a highly entertaining evening activity.

The Animal Farm is full of life and is a highly enjoyable

place to work. Go and see for yourselves next year!

Rebecca Kislak





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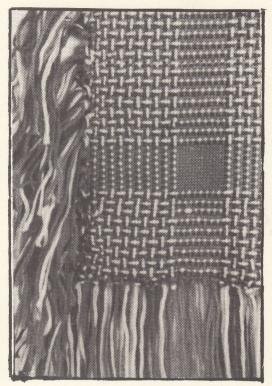
and Tour

Someone had a novel idea. They would...weave!! This began a new trend and many people started weaving. Blankets, scarves, placemats, bas and tapestries began to pop out of the scenery; hundreds of colors and patterns, strips, checks and plaids formed.

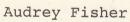
Yes, weaving was rather an interesting place to spend the Summer, with Anna, Judy and Loretta as the counselors (warped, of course), and the CITs, Kara and Laura (amazingly wonderful,

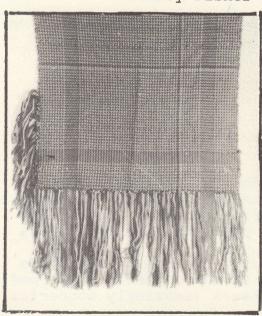
of course).

By Kara Chabora and Laura Seymann

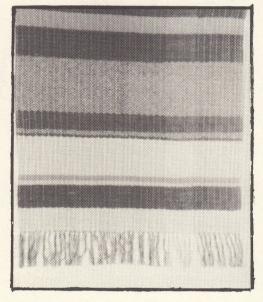


Audrey Fisher

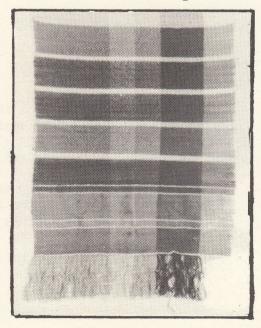




Ellen Frank



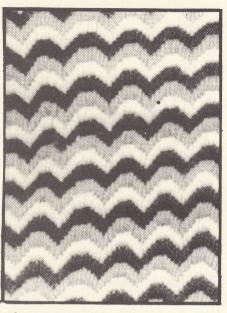
Amy Pekin



#### Bargello.

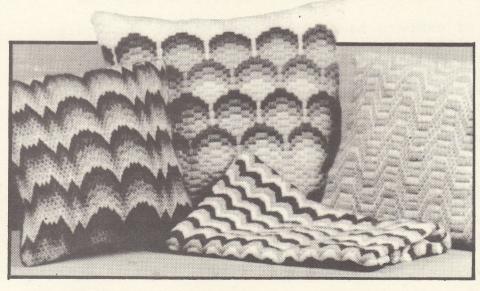
Sparks fly as the needle plungs and erupts through the canvas. Phyllis and Linda watch carefully, to prevent any flaws in the interweaving flowing pattern that is being formed. Shading from the lighest hue to a rich deep color, the enlarged form of needlepoint reminds one of huge, elegant tapestries in the Bargello museum of Florence, Italy. Using the imagination, the partly finished canvas can be pictured as a chair seat an eyeglass case or a fluffy, hand sewn pillow. The canvas easily fits into a small pastic bag and can be toted anywhere.

Bargello is a project to do in one's spare time; a simple enjoyable craft.

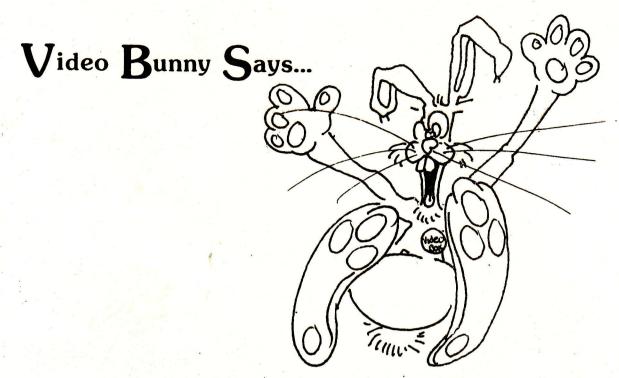


Sharon Gross

Julie Fromer



Suzie Fromer Julie Fromer Alissa Quart Sharon Gross



The Video Box and Video-Bunny didn't get to the top of the mountain, but they did a lot of climbing this Summer, and enjoyed everything along the way.

I came to work as a CIT in video at the end of the second week of camp, and already Dave Harper (Head Video Bunny) had got things well under way. He rarely smiles in the mornings, but for a Brit and a Billy Bragg fan, he's not a bad guy!

It hasn't all been plain sailing this summer. Why do so many campers want to make a 'Blood-Bath At Buck's Rock' video, with mass killings and car chases? (Yuk!!) and why was it fun to pull out our power cables while we were recording the Clown Show at Carnival? Anyway, we survived it all!

Quite a lot of campers have learnt how to use the equipment and have helped video many of the performances and concerts over the summer. Also, campers have worked on their own small videos, and contributed towards "The Buck's Rock Video Show," which was lots of fun to make, and even more fun to watch.

So, with another summer over at Buck's Rock, we've seen a giant leap forward for the Video Box. Next year there'll be even bigger strides we hope, but to everyone who has helped us come this far, thank you! Special thanks for their help and co-operation to Tom Beattie, Rudy and Brenda (LSD etc), Pub, Mark and the Clown Shop, and WBBC. Also, I know that Dave would like to thank John Plester: they made a great team, working on the "Video Show".

Mike Rubin VBIT (Video Bunny In Training)

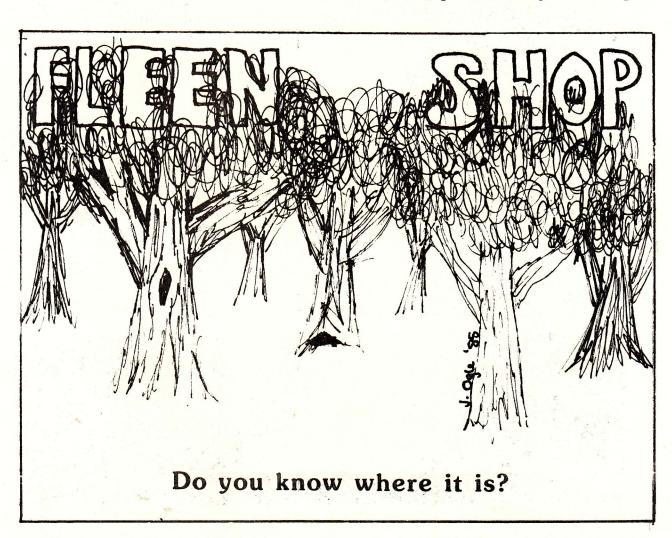
#### Fleen Shop: Home of the Skyhook and Stu Davis

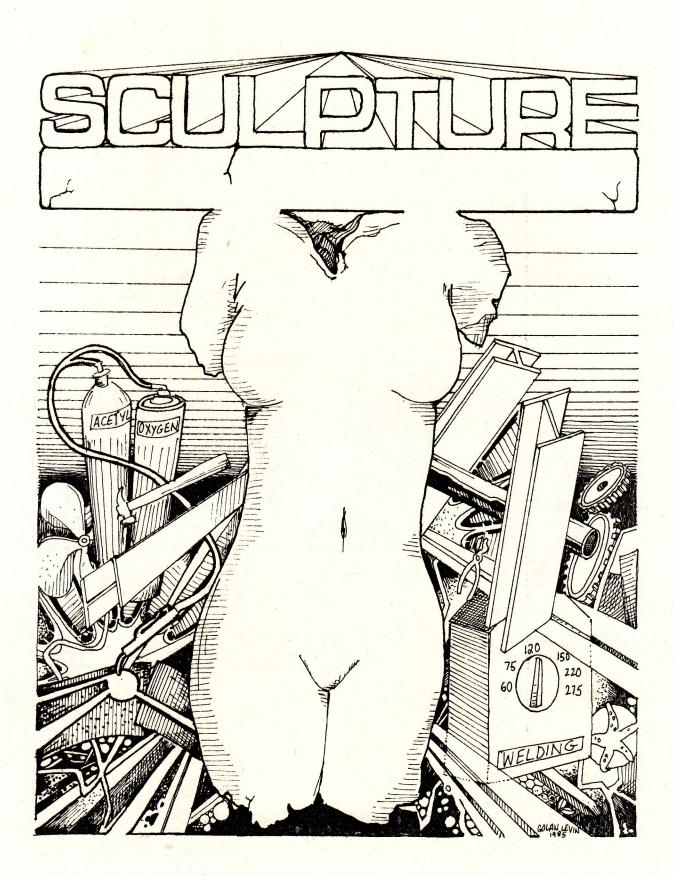
Fleen. Home of the skyhook and Stu Davis. Alas, it has not been a good year for Stu. First, his shipment of fuzzy fleens did not come until August eighteenth. Then everyone sent him right-handed monkey wrenches instead of the left-handed wrenches he had ordered. To top it all off, no one has been to the shop this summer because campers could not find it.

Stu has led a quiet existence at Buck's Rock. In the Fleen shop there are no CITs or JCs; just Stu. The shop is filled with fleens from 1955, antique monkey wrenches, ancient skyhooks, and fun.

If you could not make it to fleen this year, do not miss it next summer. A fleen on a skyhook makes a perfect gift.

Amanda Liptz and Roger Bailey





Ladies and gentlemen, children of all ages, come to the greatest shop in camp. The sculpture shop is where all of your wildest dreams can become a reality. Join our crew of crazy counselors, bumbling CIT's and unique campers for a very creative and productive Summer.

In the left hand ring, you'll see the amazing Maddy, who has survived being poked in the stomach with a hot welding rod, has tamed the ferocious arch welder and made it do amazing feats such as connecting two pieces of metal together... Wait! What's this I see? No! It can't be... but it is...Look at that beautiful wax pour made by none other than those three courageous CIT's Seth, Stacey and Jillian.

Now, if I may direct your attention to the center ring where Lee is magically converting a roll of chicken wire into human forms. I don't believe it! In the right hand ring, the bronze has melted and George and Jack have just successfully completed another bronze pour.... And of course, here comes the shop clown, Dan, who is now juggling his time by running from one ring to another, helping everyone in the shop.

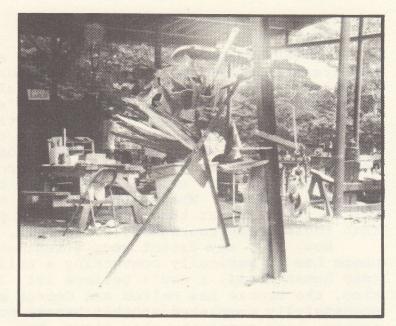
Now, is this a great shop, or is this a great shop? Let's give the sculpture shop a big round of applause...

Jillian Green

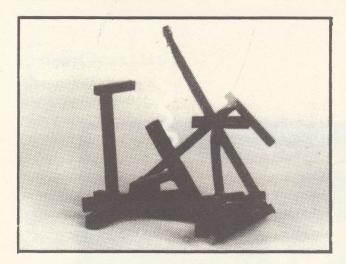




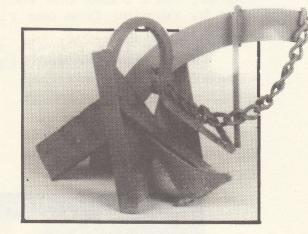
Jessica Saladino



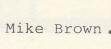
Shop Piece

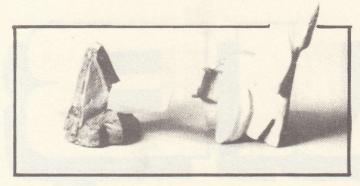


Seth Ubogy

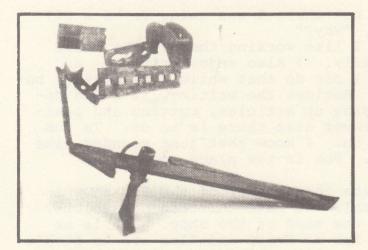


Brendon Rich





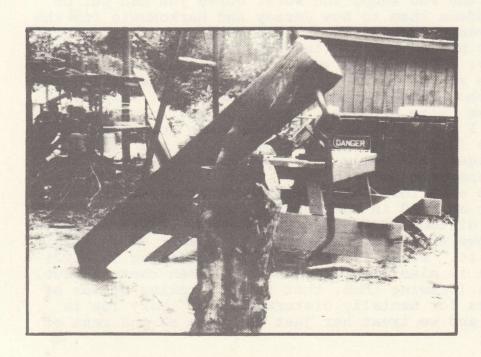
Nancy London



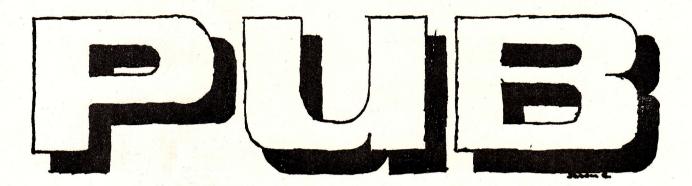
Larry Schimel



Sarah Rothman



Steve Leif



Pub. When people found out where I was going to be a CIT

in, I was asked a few times, "Why?"

The answer was simple. I like working there. The whole Pub shop staff is like a family. I also enjoy writing, and Pub is the only place where I can do that while I'm working, because it's part of my work. Besides the writing, it's fun doing runs on the offsets, typing up articles, cutting and pasting, making plates, and whatever else there is to do. In Pub there's always something to do. I know that just sounded like a commercial, but it's true. Pub is the place to be.

The crew (more appropriate than staff) of the Pub shop is quite large, and quite comical. We have thirteen counselors. To start with, we have Bob, the head of the shop. Bob is as much a permanent fixture to Pub as Ernst and Ilse are to Buck's Without him, the shop would probably stop in its tracks. Next, we have Tim, the head of the creative writing department. Tim is a bit overbearing at times, but he means well, and we love him despite his shortcomings. Marko is well known throughout camp, and in the Pub shop, the worst curse you can put on someone is to condemn them to New Jersey and MarkoMusic for the rest of their lives. Ian is, well, he's Ian. The shop sweetie. If he doesn't get his morning, afternoon, and evening hugs, he gets a bit cranky. Debby brings a lot of life to the shop. You can tell when she's not there, because it's less noisy. She is also the most experienced rubber cement ball maker I've ever met. Fons is quite strange. If you've ever come into Pub, you'll know what I mean. He can make you laugh no matter how depressed you are (You do not have to put on the red light!). Then there are Angela and Holly, the two female, British, creative writing counselors of Club Pub. They both seem sweet, but don't let the exterior fool you. Underneath, Angela is a cruel waker-upper at 7:30 in the morning, and Holly delights in telling mentally distubed CITs that chewing gum is hazardous to their health. However, Holly knows what my answer to that is, so I won't write it. Brian is also a bit overbearing (a BIT?) sometimes, but he is also well-loved here.. Then there's Dave. He loves cartoons (drawing them, that is) and making copies of the Live Aid tapes for mentally disturbed CITs. Mary Ida is the resident JC, and we treat her just the same as the rest of

the counselors. I'm not saying that's too great, but at least we don't treat her any worse! For as much as the shop is organized, we have Karen to thank, because she organizes every-Then we have Siska's lovely voice singing thing in the shop. "For No One" or whatever may be coming over WBBC at the moment.

Besides the thirteen counselors (really lucky number, huh?), we have six CITs. If you remember from the lampoon, we are the friendly one- Roger, the quiet one- Mark, the hippie one- Boris, the normal one- Amanda, the other one- John, and the mentally disturbed one- Me. Our "titles" should explain themselves pretty well, so I won't bother going through the entire list of us, except to say that it was a pleasure and a privilege to have worked with all of them, especially John Porter, who did quite a lot of work on the newspapers, but was accidentally omitted from the staff list of one of them. I just wanted you to know that your work did not go unnoticed, John.

The Pub Shop is really different from other shops in that the atmosphere is relaxed, even when we have a deadline to meet. Not that we slack off or anything, but we always have music playing (although much too often it's MarkoMusic!), and the comforting sound of the typewriters droning away. When I go home, the thing that I'll miss most about the Pub Shop is the combined sounds of WBBC or Marko's radio playing really awful music, the offsets running, the typewriters' tapping and dinging, someone (anyone) kvetching about anything, and even the times when some really intelligent person turns the tape player on when WBBC is on, or vice versa.

Then there's always the by now infamous quote, "But I hate The Walking Toilets!" from the shop skit. Sometimes, I think there is a group called The Walking Toilets, and they are often played in this shop! (Hint, Marko!) I know I've made a lot of MarkoMusic jokes in this article, but I was told that





this article should be what goes on in this shop--we love Marko anyway.

The Pub Shop, I feel, is a very important shop, because we print everything in this camp. There were two literary magazines, two newspapers, a lampoon, the year book, of course, and all the programs for all the plays, concerts, and anything else that goes on in the camp. We are able to meet the needs of the camp--in terms of number and quality. Without the Pub Shop, Buck's Rock would be sadly lacking.

Amy Vernon



### Sewing Shop.

The Sewing Shop was a great place to be in '85. Many things have happened there. Many projects were completed. Mara Fishman made a very nice shirt in 8 days. Anna Grishenko, Leslie Rubenstien, and Amanda Seeman all made big bears. If you were ever in the shop, you would see the bears sitting on top of the shelves. Mandy Seaman also made a giant hamburger and hot dog! Boy, Amanda, you're one ambitious girl! Many kids also batiked or weaved fabric and made something out of it in sewing. Katie McGregor weaved fabric and made a beautiful shirt (also takes ambition). David Drier made nice shorts from it. Good Work!

We've talked about some of the finished things people have done, now lets talk about some of the set backs we've had. Once I was helping someone make a pillow and I told them to sew around it. They forgot to leave space to turn it right side out and stuff it! They had to use a seam ripper (God, I hate those things, seam rippers, I mean) to take out the extra stiching. That could take awhile. Other memorable mistakes were sewing pillows with the back inside out and the front right side out, making a dress that took so long that by the time it was finished it was too short to wear, and cutting the fabric only to find the pattern piece doesn't fit on it.

As you can see sewing is a pretty fun and productive shop. Out of all the shops in '85, I think sewing was the best!

Audrey Fisher





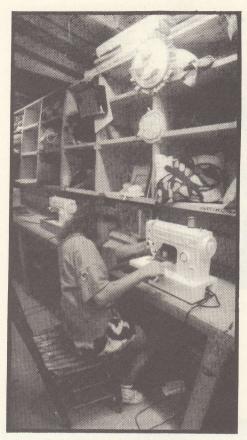
Pam Soloman

Rachel Radway

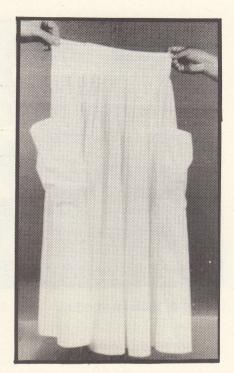




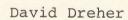
Audrey Fisher



Michele Weisblatt



Paige Chabora



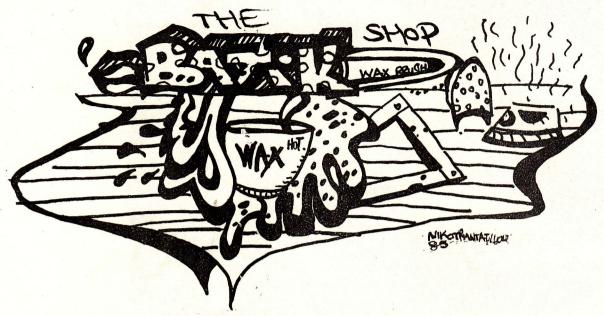




Leslie Rubinstein, Jan Propper, Anna Greshenko



Amanda Seyman

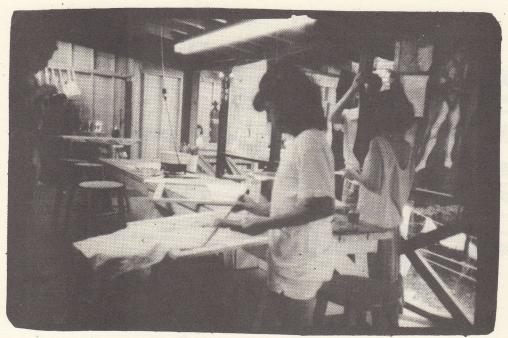


At one time there was a space between the Sewing and Art shops. But, because the world of today cannot leave wilderness space untouched, clean, pure and beautiful, we now have Batik. From the moment you enter, the friendly staff makes you feel at home with a warm welcome of moaning followed by incessant grumbling (unless you are a goody-two-shoes, and are well-liked by those at Batik. However, I cannot speak from experience on that one).

Stephanie, the CIT is very helpful in inspiring you, except that she says, "We don't use negative words in this shop," which is devastating to pessimistic campers. Laurie and Barbara are terrific with the slight exception of their tastes in music, which I don't agree with. They are always on the lookout for campers trying to contaminate the shop with designs that include hearts, palmtrees, or rainbows. Jennifer Bayes' afternoons center on the 3:15 gong, at which time she screams "snaaack." And then tells the infamous tale of the crayon-shaving cookies.

If you see incredible batiks hanging on the clothes-line and immediately begin to passionately hate the artistic camper that did it, don't worry-they belong to the frog-faced "Mr Batik" --George Summers. (We call him "frog face" because of the ugly respirator mask that he wears when he's mixing dyes.) Having George help do a batik can be a traumatic experience, but if you are yelled at enough, and cajoled enough, and yes...even tricked, you except the fact that it will turn out fine.

However, as all good things must come to an end, the time to leave batik is when your wall-hanging dyes orange instead of purple, or when a Carly Simon tape begins for the eighth time.



Jan Propper George Summers Lydia Neuman



Hope Lovell



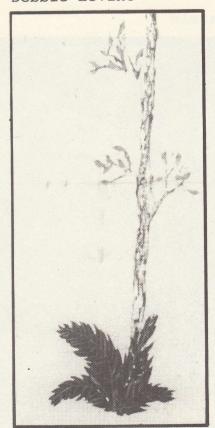
Jill Steinberg Stephanie Wallack





Mari Nowitz

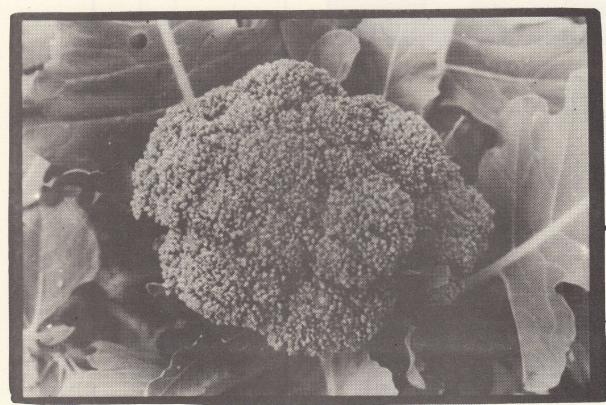
Debbie Levine





Saul Goldstein

David Maimin



#### Veggie Farm

The Veggie Farm, infrequently visited by most campers, is located just past the softball field. It is well-tended by Oscar, a well-known figure at Buck's Rock, and his assistant, Sue Kirshner.

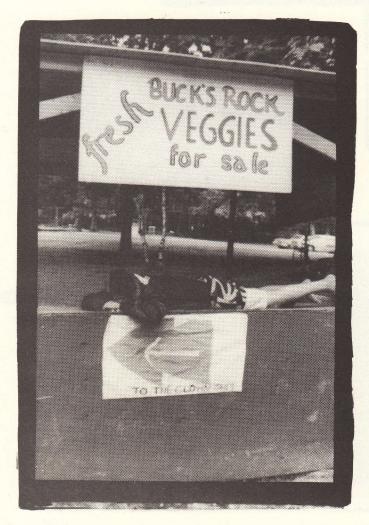
This year, the most plentiful vegetables were the beans, closely followed by the zucchini. Of course, there were also plenty of broccoli, cauliflowers, tomatoes, and herbs.

Once the vegetables have been harvested, they are sold. The selling takes place at a stand which has had many names during the course of the summer, ranging from: The Zucchini Hut and Dilldom, to Parsley Place and The Bean Kitchen. stand is opened on weekends and sells vegetables to campers and parents. The money made from these sales is used by the Farm to buy tools, seeds, and other supplies.

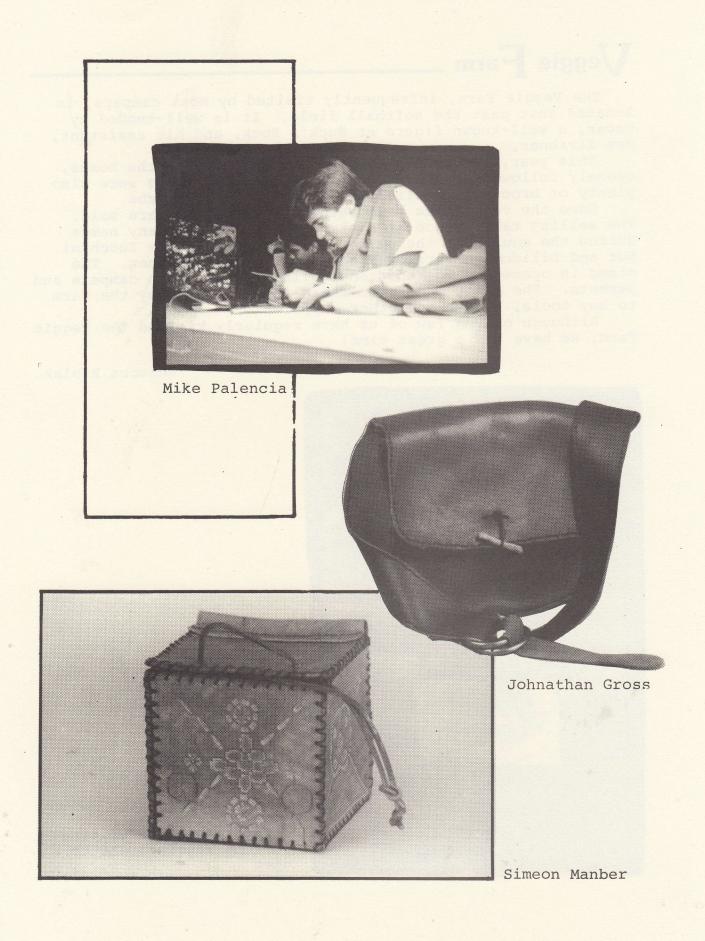
Although only a few of us have regularly visited the Veggie

Farm, we have had a great time!

Rebecca Kislak



Jarrett Horowitz waiting for the Veggie Stand to open.



#### Riddle of the Year: Find the Leather Shop

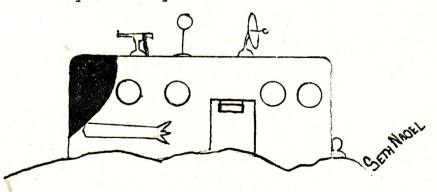
From the outside it looks like a prehistoric submarine, but it's not. Inside it looks like a gypsy trailer, but it's not. It doesn't look like a leather shop at all, but it is.

Duck, or you'll hit your head on the low door. If you manage to get through the door and avoid kicking the fan that's blocking the entrance, you can start looking for a place to put your body out of everyone else's way.

Once you're settled between the garbage can and someone else's legs, and your eyes are used to the darkness, you discover the rest of the crowd that is usually hanging out in Claire's trailer. Because Claire is the Leather Lady around whom the whole leather shop revolves. Equipped with hammer, silver scissors and needle, she conducts the leather operations from her eternal seat. What you don't know yet, Claire will be glad to teach you, not only because she's been working in leather for a long time, but also because she knows how to put it so it sounds right.

The procedure towards success is simple. First make out of paper whatever you want to make in leather. When your paper bracelet, belt, box, portfolio, vest, wallet or pocketbook has come out right (after a struggle with metal ruler, tape and scissors) you can finally make an attempt to realize your wildest fantasies in genuine leather. Then you're ready to experience the joys and pleasures of cutting leather. But the biggest thrill of the whole leather trip is the hole punching. After several holes, your hand starts aching badly and when you're up to the two hundred and eighty-seventh hole you are very much aware that this is a torture worthy of the most masochistic among us. But what makes the suffering worthwhile is the jabbering with Claire. Any subject is good enough and mutual understanding is ongoing in the leather shop. And when you return homeward with a satisfactory piece of leather craft under your arm, you think to yourself, "Gee, I'm glad I came."

See you next year in Claire's Leathershop.



Douglas Woodworth Ajay Khashu

### The Leather Lady.

The knife scratches along the pattern of brown wrapping paper, and almost slips. I look at the huge scrap of leather with a few cuts on it, and do not believe that it will turn into anything creative.

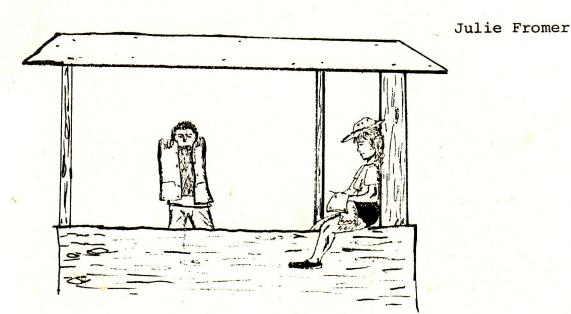
My hand clenches of its own accord, the muscles ache and refuse to open to admit the holepunch again. But my brain convinces them to finish making holes in the leather.

I dip a pinky into the cup of water and let the drops fall onto the pinkish leather. A dragonfly pattern is chosen and pressed into the wetness; clinking is heard as the impression is made.

The thread goes back and forth through the wax, my fingers become sticky.

I lean back into the folding chair patiently waiting for Claire to knot the yarn so that I can finish sewing up the leather.

I skip back down into the sub and breathe in leather and camphor and smoke. Chatter fills the air, of marriage and girls; Claire is the one they all turn to with the problems of love.



### Jewelry / Metalsmithing Shop

If you want to make something like a bracelet for someone, Metal is the place to make it.

But there are some things you should be ready for; such as the counselors who seem crazy at first and the CITs who are very hyped-up. The most important thing to be ready for is a lot of hard work and frustration, but once your piece is finished you feel good.

You walk into the shop and one of the counselors says, "draw out a design of the piece you want to make." Then you must saw out your design from silver. (This is the beginning of a long day of frustration.) People usually use eight sawblades in the process. Then you must file and sand. This takes all day. One thing you learn is to leave at five o'clock, because if you stay longer you have to clean up.

After a week of working in Metal Shop you (for reasons you can't explain) start to feel good about about your project. You think the shop is a nice place to be, and you find out that the counselors' commitment really makes a difference.

When you are finally finished and it is in the showcase, all polished and bright, it suddenly hits you that you made it real. That is why I think Metal is the best shop on camp.

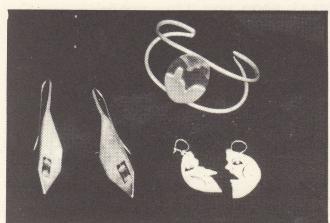
Matt Rosenthal



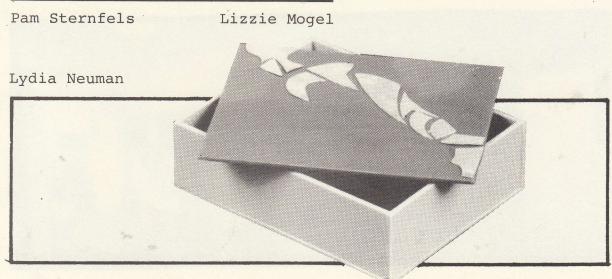


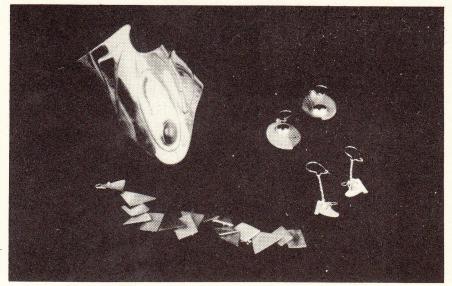
Laurie Baum
Julie Peyton
Jill Rosenberg
Stephanie Segal
Johnathan Schwartz
Stella Abottson
Elizabeth Berger
Julie Schneider
Danielle Williams

as Human Bracelet



Amy Penkin

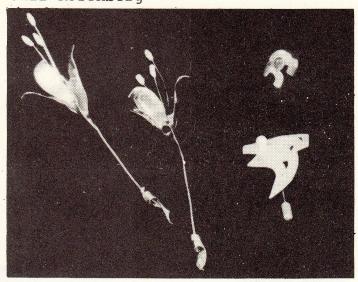




Rachel Radway Randi Steiner

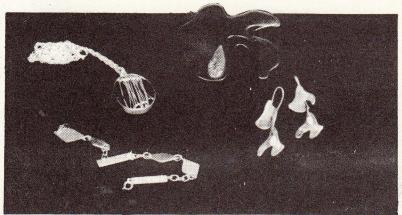
Abraham Levy Danielle Adler

Jill Rosenberg



Martine Zilversmit Jocelyn Miller

Allison Scher Ryan Dunn



Chloe Brown Julie Peyton



### Photo Shop

Hello! How have you been? I've been spending my summer at the Photo shop, alias "Guilt Free Enterprise". Right now I'm on the Photo porch and Dave and Paul are inside, shooting Bargello.

The thing about Photo is that there's never a dull moment. The counselors try to avoid dullness. The other day, for instance, we were all sitting around doing nothing (except for Bargello) when Harry (one of the Photo counselors) came in and said that we should do something different, something exciting. And we did. We pulled down the white backdrop in the studio (it didn't stay white for long), and we all succeeded in making two huge murals— and one big mess. When all the backdrop was used up, we were having so much fun painting, that we started painting each other. Then we went to the water hole to take a sort of "group bath". That was when we found out that we'd been using acrylic paints.

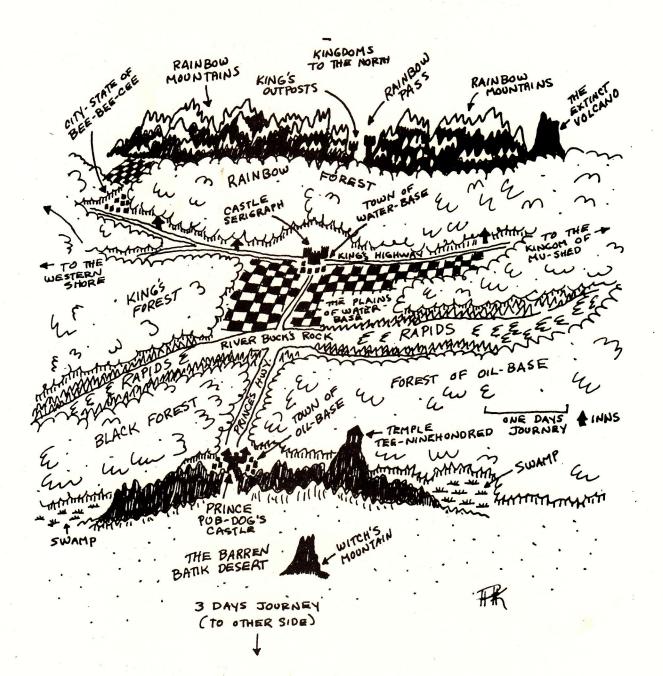
But that's not how things are all the time. Usually when you come in, in the morning, Dave is eating his granola/yoghurt stuff. Then you walk inside and there's Paul in his Paisley Pajamas or his paisley bathrobe (he's got a thing for Paisley), brushing his teeth and putting pink gel stuff in his hair. A little later on, when things get started, Paul is dancing to The Smiths, while Harry is hard at work putting nails through pictures of people's heads, or cookies. One or the other. Kym, Brett and Jason (the Photo CITs) are like our brothers and sister. And I don't know what you can call Dave, Paul, Harry, but anyway, we're a sort of "photo family". I have to go print some pictures now (we really do some photography).

The above is due to the wonderful people that Photo has been infested with in the summer of '85. This may change, but what will remain the same is the full range of black and white film and paper processing and the excellent studio facilities with full studio lighting. Also, next summer - as with this one - there will be cameras on loan.

Signed,

M1... Zerning.

A Photo Groupie



### Silkscreen

The wind is blowing outside as three weary travellers clamber up Rainbow Mountain toward the sancturary Castle Serigraph.

"What does Serigraph mean, Seth?" the shortest of the

three asks.

"Ancient legends say it means Silkscreening, Mike," Seth explains.

"That's right," agrees the third, robed and hooded in

black.

The door to the Castle swings open and light pours out. A shapely figure is framed by the radiance. "Hi," she says, green eyes flashing. "I'm princess Rubilyth, but you can call me Nina Lesser--I'm a JC."

The three weary travellers look at each other, confused by the two sets of names, then shrug at each other and enter. Inside there is a hustle and bustle of activity. People are seated at long tables, some drawing, some tracing, and a select few printing. Nina leaves the travellers alone, saying she must mix ink.

A wide-eyed girl in a blue apron approaches the three. "Hello, I'm Lady Hi Fylon, but call me Andrea, Andrea Sklower: CIT."

"Legend says three CITs work here," the shortest traveller, Mike, says.

"Yes, that is true," Andrea explains, "but Peter Kramer

and Katie Smythe are on an important quest."

"So what else is new?" grumbles a tall, moustached man from across the room.

"That's Craig Douglas, head counselor and King Squeegie, talking to the beauteous Princess Puff-Tex," Andrea whispers.

"By the way," asks a slim bespectacled man. "When is our 'short trip' to Clamps?"

"Who is that?" Seth asks Andrea.

"Doug Degood, the Water Wizard," she replies.

"Can I draw something?" the last traveller asks.

"Sure. What's your name?"

"Chris."

Andrea gives him, then the others, paper and pens to draw. They work all day; drawing, then doing color separations, and, finally, waiting for a screen.

Seth finally grabs Craig to complain.

"Oh," Craig explains. "It's Jennifer's fault."

"Who's Jennifer?" Seth asks

"Jennifer Gilison, one of our JCs."

"Another JC?" Mike asks.

"Yeah," Craig says. "We've got three. Suzie Scheer is the third. She's the one who's sweeping." Craig points.

"One more question before I yell at you for not having our screens ready," Seth says.

Craig only sighs.

"Who's the girl over there splattering ink all over the Castle?"

Craig laughs, then says, "That's Princess Jess-Mess." Then he walk away, so he doesn't have to listen to screaming campers.

Finally, the three get their screens. "Do you want to print on fabric?" asks a blond, English counselor. "I'm Liz, Liz Smith."

Mike and Seth agree to, but Chris says no.

Suddenly, all the staff members desert the campers and

gather around a WBBC speaker.

"And silkscreen wins the 'Most Trivial Shop Trophy" for the thirtieth time in a row!" All the staff members, screaming and cheering, pour out of the Castle, and charge WBBC.

A wavy-haired, photo-sensitive young man comes into the

Castle.

"Hello, I'm the new CIT here, you know, Brian Gross." A handful of campers look up, then return to work. Brian sits down and waits.

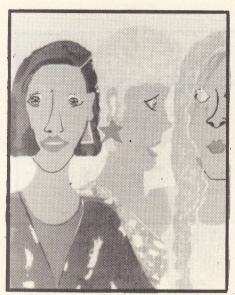
The rest of the staff returns. Brian hails them again. "Hello, I'm Brian Gross, your new CIT, and this is Mr. Todd," introducing a short, green creature with a big nose.

Craig smiles and says, "Good, then you have escaped from the Dark Castle of Photo. Welcome. I dub you, Sir Kodalith."

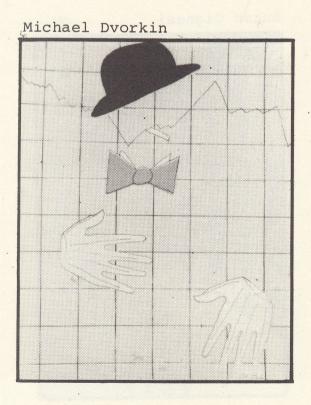
And all lived happily ever after.

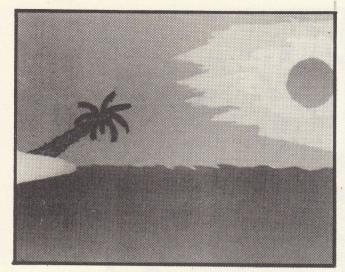
Prince Aqua (Peter Kramer)



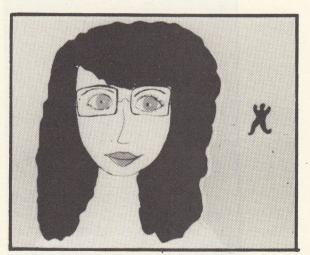


Jessica Graham

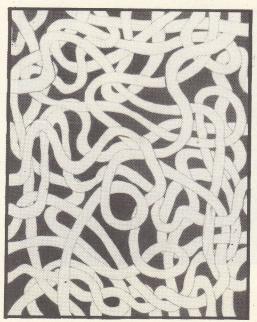




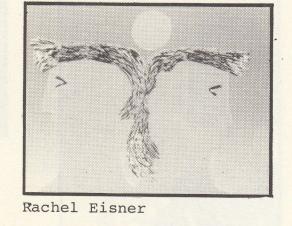
Seth Koplin



Anna Grishchenko



Elizabeth Mogel





Brian Gross



Suzan Gignesi





### eramics

"Where's my pot?" yell seventeen eager campers all at once.

Looking flustered, the fantastic CITs bombard the poor campers with a long line of questions:

"When did you make it?"

"Red or white clay?"

"High fire or low?"

"Where did you put it?"

"Stoneware or raku?"

Now that the campers are totally confused, the CITs help them look. When they find it, the campers look down at their shoes, and mutter a vague, "Oh."

At any moment during any of these predictable daily interchanges, one may see Kats reading palms, Amy madly mixing fabulous glazes, Eric and Julie helping novice campers, and Ann furiously cleaning anything she can get her hands on.

"Let's make some clay," says one CIT to another.
"Ok. You get the 100 lb. bag of Jordan, and I'll get the 100 lb. bag of Ball clay."

"Whoops, I put in 20 lbs. too much."

"Don't worry about it, just don't tell anyone."

SQUEAK, SQUEAK, SQUEEEEEEEEAK!

"Turn it off. TURN IT OFF!"

"I think it's broken," they say nervously to each other. They then decide which one will be brave enough to tell Eric.

"Let's try to turn it on. Is it plugged in?"

"Yes."

"Maybe a fuse blew."

"Maybe, let's hope so!"

One CIT goes to tell Eric while the other thinks of ways to escape.

Eric walks over and comes to the brilliant conclusion "The mixer is broken."

"Oh well," say the CITs. "That means we can't make clay today. We're so upset." They go off to find an electrician with heads held low, in mock disappointment.

So this is life at Ceramics. Our main goal is to further extend people's knowledge of the ceramics world. Oh yes, and also to teach Katz how to pronounce rubber rib.

Samantha Lyons and Kell Simon

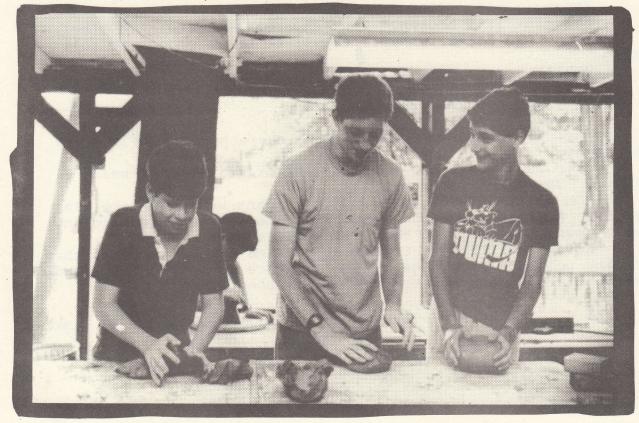


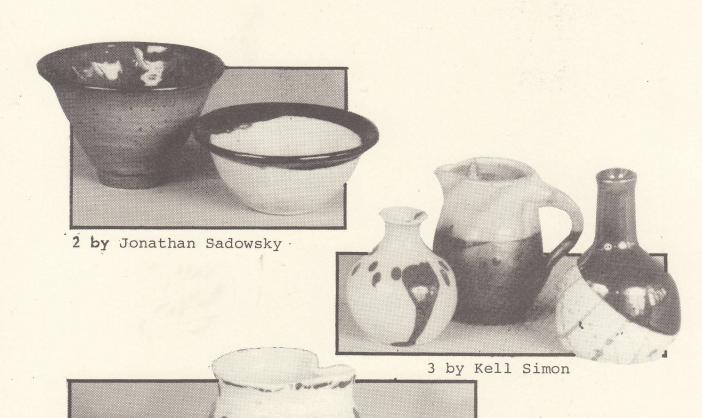
Alexandra Fano Samantha Lyons Kell Simon Andrew Feigin

Robert Lebowitz

Mark Stein

Photo by Charles Ledley Jonathan Gelfand





Corinna Simon

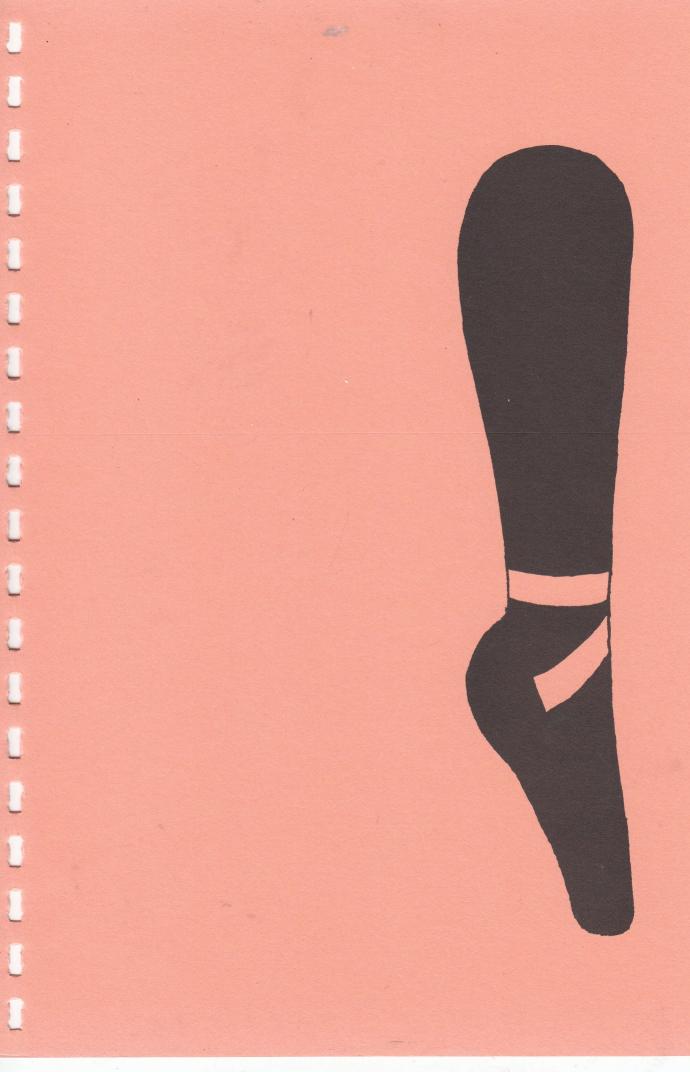
2 by Samantha Lyons



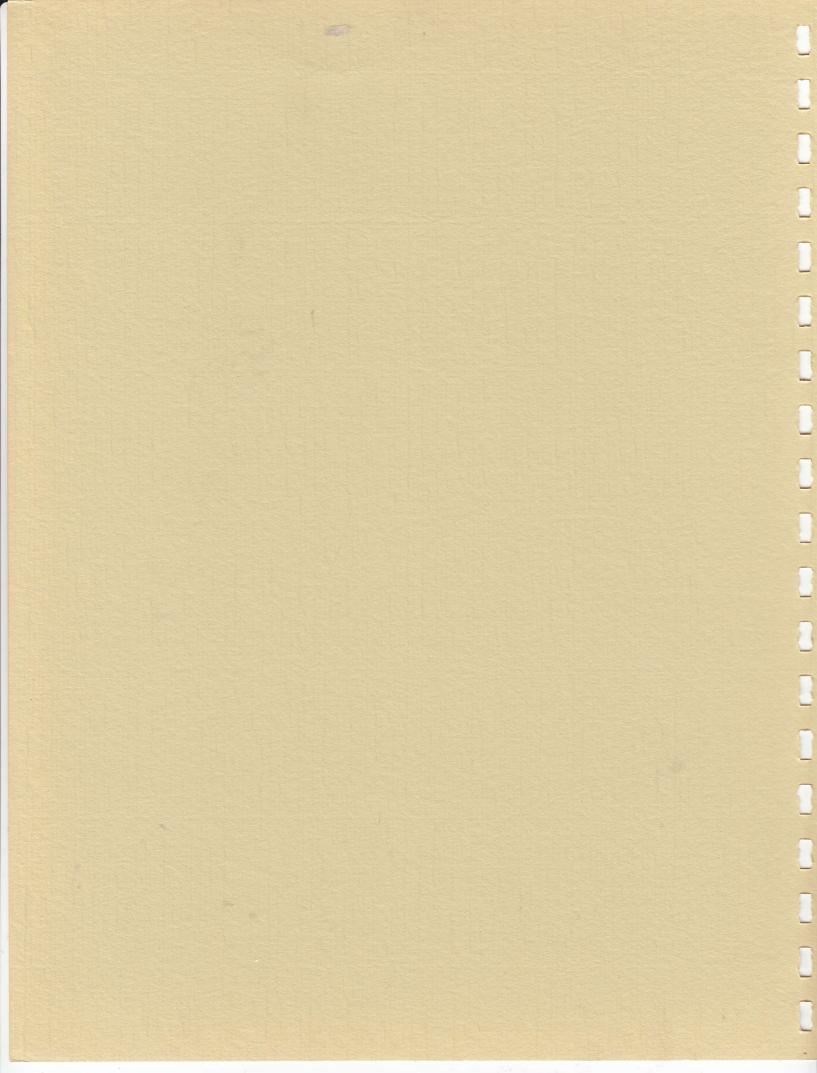
Katsyuki Sakazume

Leigh Fuchs









#### **Auditions**

I went f
Nervously to the Auditions
Finding what seemed
Like hundreds of people
There before me.
It was my first audition
I felt like an intruder.

I almost died when they called my name
Everyone would be watching
I stood up
And walked
As calm as I could look
To get the script.
All I wanted was a small part
I knew I wasn't good enough for a lead
But got just as angry when I was rejected.

Later I realized
I wasn't right
For this play
So tried again
The next day
For a small part
In a different play.

Larry Schimel

#### A Morning in the Life of the Actor's Studio

It begins the same way,
Every day.
Starts at nine Everything's fine.
Maggie arrives - or her subber, Kate
And everything's great
Until the work begins.....

I step into the Rec Hall, past fencing (one of my favorites) and give Mark a friendly "hello".

"Here for a lesson?"

"Nope". I step past the white wall into The Studio. I have to say that The Studio is the most unique shop (this side of Fleen)...We kick off with quick exercises, memory games and marionnettes. Half an hour later, we hit a nerve and things get intense:

"Maintain concentration!"
"Remove physical blocks!"

"Stay in character!"

"Let the energy flow!"

"Freeze!"

"Get on stage!"

"Remove blocks!"

"Energy flow!!"

"Keep concentration!!!"

"IN CHARACTER!!!"

Intense...and repetitious. Oh well, that's the way you have to work....

"Ground yourself."

"ZORCH!!!"

I forgot all about ZOOM

"Mafigliano!"

That's ZOOM.

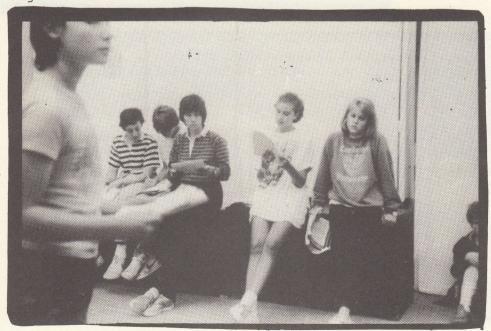
It's ten o'clock. More concentration, maybe discussion - definitely fun...definitely work. All too soon it's 10:30. Time to go.

"So long, guys." (clap-clap-clap).
If only the classes were longer.

Ezra Kenigsberg



Michel Evanchik, David Miner, Joshua Gass, Maggie Bearmon, Willann Klinman and Katie Kempner rehearsing Ten Little Indians.

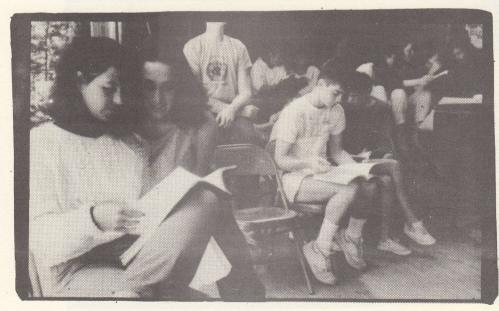




3 Short Plays in 12 Short Days... Bombardment by Sam Lipsyte



Stage Door



Kate Harper
Nina Myers
Ivan Gueron

## Summer Theatre.

In summer theatre, we experienced many emotions and learned how to deal with other people. We dealt with the terror of auditions, the trauma of call-backs, the triumph of getting in, and, lest we forget, the devastation of not making it.

"The Dining Room", directed by Kate Harper, was the first

"The Dining Room", directed by Kate Harper, was the first main stage production of the summer. It proved to be an exciting opportunity to learn about family-life, life in general,

and death.

"Stage Door", also directed by Kate Harper, was the second play, and it taught the cast about the types of realities of

stage life mentioned earlier.

One aspect of the stage is Set Design. Tracey Davis, Doug Fogel, and Bob Harper added new dimensions to both plays with their stupendous sets, while Lighting and Sound Design was executed skillfully by Rudy and Brenda Veltre. The costume crew-Donna Beston, Lorna Bailey, and JudyBeth Tropp—were a pleasure to work with throughout both plays.

The JCs, Sam Lipsyte and Jenny Lyn Bader, not only directed their own plays—"Bombardment" and "Shock Treatment"—but also

assisted Kate in her productions.

Last—but definitely not least—there is Kate Harper, director, teacher, dancer, and best friend to actors. Let us say that her techniques and talents made the plays what they were... AMAZING!

We would like to thank everyone who helped with the Buck's Rock Summer Theatre, for making this season a beautiful experience for all.

Sarah Lyons and Zoë Beckerman

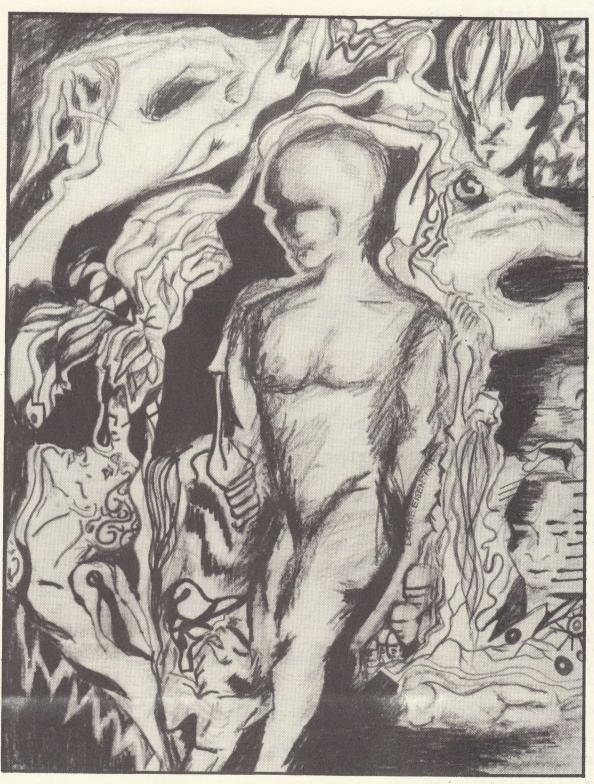




Lorna Bailey and Ivan Guernon.



Lorna Bailey, Judy-Beth Tropp and Ivan Guernon



Debbie Eisenstadt

#### Ten Little Indians

The proceeding material is a combination of quotes from "Ten Little Indians" by Agatha Christie and notes our cast received from Maggie and Jenny Lyn during our two tech rehearsals on Thursday and Friday evenings, the 8th and 9th. To Maggie, from the rest of the cast, it was just as much fun for us as it was for you! Thanks.

Ten Little Indian boys going out to dine,
One choked his little self then there were nine,
"Marston! You're talking faster than I do, and that's fast"

Nine Little Indian boys sat up very late,
One overslept himself then there were eight,
"Mrs. Rogers! What's this shuffling! Cooks don't make 'schck, schck, schck' noises with their feet"

Eight Little Indian boys traveling in Devon,
One got left behind then there were seven,
"General MacKenzie! Are we on speed? You are an eighty-five
year old man, not a professional track runner"

Seven Little Indian boys chopping up sticks,
One chopped himself in half there were six,
"Rogers! If you miss your cue again, I'm going to cook your butt"

Six Little Indian boys playing with a hive,
A bumblebee stung one then there were five,
"Emily Brent! You do not flirt with Judge...'Yoohoo! Oh
Judgey Wargrave..."

Five Little Indian boys going in for law,
One got in Chancery then there were four,
"Justice Wargrave! Quarry, do not interrogate! You're a judge,
not a prisoner-of-war torturer"

Four Little Indian boys going out to sea,
A red herring swallowed one then there were three,
"Doctor Armstrong! You're speaking faster than Marston! Try
pedantic, baby"

Three Little Indian boys walking in the zoo,
A big bear hugged one then there were two,
"Blore! I really like the blocking I did for you, please use
it"

Two Little Indian boys playing in the sun,
One got frazzled up then there was one,
"Phillip Lombard! Wake up! Is the story that boring or is it
just me?"

One Little Indian boy left all alone,

He went and hanged himself and then there were none...

"Vera Claythorne! Keep your knees together. Whenever a girl sits on stage the audience just waits to see her underwear."

Katie Smythe and John Porter



John Porter, David Miner, Josh Gass, Katie Kempner, Willann Klinman and Peter Graff in Ten Little Indians.

More of Ten Little Indians with Josh Gass, Katie Smythe, Ben Deyo, Michel Evanchik, John Porter and David Minor.



# I S I lighting and sound design

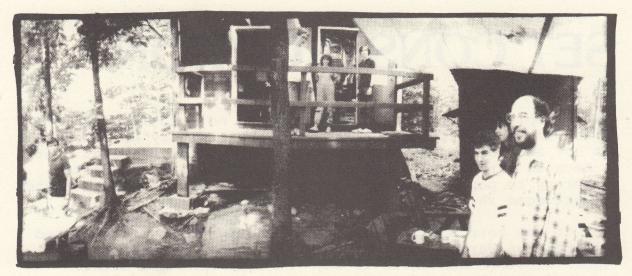
Knowing the Veltres for four years, but never having anything to do with the LSD, I was a bit puzzled when Rudy asked me to write the yearbook article. But he told me that: "Buck's Rock knows what we do down here, what we want them to see are all the little things that happen during the course of the day." So with that and a cry of, "Brenda, got a ciggie butt?" Rudy left me to observe daily life at L.S.D. "Good morning." "Ugh." "Is the coffee ready yet?" "It was, but Bourbon knocked it on Coke." "What show is this again?" "How long till festival?" "Brenda, is it okay if I drop this instrument on Luke's head?" "Not here, but it's good enough for union work." "Jeeeffff! Where's the duck tape?" "Noooo, not the duck tape!" "Hey, Asher, looks like rain, huh?" "Kill, hurt, maim, dismember!" "Where's Rudy's pouch?" "Right by his Duck Boots" "Duck Boots, noocoo!" "Who's showering next?" "Not me, I have to babysit." "At least you can hear the announcements." "Yeah, and doesn't the P.A. sound wonderful?" "Today, crew, we learn how to sweep. Tomorrow, we'll learn to wrap cables." "Got a light?" "Whatsa matter? Can't smoke in the dark?" "Where the hell are Steve and Debbie?" "Doing finger exercises in the pits."

L.S.D.--insane...but in the end they put on a dam good show.

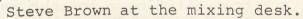
"Joooeeey! Turn up twelve."

"Hah, Visigoths!"

Brett Kinsler and The Whole Crew



Steve Brown, Debbie Kuhn, Asher Blum, Jeff Segal, Brenda and Rudy Veltre at LSD.





## SET CONSTRUCTION

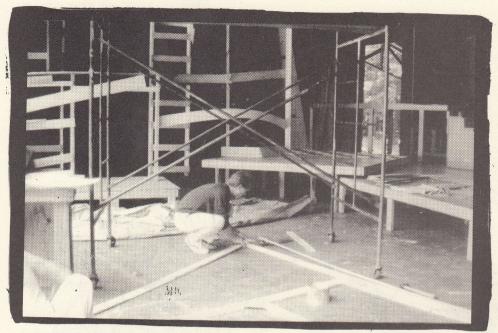
Many people don't realize that there is more to the Buck's Rock Summer Theatre than acting. On any ordinary day (Monday is not an ordinary day) you will probably find at least 3 or 4 techies hard at work building sets or smoking cigarettes. Contrary to popular belief, these sets are not inflatable and do not come in a box with instructions.

All of the sets built this year are designed by the renowned Robert Alan Harper. Besides designing sets, he also aids in their construction which is why you will find him either perched over his drafting table or racing around the stage. The two other counselors are Doug Fogel and Tracy Davis. Doug, in his first season at Buck's Rock, has shown that his creativity can make a difference in all the Summer Theatre productions. His jovial attitude makes it a pleasure to work behind-the-scenes. As for Tracy, you will know her as the one with the cute face who swings her hammer like an Amazon swinging a battle axe. (WARNING: Do not get on her bad side.) So, why work on sets? We think it's a very legitimate question, because we have been approached time and time again by actors asking us why we chose to be CITs in Set Construction. It comes from the satisfaction of seeing your finished project. Every day, you are working towards a definite goal: the set. Each day you get a little bit closer to that goal. And once you're done, you can stand back and see what you've accomplished. When the entire camp comes to see the show, you know that they are also coming to see your set.

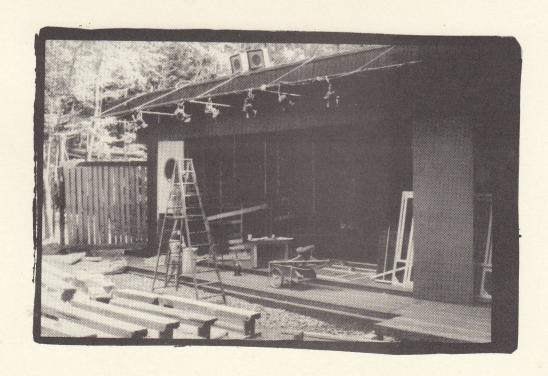
As another point, you will feel comfortable working behind the scenes because there is always work to be done and always a need for people to do it. What's more, you will learn how to use all of our power tools. You will go home with a new knowledge of how things are built and operated in Set Construction. So come visit Bob, Doug, Tracy, Jesse, and your humble C.I.T.s, Adam and Steve. Come and discover.

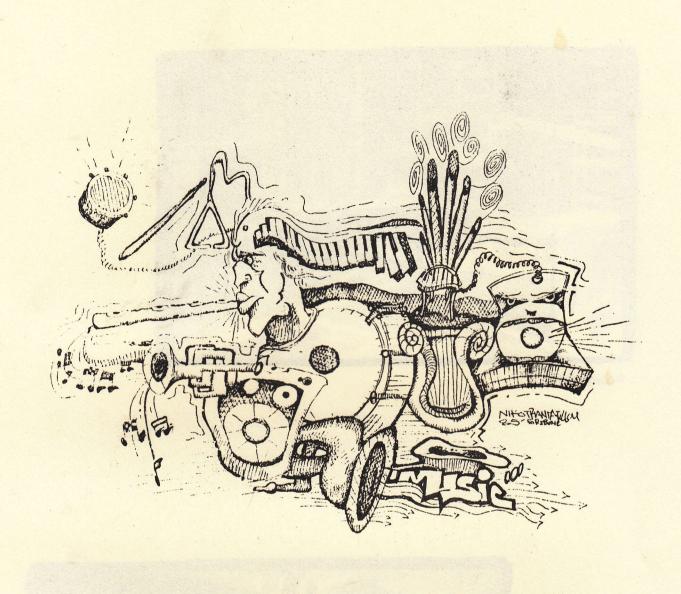
One new addition to our staff was Jesse Mann, who arrived shortly after change-over. In light of our heavy workload, her assistance was most helpful.

Adam Reisman and Steven Leif



Doug Fogel





#### Pit Orchestra for Pajama Game: A Typical Rehearsal

"Mike, what do you mean we're not doing that part, that's not a part, that's a whole song."

"Shut up, bananahead.

"Are you serious? How could we do a piece in 3/4, when it's meant to be done in 2/4."

"Shut up, Bananahead.

"Richard, for once and for all will you stay with the part? How about viola...Wait, where are you going, get your hands off of that piano.

"Okay group, now we're really going to get serious. This is a pressure situation, got it?.... Now where the heck is my

baton?"

RICHARD: "I have the best idea. We'll wear multi-colored

pee-jays."

MIKE: "Richard, we're supposed to be inconspicuous, we don't want to make spectacles of ourselves."

RICHARD: "But, but, but, blubber, blubber, I wanna, I

wanna. Really, it's a good idea."

MIKE: "O.K., group, we'll take a vote: hands up for

those who want it...hmm...7. And those who don't

...hmm...7. Wait. Who didn't vote?

GROUP: "You didn't, Mike.

MIKE: "Shut up, bananaheads."

CLARINETS: "Oh, Mike, excuse us but we need a little more

time, we just can't seem to be able to transpose a piece, be ready to play, and organize ourselves

in two minutes and four-and-a-half seconds."

(A pause. Mike looks around.)

MIKE: "Hey, group. Did you realize we have an inter-

national ensemble. We have Chiao from China, Ester from Switzerland, and ha ha ha, Richard

from Brooklyn."

(A pause as he waits for hysterical laughter.)

MIKE: What? No laughter? (Mike becomes insulted, but

covers it up well,) Group. We are under pressure.

GROUP: (A deliberate delayed reaction from group to

Mike's "joke." Hysterical laughter commences.)

MIKE: "Shut up, bananaheads."

Evie Cooper

"What do you think when I say fireworks?"

"Short!!"

"Excellent,guys, but feel free to play in tune."

"Don't make me angry because when I get angry I hurt myself."

"Be quiet. Or I'll hit you in the Adam's Apple with a bench."

"You can tune a violin but you can't tune-a-fish."

"I don't like your attitude."

"Let's play La Re-jew-I-san-key with a Brooklyn accent."

"I haven't had my generic cup of coffee yet."

"Okay, let's get down to business here." (His best tough guy impression.)

"It sucked the hairy dirt bag, so we'll try one more time."

"We'll take a one minute break that will last ten."

These are the sounds of Mike Lirtzman, conductor of the Buck's Rock Symphony Orchestra, which up to now I have said very little about.

Perhaps, some quotes from the orchestra now, will

suffice:

"I hate the "Wasps." Are you sure we have to play it?
Does it have a melody? I sure can't find one."
"Bad joke, Mike. Better luck next time."
"No, cellos, you're not playing it in the "spirit" of the piece."
"Where are we?"
"I can't see with all this sun. Can we close the doors?
Please!!"
"Mike's going to hurt himself--you spilled his coffee."
"I think we need a sectional!"

Now you have the full story—the man behind the myth, and the myth behind the man. Where could you find a more boisterous fun-loving crowd? (No, dummy! Not at Science!)

Sandro Weiss

## **CHORUS**

"Feel free to sing"



This may look confusing to you, but for twenty odd Buck's Rockers (otherwise known as the Bassos, Tenors, Altos and 'Sipranees') this tangled mess became a beautiful Bach Chorale. All this and much more is credited to maestro Michael Lirtzman. Michael also thinks he's a comedian but it's the superior, silly fellow--our own piano player Richard White--who fills that role. He can convert any of the passages in our choral library into "Happy Birthday".

During the summer we have conquered Bach and his lesser known son PDQ (1810-1742). From these pieces we acquired a new vocabulary, including "Nimrod", "leeks" and "wails".

All in all, chorus was worth missing rest hour for.

Samantha Hack Debbie Rifkin Mari Nowitz

## Bach / Handel Society

After glimpsing a typical Buck's Rock Bach/Handel Society rehearsal, you may wonder how a bunch of silly, boisterous people could actually produce an intelligible sound. However, this group of musicians certainly prove wrong anyone who has formed that opinion. Although 9:00 in the morning is not the best time in the day to be concentrating on sixteenth and thirty-second notes, the melodies of Johann Sebastian Bach and George Frederick Handel prevail, during rain, shine, sleet, or hail (need I say more about Buck's Rock weather?). The Society, ably lead by Mike Lirtzman, performed twice during the summer. The first was an interesting presentation of Handel's Water Music. The second performance, far more successful, included Bach's Suite for Flute, Handel's Oboe Concerto (played, purists beware, on the cello), and Bach's Brandenderg Concerto Number Two. All three were well suited for an orchestra comprised of less than fifteen, and provided campers with a first-hand experience in the playing of chamber music. Although it took hours of rehearsing, everybody involved enjoyed themselves immensely, and felt satisfied to be part of a very professional group.

Sandro Weiss

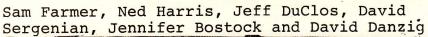


## Jazz at Buck's Rock

Of all the music ensembles offered in the Buck's Rock music program, the ones that swing and rock the most and prove most popular with the audience, are the Jazz ensembles. Brokem up into the Jazz-Combo and the Big Band, the Jazz Department has a lot of good music to offer. Among the famous musicians of the modern Jazz and Swing ages represented in the Department's repertoire are Miles Davis, Spyro Gyra, Chuck Mangione, Weather Report, Duke Ellington and others. If you play saxophone, trumpet, drums, piano, guitar, bass or even violin, come down to the Music Shed at 11:00 or 4:00 and witness (or even participate in) the ultimate "jamming" experience. We will welcome you with open arms.

This summer we have been gifted with some great musicians in the staff, many of whom have been involved in the two Jazz ensembles. Among these are Jeff DuClos (Jazz Director and percussion man), Ed Cervenka (trumpet), Jennifer Bostock (saxophone), and Dick Boelens (Moog Synthesist and guitar). They are all quite experienced and very talented musicians. During rehearsals they provide a great Jazz learning experience for you, and help with any problems you have. If you're in the Jazz-Combo especially, you learn how to improvise (solo) and soon you'll find yourself able to play freely and experiment with the music in whatever way you wish. After all, that's what Jazz is all about. So come down to the Music Shed when Jazz is going on and witness what the music world is all about.

Sam Farmer





## Folk On The Run

"Thomas, where have all the flowers gone?"

"To Southern California"

"But it never rains there."

Meanwhile, Dick, Ravenna and Jason are going to the banks of the Ohio. Puff the magic dragon is no longer studying war...It was a nice trip in the car, but we couldn't get Dick to turn, turn, turn. So, he finally listened to us, and is driving on both sides now. Ravenna says we're playing the circle game on the country roads.

In any case, we had fun at Scarborough Fair, but Dick's cotton candy was blowin' in the wind. Jason had the strangest dream last night. He dreamed that Revenna was leaving on a jet plane, and Thomas was saying, "Bye, Bye, Love."

Well, the day is done for today, and we can't help but wonder where we're bound. WE know that we are homeward bound, and we shall overcome the next concert. If I had a hammer, I would get the fox on the run.

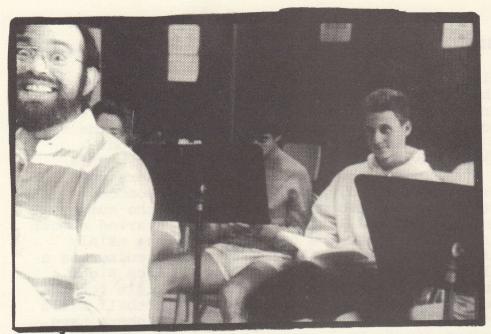
But we're the folks on the run. Or in other words, the Folk Group. We include:

Dick Boelens Jason Goodman

Ravenna Helson Thomas Von Sintern

You still don't know who we are? We are the people who played for you at the campfire, in the MuShed and did concerts on Hiroshima Night. Remember all that fun you had singing and laughing? That was the Folk Group. We hope some of you join us next year. We'd love to have you, whether you sing or play guitar. Come Join. See you soon.





Milo Bernstein and Mike Knobloch wait patiently as Michael Lirtzman mugs for the camera.



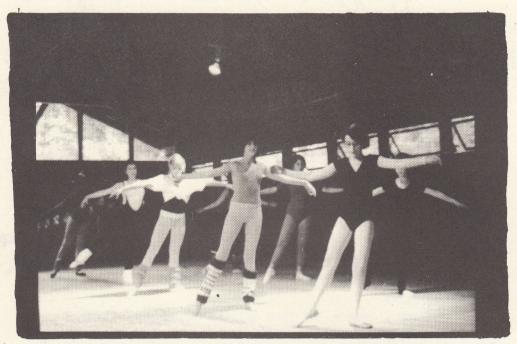
Ravenna Helson teaches Josh Povich the finer points of playing the cello.

## Dance Studio.

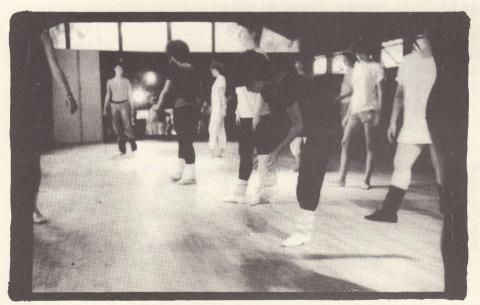
Whether there is the tinkling sound of Chopin, the shrill of a trumpet in the hands of a famous jazz player, or the light tapping of a drum echoing in your ears, you can be sure to find Buck's Rock's graceful dancers hard at work. At the start of the summer, auditions were held. Eight dancers (not including CITs) were selected for the dance company. group is under the expert supervision of our teachers and choreographers: Ryanne Degood, Jose Sanchez and Rebecca Weitz. Rehearsals for the two major products of the summer, Studio works in Progress and later Dance Night, started almost immediately. In studio Works the performances were mainly light and at times even comic. All-in-all, the evening was a success, greatly appreciated by the audience. Dance Night, however, will be a bit more complicated and difficult for the dancers and choreographers. Forced to use the softball field instead of the familiar stage or studio, choreographers have had to adapt indoor dances to larger, hilly areas. The dancers have also had their moments of frustration, as they must deal with the sun, bugs, and changing movements. But, with the wonderful combination of exciting choreography, skilled dancers, good weather, and a lot of hard work, Dance Night on the softball field should be a great hit.

Alexandra Beller





Lu Bailey, Kara Curtis, Sophie de la Dehesa, Deborah Levine and Leah Reisman at Ballet.



Nina Weiss, Anissa Rasdall, Jenny Pollock, Janis Gerstl, Dara Eizenman and Elissa Levy taking a Jazz class.



\*\*excerpts\*\*

"All clowns, come to the clown shop at 4:00."

"Peter, stop throwing cookies into the waterhole."

"Turn off the Barnum tape."

"Video, SHUT UP."

CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP

"Shana, that's \$200...Now stop clapping."

"Everybody for hot dog on the porch."

"O.K. Now pretend you're a tube of toothpaste."

"Let's count off. David, you start...l..2...3...5...9..."

"Stop. Start again." (A groan from within).

\*\*Week of the Show\*\*
"If you need a prop, make it." (Mark, of course).
"OK Now time to build the toilet bowl stage in three minutes."
"Where's my prop?" (another groan from within).
"Mark, my nose fell off."

\*\*Five Minutes before show\*\*
"Everybody, now bring all your props to the stage." (Yet another groan from within.)
"Mark, where's my costume?"
"Mark, where's my prop? Oh, no, it's on the wrong side of the stage." (A groan from Mark.)
"Whoever does the shop article, make sure it's more than just inside jokes."

And now to explain....
These seemingly random quotes do have some meaning to the Buck's Rock clowns. We congregate every day at 4:00 at the Clown/Video Shop to prepare for one of our final masterpieces, otherwise known as Carnival, Clown Night, and Festival.

The show the camp sees is actually a culmination of what seems like a thousand hours of hard work. But this is fun work and many close friendships are formed.

Clowning is different from most performing arts because the clowns themselves create their own storylines and script. All in all, the Clown Shop is hard work but there's fun guaranteed.

Shana Hack, Debbie Rifkin, and all the clowns

#### Clown Shows

Why did I volunteer to write this article? I mean everyone knows what goes into the preparation of a clown show, don't they? But wait, they probably don't know. They couldn't know the full-extent of the work we do!

Firstly, there are the auditions. Prospective clowns have to stand up in front of about thirty people and be prepared to make a fool of themselves. I guess I looked foolish enough because I made the show!

Then there are all the things we have to make - for example, the noses! That's fun but really messy. I have never mixed up as much plaster in my whole life as I have in the past three days! We also have to make all our own props. This is a prerequisite of being able to do a gag. The shop motto is: "You need a prop, you make it." Otherwise the gag is cut.

If you manage to provide your own props you can then start to prepare the gag. So many hours go into what might be only a five minute performance on stage... Because there are so many clowns for the show, each of us can be in only two or three gags. Most clowns are satisfied with this because they enjoy being involved in walkarounds also.

Everyone in the shop is great. Mark is our counselor and is helped by Erica, who organises mime and is also involved in rehearsals. Peter is the JC and amazes us all with his wonderful juggling. David and Peter are the loveable CIT's, who never seem to be around when you need them but who are always under your feet when you don't.

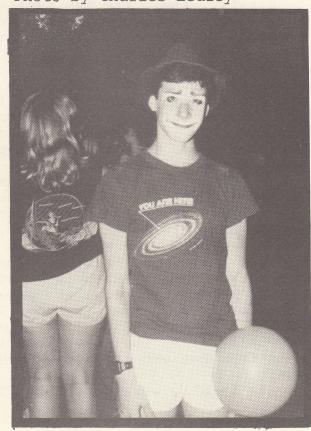
All in all, working in the Clown Shop is lots of fun.

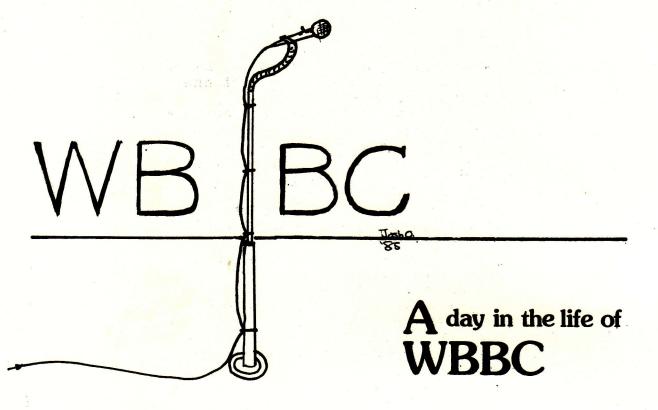
Rachel Maurer



Sandro Weiss, Debbie Rifkin, Dara Eizenman, Eliza Leonard and Rebecca Berman at Clowning.

Peter Bulova is there. Photo by Charles Ledley





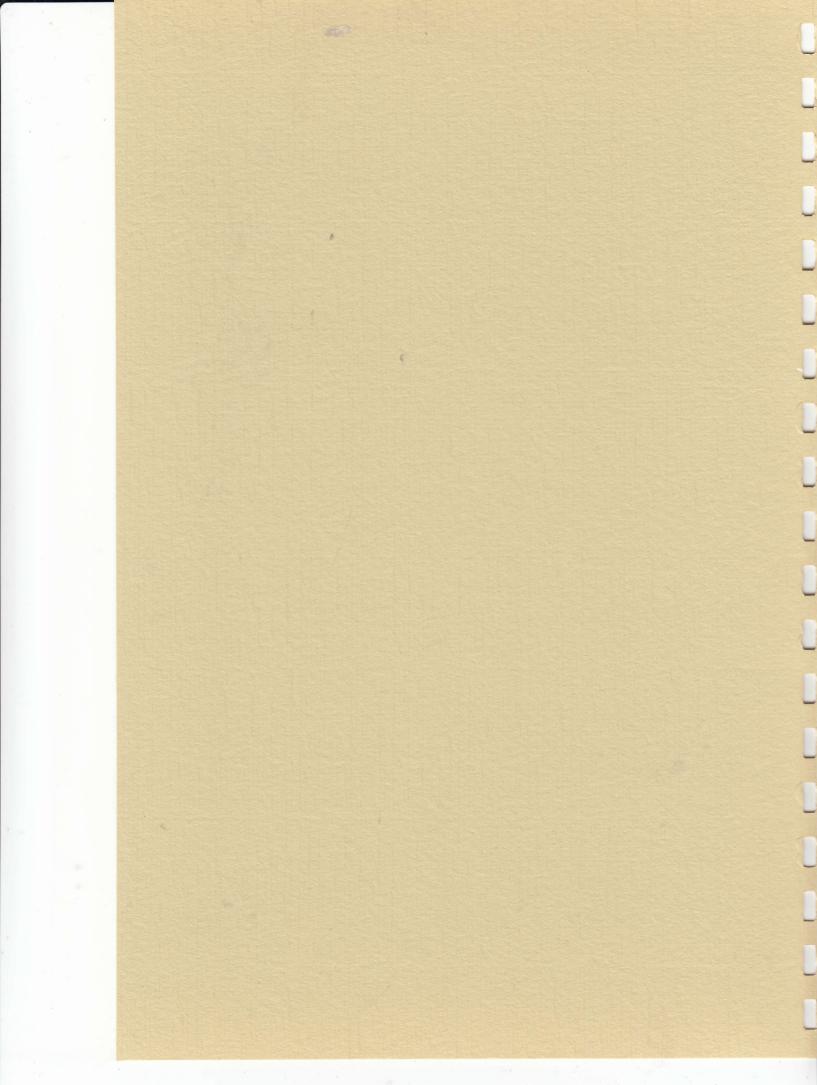
- 8:45 Al and Sandro do the 8:00 announcements.
- 9:00 Two CITs dressed in bathrobes (who shall remain nameless) shuffle into the station, rubbing sleep from their eyes, carrying tape cases in their hands.
- 9:05 Jon roams in and begins the trivial preparations for trivial quiz.
- 9:08 The 9:00 AM show begins broadcasting.
- 9:15 The 9:00 show realizes they forgot to throw the "on air" switch on.
- 10:00 A training session begins. CIT Dodge arrives and leaves for a speaker check.
- 10:11 The Burt Bacarach record hits the dust of the "Sahara Desert" for the seventeenth time of the season.
- 10:45 Al asks if there's any questions. A student asks, "what's a record, anyway?"
- 11:03 Boris breaks stylus on turntable number 1. Boris blames it on Jon Willis and declares National Jon Willis Week.
- 11:15 Pete wanders in and begins his daily whining for a copy of Pink Floyd's "Animals."
- 11:16 Pete flies across the WBBC lobby, knocking over the entire record library.
- 11:21 "Stairway to Heaven" is played backwards with the lights off. The Psychedelic D.J. runs out of the studio, claiming that spirits have spoken to him. Al and Jon warn him to knock off the bug juice."
- 12:00 AM broadcast session ends.

- 12:06 As Josh reads the last announcement, Ned runs up and asks if he can do the first round of announcements.
- 2:00 Broadcasting is resumed.
- 2:05 Larry gets sent to Animal Farm is search of the "Animal Farm phone."
- 3:00 Dodge returns from the morning speaker check and immediately goes for snack. Jon strolls in from his hour off and asks if anyone's gotten snack yet.
- 3:30 UFO dress rehearsal. Seth goes to find Ned (again).
- 3:35 Silkscreen wants to know when we're announcing the Trivia Contest winner. Al replies: Never! Brett: I hope never. Jon: 4:00.
- 3:57 Dead air! D.J. is panicking. Al calmly holds up "flip switch to phono" sign. Jon wants to know if anyone's seen his Trivia Contest tape.
- 4:09 Dodge returns with a pitcher of bug juice, three cookies and one cup. He immediately asks if he can leave now.
- 4:30 Seth arrives with the NY Times to begin writing the 5:00 newscast.
- 4:57 A wind gust yanks the Times from his hand and blows it (along with his notes) to the waterhole.
- 5:00 Seth invents the news of the day.
- Pete wanders in, once again begins whining for a copy of "Animals." He is later found wrapped in recording tape with a copy of "Animals" shoved in his mouth and rotating at 78 r.p.m.s on turntable 2. Jon attempts to "cue" him up.
- 6:00 Broadcast day ends.
- 7:00 U.F.O. taping begins
- 8:00 U.F.O. taping begins again when the "soundproofing" turns out not to be silkscreen hosing proof.
- 9:00 Brett and Al move into Studio 5 with half the canteen's stock, a gallon of coffee, and no shoes, and begin editing U.F.O.
- 9:03am Jon opens up the station and wakes up Al and Brett who are asleep in the debri-stricken studio.

And another day at WBBC begins!

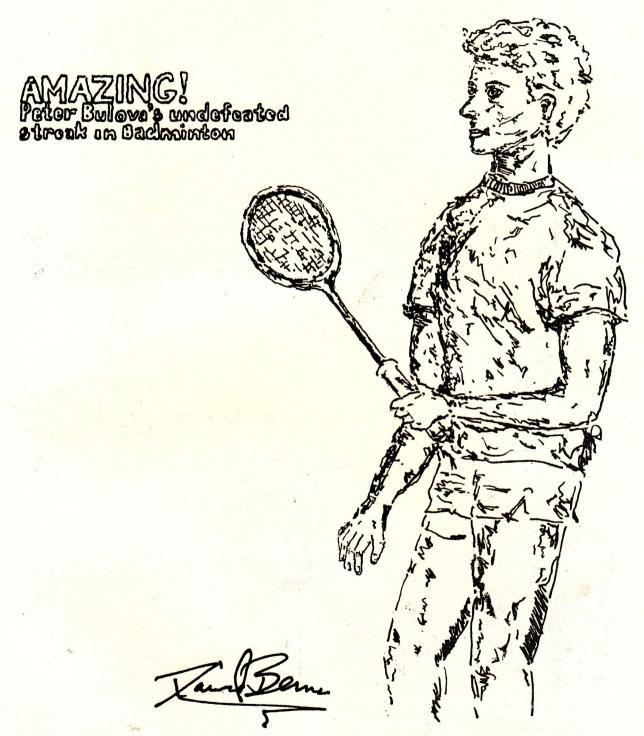
Ewon Bunderchuck and his dog Fred







# Sports at Buck's Rock



# Pioneering Simplified &

Before anyone, camper, CIT or counselor dares go on a pioneering trip with Stephan the following requirements have to be met.

1) You MUST be claustrophobic.

You must bring at least three dollars (cash) so you can get Dairy Queen products and/or Carvel plus Dunkin' Doughnuts.

3) You must be five foot or under (elf-sized) in order to squeeze through small spaces.\*

4) Last but not least you mustn't (we don't care how much you lie!) be afraid of the dark.

If you meet these restrictions then maybe, just MAYBE, you'll be allowed to enter a cave or be taken on a hike next year.

After you've gone down the first list and passed, then check your equipment....

1) Chain-mail armour (covered by normal garb).

2) Small wooden shield (there are bats too!)

3) Two torches (cave creatures hate fire).

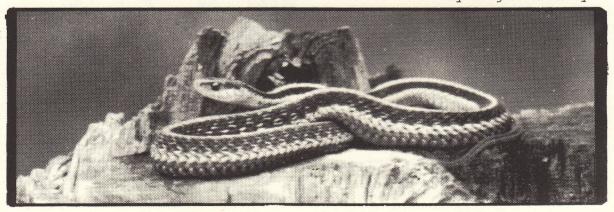
4) Boots (quick sand).

5) Gas masks (not for gas, but for suppression of laughter when a party member gets stuck).

All in all the whole thing was pure good fun. 'Twas cold and dark, but FUN. So if you people reading this feel bad for missing out, fear not. Because you never know, Stephan might be back, with a living legend by the name of Dave Paris. He's a...Well, you'll see!

\* Stephan Widmer had the amazing power to adjust his body size to fit through the smallest cracks. He was 8' tall, 2' wide.

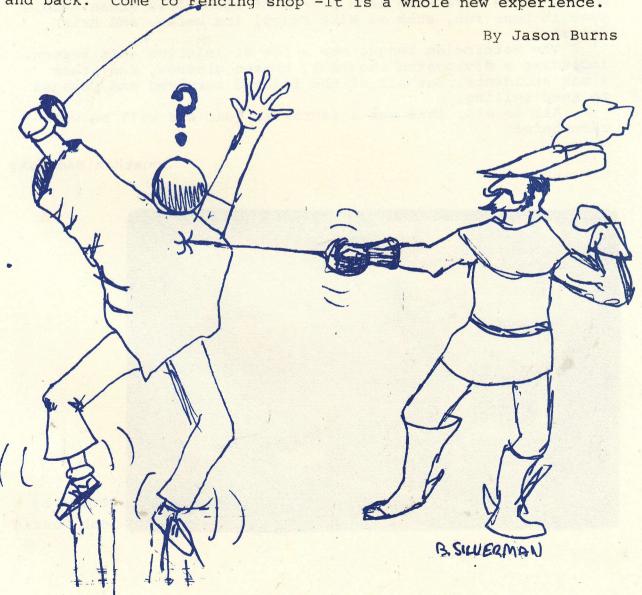
by Roger Bailey



# Lencing, GALATIEVIN

Fencing shop counselors take delight in forcing campers to the ground with their foils. Mark England greets a second month camper by lunging at him again and again with his sabre. Meanwhile Geraint Harris explains to the camper that this is lunging and that fencing is an art. Two campers are waving their foils back and forth trying and succeeding in cutting off each others' ears. When campers improve the counselors allow them to try for the neck.

After campers have taken more lessons Mark and Geraint become more ruthless and converge on the camper from both front and back. Come to Fencing shop -It is a whole new experience.



### Watermelon League

Baseball was invented a hundred years ago. It was developed from the English games Cricket and Rounders. Baseball is one of the hardest games to play because you have to take a round ball and a round bat and hit squarely.

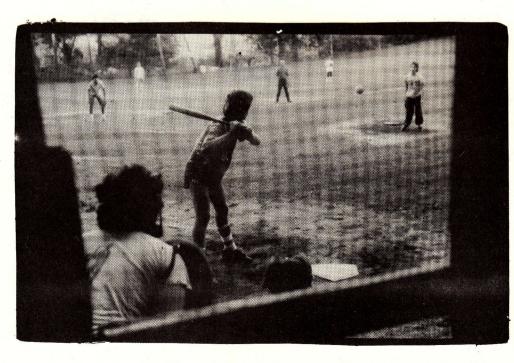
This summer the Watermelon League had some great games, such as Olber's seven-run seventh inning comeback to defeat Coggia 12-9. The League also had its share of embarrassing moments, such as Brorsen's devastating 20-4 defeat of Biela. But winners and losers alike had lots of fun.

The success of baseball, of course, depends on the players, and there have been some talented players here this summer. Roger Neville played an excellent left field, but without the help of a glove. Adam Lubinsky played an excellent shortstop, diving at everything hit his way. Fourteen year old Jon Sadowsky hit a home run, making him the youngest player ever to do so. There have also been plenty of counselors whose middle name is home run, such as Mike Fauci, Ira Weiss, and Brian Calistri.

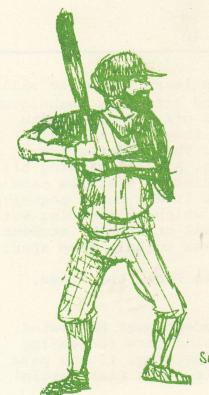
The Watermelon League saw a lot of injuries this season, including a dislocated shoulder, broken glasses, and other freak accidents. But all of the injured survived and managed to keep smiling.

All in all, this was a fantastic year and will be well-remembered.

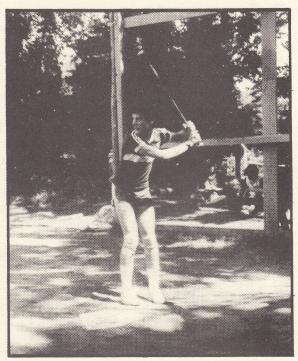
Jonathan Sadowsky



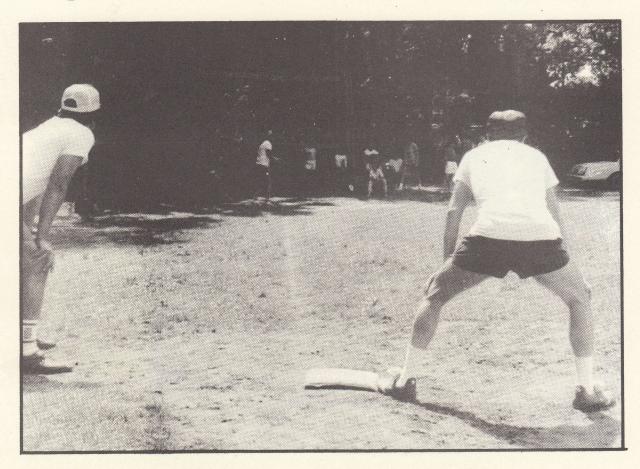
Photos by Josh Danzig



SILVERMAN



Peter Bulova



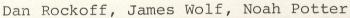
#### Martial Arts

Martial Arts is a class in which students learn the basic skill of Tae-kwon-do, consisting of blocking and attacking techniques. Paul Shaderowfsky, the instructor, starts off the class with exercises. After the class is warmed up, they do some meditation which only lasts about five minutes. The students are taught a move, then follow Paul's example. After reviewing all the techniques, they move on to forms, which is a simple name for moves done in a certain order, almost like a dance sequence. Finally, the class moves on to sparring, which is fighting without contact. Students either spar with Paul or another student. Students use the skills they learn in class to help them spar.

The class ends with the students bowing to Paul, the flags, and the head student.

In order to get a belt promotion, the student must be tested. The test includes basic skills, a particular form (depending on which belt you are testing for), and sparring. If you pass the test, you will receive the higher belt. This year martial arts was a rewarding experience.

Lauren Siniawer





#### Soccer

This Summer provided a great chance for me to try out soccer. The counselor, Piet, gave everybody a fair chance to play on the team and, in inter-camp competitions, the Buck's Rock team did very well. We played Camp Hillcroft twice, and beat them 3-1 and 6-0. But we also played Camp Delaware (whose soccer field was as big as our volleycourt!) and didn't manage to beat them.

Every evening there was an open soccer game. Players ranged from the most fit to the most out-of-shape Buck's Rockers. The important thing was that everyone had fun during these games and we always came back the next night for more.

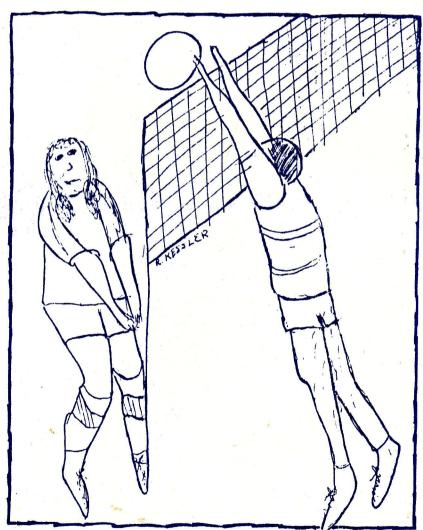


#### Volleyball

Volleyball, this year, was a great success! Almost every evening there was a volleyball game at which everyone, from the youngest campers to the older and unfit counselors, played together just for fun. Some people called these games the 'pick up' games since it didn't matter if the ball was dropped, we just picked it up and played on.

For the more serious-minded girl players, there was also a great volleyball team, run by Beryl Morgan. During the Summer, we played two camps --Camp Hillcroft and Camp Delaware. In all the games our players 'bumped' and 'set' to each other with considerable skill but, although they were close matches, the other teams were just too good for us. Despite the narrow defeats, however, we were never discouraged because we played for the fun of it, not just for winning!

Robin A Kessler

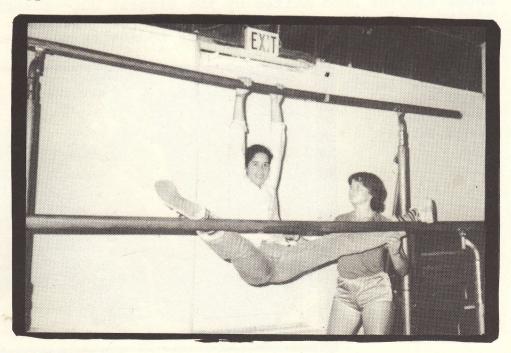


#### **GYMNASTICS**

As soon as you arrive at a gymnastics class, you learn to memorize Irmgard's schedule. First she comes in, yelling about how filthy the mats are. While continuing to grumble, she slowly cleans them off and puts them in place, like a puzzle. Around ten minutes later, everyone comes in smiling. Already tired, she calms them down with her thick German accent, and starts the class. She demonstrates handstands, cartwheels and dive forward rolls which we imitate while also pulling muscles and adding blisters. Some things slow Irmgard down, such as Jessica Brickman who sits on the unparallel bars and decides to take off her socks; or Suzie Fromer who complains that she's too short. Irmgard also has to tell people like Alison Baer that there really is tonly five minutes to go till we go on the balance beam.' Finally, the class ends and Irmgard walks back to her bunk with a smile of achievement.

Janeen Armm

Irmgard Haas helping Valerie de la Dehesa at gymnastics.



#### The Stables

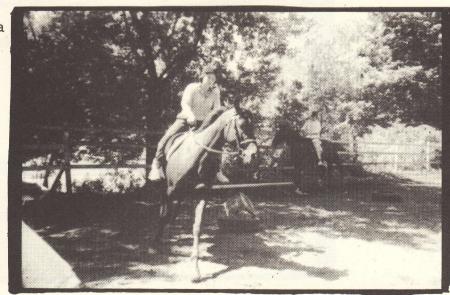
Stirrups. Girth. Rising trot. Reins over the head. Do you know what all this means? Well, neither did we, until we spent our summer at the stables. Here we learned the new lingo and practicalities of equestrianism (we learned how to spell it). Each day we went to the stables and helped Ginny, Fran, and Jenny in caring for the horses—grooming, tacking up, feeding, and, the most demanding and skillful of all camp activities, poohpicking.

There are seven horses at the stables. Each has his/her own personality. We named them at the start of camp and tried to pick names to fit their temperaments. At times, though, they have been given numerous "titles," not all of which can be repeated.

During the summer we learned basic riding skills in the school and also went on trail rides in the mountains, which can be so pretty this time of the year. What more could we ask for? We had a good horse, the sweet smell of the forest, sunshine, and the company of the mountain's natural inhabitants—the BUGS.

At the end of the summer we have a small gymkhana that consists of a number events: potato race, apple bobbing, etc. These demand the maximum from our newly-acquired skills (namely how to keep a horse between yourself and the ground and avoid "biting the dust"). So next time you see a camper or counselor with bow legs, a mouthful of grit, covered in insect bites, and smelling of horse, you'll know where they've been. No doubt they've been bitten by the biggest bug--HORSEBACK RIDING--and will return eagerly next year for more. Why not join them? We're looking forward to seeing you then.

Bahn Yah Moon Michael Palencia Tracy Hedmar Mark Fine Kenya Fine



Bahn Yah Moon at riding.

# Buck's Rock TENNIS'85

Tennis at Buck's Rock has been a tremendous success this summer. The talented and inspiring staff consisted of Andrea Cremenesi, Ken Kaplan, Jeff Asbell, Lisa Granier (JC), Alyssa Sussman (CIT), Nowell Chernick (CIT), and Tom Le Bow (CIT). They have done a great job of bringing tennis to all the people of Buck's Rock. They teach all levels of tennis to all ages from beginners to advanced players. But most of all, they provide an educational and fun learning experience which is why the tennis courts are always full. Their warm, friendly teaching methods bring tennis players back for more.

This summer one of the biggest features of the tennis program was the tennis ladder. By being on this, players had an opportunity to compete at other camps and challenge other players who are higher on the ladder. Currently, the top three people on the ladder are Tom Le Bow, Sam Farmer, and Nowell Chernick.

Another attractive aspect of the tennis program was private lessons. For lessons campers signed up on the lesson board for a preferred time and showed up at that time on the tennis courts.

The tennis program was highly successful and enjoyable this summer, because the campers' enthusiasm was very strong.

Sam Farmer



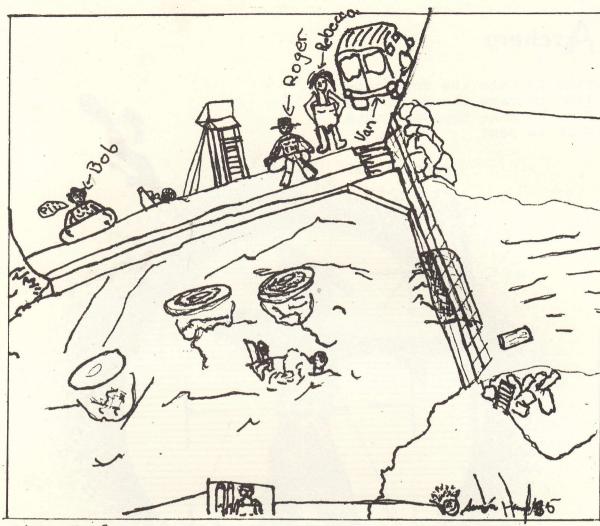
# The Waterhole

It's 100 degrees out. You finally decide to jump right into the freezing depths of the waterhole. After a very quick swim you attempt to run out of the chilly water but can't because your feet keep slipping on the mud and 'ooze' which make up the bottom of the waterhole. Finally you are pulled out by helpful people who are, wisely, sunbathing. You now realise why people stay at the waterhole all day. It's not so much a matter of laziness; more of being involuntarily trapped in the water!

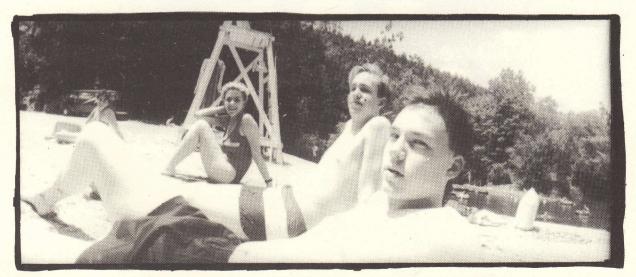
Once you have escaped, you spend the next two hours trying to get warm. When you do begin to feel a little warmer and are ready to go, you find that the car has just left. Now you have to walk all the way up the trail. Half an hour later you arrive at the back of the science lab, just as hot, sweaty and tired as you were when you decided to go to the waterhole in the first place!

Larry Schimel



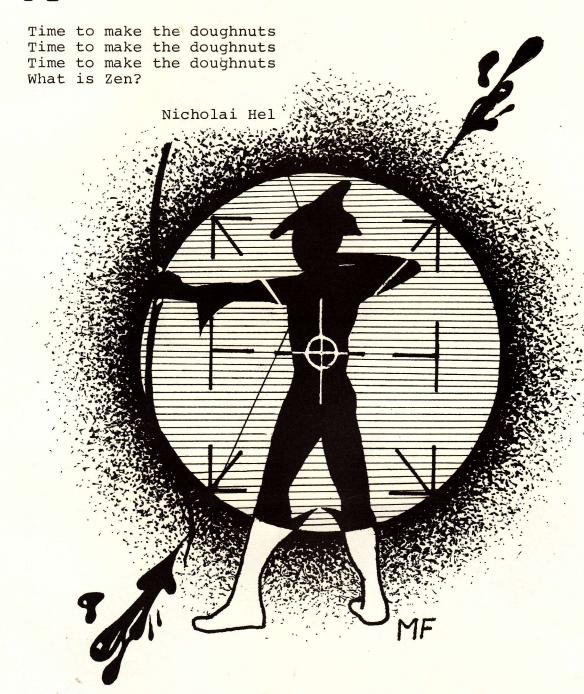


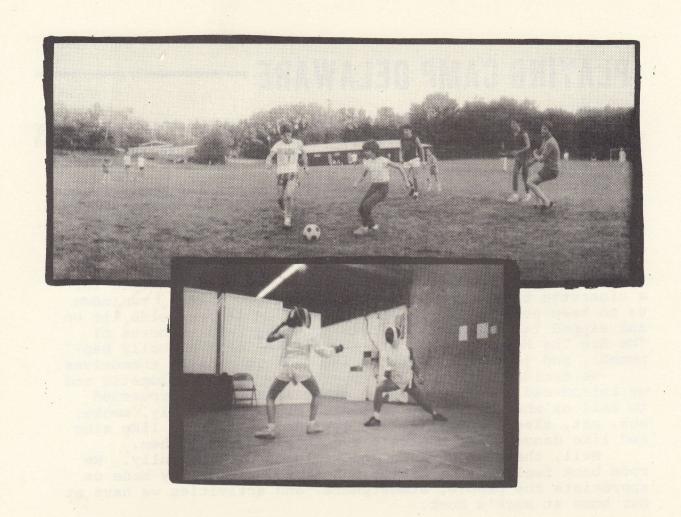
Simon Harf



Sarah Durham, John Porter and Dodge Young sunbathing.

# Archery







#### PLAYING CAMP DELAWARE

Camp Delaware is known by many names, such as Camp Dela"Omygodwhatamigoingto-ware", Delajap, Camp Benetton, Camp Esprit, and Camp Guess, as the members of the Buck's Rock volleyball team found out one eventful Wednesday.

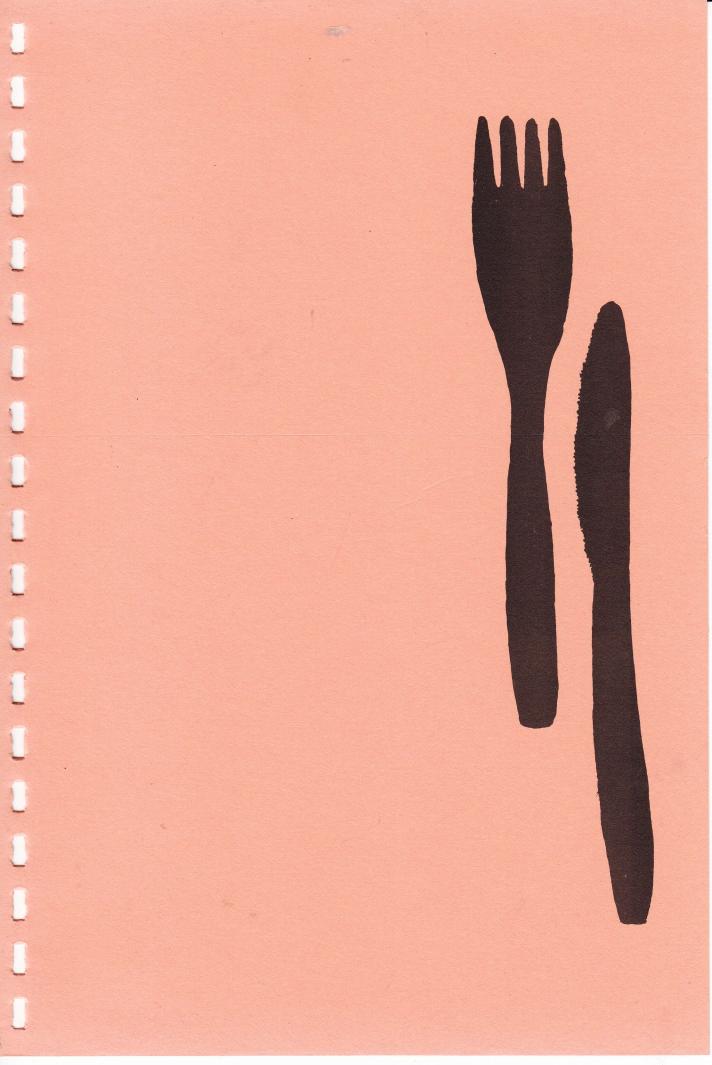
"This is going to be the Artsees against the Nazis!", our power-server Samantha Lyons commented before the game. Through the air came cheers of good luck from the other side of the net. We were dumbfounded, afterall we don't spend our days making up cheers.

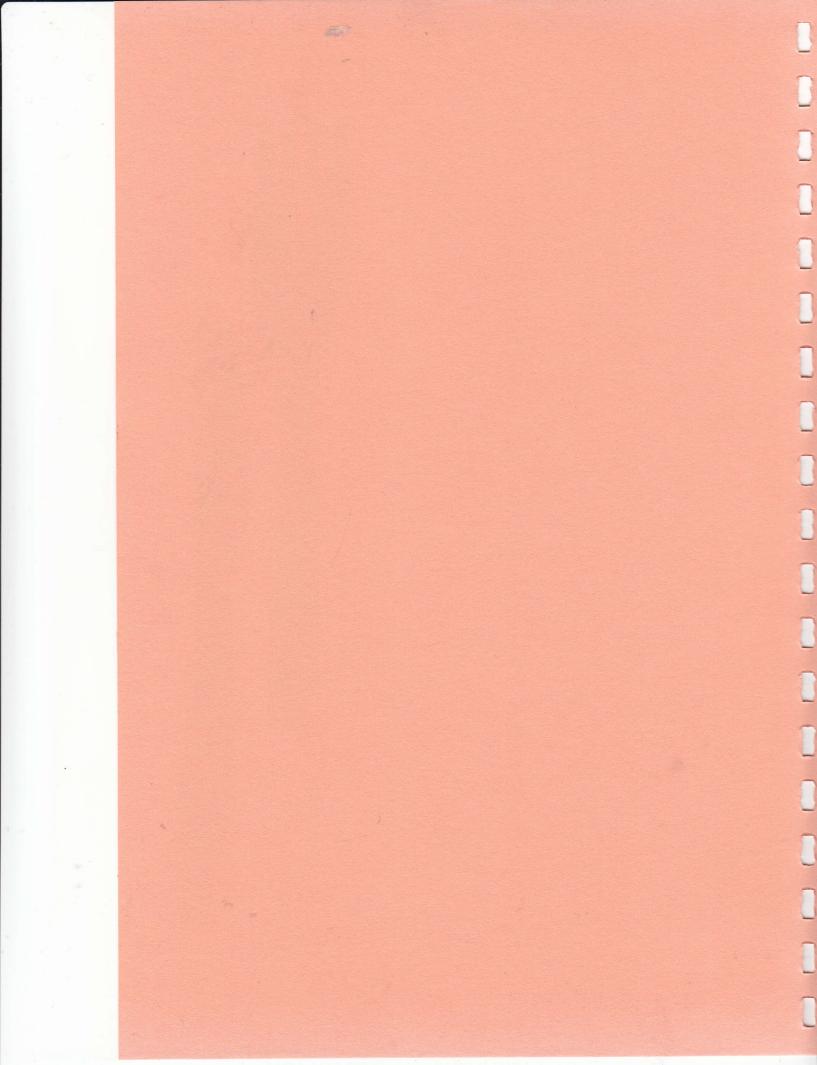
The game began. Within minutes, the head counselor for Delajap, affectionately called Japrina, blew her whistle for a cigarette break. Our 'top-notch' spiker, Amanda, reminded us to keep good karma. As CD's team of 14-16 year olds lit up and sipped Tab sparingly, Japrina bounded into a chorus of "We Are The World - BENETTON!" (no joke, this actually happened), and joined the rest of the camp in sunning themselves.

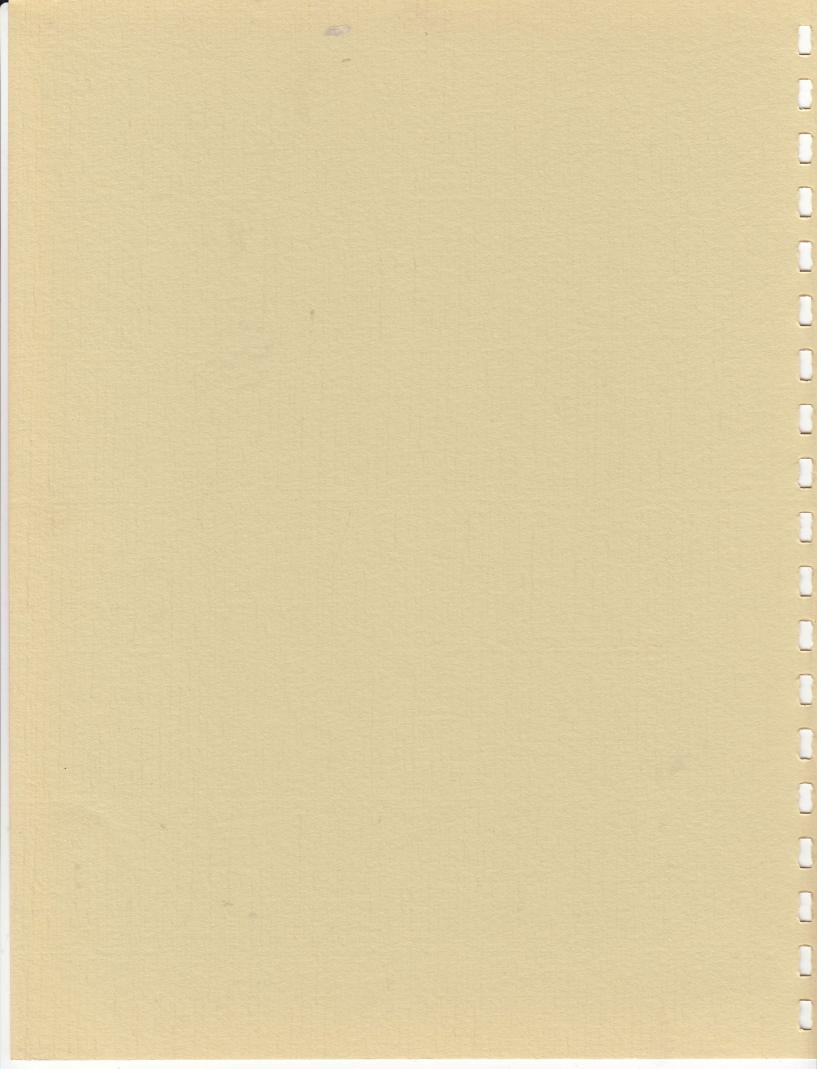
We decided to take this opportunity to be diplomatic and we introduced ourselves to the other side. They proceeded to tell us what their day consisted of. Essentially, smoke, sun, eat, sleep. "What do you guys do over there; like sing and like dance?" We couldn't even begin to tell them.

Well, the game went on and we lost. Unmercifully. We rode back feeling, not bitter but proud. It really made us appreciate the people, atmostphere, and activities we have at our home at Buck's Rock.

Amanda Liptz and Samantha Lyons







# **BOYS' HOUSE UPSTAIRS:**

#### A QUEST FOR GOOD FOOD

John sorts out the mail.

"Hey guys, look! A package pickup slip for Eugene!" Eugene wonders what's happening when his old enemies become his new-found friends.

At 4.05, Eugene stumbles along, holding his large package. By the time he gets to the ping pong tables he is surrounded by nineteen boys.

Helping him up the steps the boys escort Eugene into his bunk area. In unison, the crowd is crying, "Open it, Eugene! Open it!" Since he's having trouble opening the package, Eugene's new-found friends offer to help.

When the package is finally opened, the boys become very excited: "What is it, Eugene? What is it?" Eugene, smiling, takes out a pile of clothing and the boys sigh.

"Wait guys, there's more!"

With Eugene's cry, the boys' faces light up, only to fall again with dissatisfaction, as Eugene pulls out HEALTH FOOD.

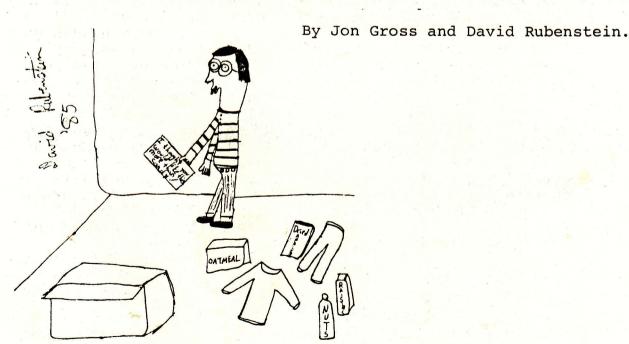
"Oh boy!" Eugene screams, with a smile on his face.

The boys angrily disassemble.

"What's wrong guys?" asks Eugene brightly, and finds

that he's answered with sarcasm.

Eugene looks back at his package and wonders what happened to his momentary popularity.



#### Life from the Top Bunk at Terrace I

The brassy sound of Broadway plays blaring from a speaker

The hushed whispers of secrets as they pass from one to another

Screeching voices sound as intensive bugs parade down a wall

Sprinkling rain falls on a day musky and damp

Yet, inside, the quiet warmth of familiar sounds melts the summer cold.

Jennifer A. Logan

#### Collation

Collation is an activity which even the most dedicated Pubbies dread. It is an awesome enough task when it is for the literary magazines or newspapers, but collation for the Yearbook is the ultimate in drudgery.

"Willing volunteers" treck around the Rec Hall picking up a page from each pile as they pass. It takes two hundred

pages to make one yearbook.

Larry Schimel

#### The Rock

THE ROCK. The name, the myth, the legend -- and a newspaper Buck's Rockers could count on for the facts! Sure there were problems, such as few writers, close deadlines, and two colors of ink, but we pulled it through. (And we even got one out on time, no less.)

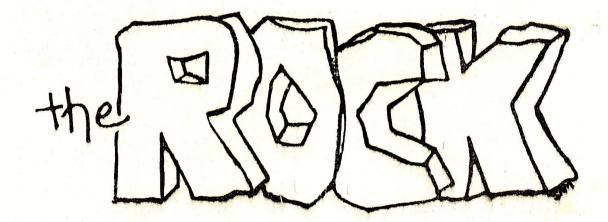
Of course, being editor was no easy task. Many times I was in the middle of a rather deep conversation when Holly interrupted and asked for my opinion on something. Yeah, it was tough but I gave those decisions my all.

And all the work was worth it. With ever new issue, there was always that feeling of "maybe we can be proud of this one"

Sure was exciting.

The Rock has covered such classics as what Chet thinks of the porto-potties, the Clown Shows, and the ever popular Buck's Rock Derby. The Rock certainly had its thumb on the pulse of all Buck's Rockers.

Amanda Liptz



#### ENGLISH - ENGLISH DICTIONARY

"Britain and America, two countries divided by the same language."

-George Bernard Shaw

#### BRITISH

CHEQUE DESIGNED AS CALIBRE FANCY MANOEUVRE

LOB

ADHESIVE PASTE

SNOOKER
A TICK
SNIP
SMASHING
FAGS
BOOT SALE

BACK GARDEN
BLOODY/BLEEDING

MAC

WASHBASIN PETROL

ACCELERATOR

FLAT
BANGERS
SWEETS
TROLLEY
REALLY GOOD
APART FROM
SARNIE
ONE STONE
LIQUIDIZER
FRUIT POLOS
OPAL FRUITS
FORTNIGHT
BOG

SLASH KNOCK UP RUBBER POOF SHAGGED

#### AMERICAN

CHECK
THOUGHT TO BE
CALIBER
WOULD LIKE
MANEUVER
THROW
GLUE

BILLIARDS/POOL

A CHECK ()

CHEAP TERRIFIC CIGARETTES FLEA MARKET BACKYARD

GENERAL EXPLETIVES

RAINCOAT SINK GAS

GAS PEDAL APARTMENT SAUSAGES CANDY

SHOPPING CART

COOL

ASIDE FROM
SANDWICH
14 POUNDS
BLENDER
LIFESAVERS
STARBURSTS
2 WEEKS
BATHROOM
URINATE
WARM UP
ERASER
HOMOSEXUAL

TIRED OUT OR SCREWED (IN TROUBLE)

-a final collective effort

# SNACK

The gong rings at three-fifteen, and masses of campers run to the dining hall, screaming, "SNAAAACK!!!" at the tops of their lungs, only to complain about the cookies and drink once they get there.

Amy Vernon



# Button Making

Most of you will have noticed many people walking around camp with colorful buttons attached to their clothing. Button making at Buck's Rock started out in the Pub shop where counselors and campers alike demonstrated their allegiance to Pub by wearing interesting and eye catching buttons.

Soon, counselors from other shops followed the pubbies'

example and put their names and shops on buttons.

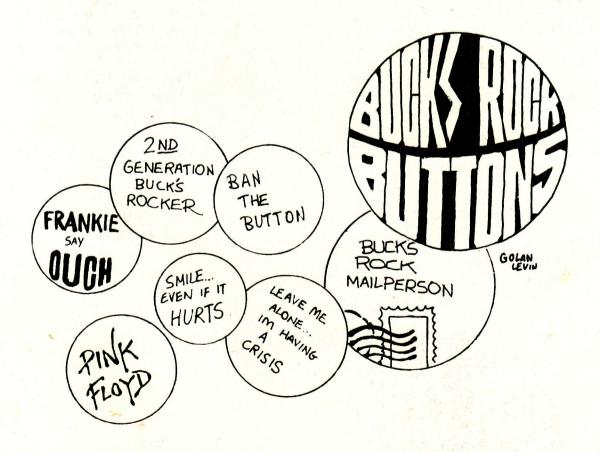
Then came the wide range of personal buttons. For example:

"Roses are red violets are blue I'm schizophrenic and so am I"

"Smile you are at Buck's Rock"

"Offical Buck's Rock Mailperson" and many more.

Shana Hack





Katie Smythe "The Octagon"

## CIT Girls

The CIT girls. If you live in girls' annex or cabins, and have ever been woken up about 11:30 or so by noise of giggling or shouting girls, you've been a victim of the CIT girls post-CIT snack syndrome. We walk, run, or trip down the road to our living area, laughing, giggling, talking, shouting, or whatever.

When we reach our "home away from home", we run around, being generally noisy, begging each other for food, regardless of the fact that we have just eaten, until we are reminded by our counselors that we are not the only people in the camp, and that Lights Out is in thirty minutes. After moaning and groaning for fifteen minutes, we finally accept the Lights Out time, and start getting ready. We run around saying all of our goodnights, and finally, with a lot of prodding, we get into our rooms. Notice I didn't write beds, I wrote rooms. For the most part, lights go out ten to fifteen minutes after Lights Out, but there are always exceptions.

In the morning, we have to be woken up two or three times before we actually get up. Around the time of the nine o'clock work gong, there are a lot of girls running around, yelling, "I'm late for work!", and still others who are trying to stay asleep for at least another hour or so. All in all, the girl CITs are one, big happy family, but as with every family, there are fights, slamming of doors, and coffee clatches in the bathroom (not every family has all that many of the last, however!). We enjoy living with each other, and I'm sure that when it comes time for us to leave, I'll miss all those who I've grown

close to in these eight weeks.



## CIT OD

You are approaching the end of the ever-popular CIT meeting. Suddenly, Erica yells, "Ok, I've got the OD sheets!" You are now entering the OD zone. Proceed with caution.

Those few courageous souls who put their name on that long white list are almost doomed. OD can go two ways; either the kids will be rowdy and give you a hard time, thus putting you in a bad mood, or they will all go to sleep immediately, thus boring you and putting you in a bad mood.

boring you and putting you in a bad mood.

Of course, there are the smart ones who have pledged to themselves never to do OD. They, my friends, are in for a night of adventure. They get the opportunity to visit friends, eat, and run around while carefully avoiding anything that even slightly resembles anyone over the age of 18.

Alas, there are a few things you must own for OD. A rain-coat, flashlight, strong voice, etc. Then again, you get so much out of it! A dirty raincoat, broken flashlight, hoarse

voice.

So, if you think you would enjoy a night of serving your camp by doing OD, please consult your local psychiatrist.

Amanda Liptz



Laurie Feigin



## CIT Serving

Have you ever gone to lunch and walked down the food line, only to end up with a cracked, mutilated, disgusting tray? Have you ever gotten to breakfast only to be taunted by an emotionally disturbed CIT to "eat wheatena" or "become a member of the Wheatena Generation"? Have you ever asked for a small portion of mashed potatoes only to have to get another tray, because your tray is covered with the gruesome mess?

Well, the reason for all this and more is that you have been a victim of CIT serving, one of the most dreaded things in Buck's Rock Camp (dreaded not only by the CITs, but also by the campers, counselors, and even the kitchen staff).

During the fourth week, if you remember, there were the dreaded times when the CITs cried out, "Wheatena," and that meant only one thing: your tray was not safe at all. Although the code may differ, the intent to maim and destroy your harmless tray is still there.

Many times we were warned by the kitchen staff not to throw food at the trays, and we do listen for a little while, but after they walked away, it is every man for himself on the food line once again. But seriously folks, the food line would not be very entertaining if the kitchen was not filled with strains of "Forever Young" by Alphaville and the Sesame Street theme, spiced up by tidbits of Broadway show songs, plus Standing Room Only Slam Dancing and the World-famous Cooktones.

Although we all complained a lot during our week of serving, when it came right down to it most of the CITs enjoyed their week of serving on kitchen duty.

Kara Chabora and Amy Vernon

## **CIT BOYS**

8:30 am The door opens. The legendary "Chet" Hoffman enters a cabin in the Boys' CIT village.

"Come on, guys, get up!" he says, half asleep himself. He's greeted by such warm and wonderful comments as.

"@#\$% off, \*&¢%\$#@!!!" As he leaves, he turns on the light. We inhabitants turn it right back off.

- 9:05 am Half of the bunk rises yelling,
  "Oh no, I'm working the morning today!" They
  throw on their clothes and leave. Half the bunk
  remains asleep.
- 9:30 am CITs sneak into their shops. The counselors do not notice that they are late. They immediately save the shop, which was being ruined by the staff.
- "Chet" Hoffman returns to the bunk and notices that half the inhabitants are still asleep. He heads immediately for the biggest box and snaps in a tape marked Led Zeppelin 4. He turns the box up full blast, presses 'play' and begins to dance. This is not a pretty sight. The inhabitants rise and flee in terror.
- 11:30 am All CITs say they are serving, to try to get into early lunch.
- 11:31 am Only ten of them get in.
- 1:00 pm Half the CITs sit and meditate to Pink Floyd. The other half complain.
- 2:00 pm Those CITs who are working, go to their shops. Those who aren't,go to sleep.
- 3:00 pm Adrian Nobel enters the bunk and farts. The sleeping CITs evacuate immediately.
- 5:00 pm The CITs working leave their shops before clean-up.
- 5:30 pm All CITs try to get into early dinner.
- 5:31 pm Only ten of them get in.
- 6:00 pm A new life form arises from the port-a-potties and becomes a CIT.

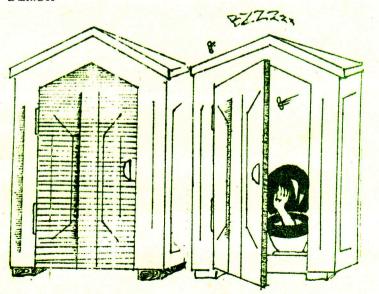
- 7:00 pm CITs begin to wait for evening activity to begin.
- 8:30 pm CITs do not go to evening activity.
- 10:30 pm Gong rings and CITs report to the tennis courts, fifteen minutes later.
- 10:50 pm Food arrives at snack. It is red and black and has green things and bones in it.
- 11:30 pm Chet and Erica throw the CITs off the tennis courts.

  Some of them go back to their bunks. The rest...

  don't.
- 12:00 am Chet turns the lights out. As soon as he leaves, the CITs turn them on again.
- 12:10 am Chet lectures CITs on why the lights should be off and turns them off. As soon as he leaves, the CITs turn them back on.
- 12:30 am Chet sighs, shrugs his shoulders and drives the Hoffmobile into the Hoff-cave for the night.
  - 1:30 am CITs continue their evening of radio wars and discussions of what is fun. The lights finally do go out, and the CITs go to sleep, ending their long day.

    Thank you, and good night.

Boris Kolba and Kell Simon with Seth Ubogy, Amanda Liptz, Dodge Young and Corina Simon



## Girls' Annex 2

All of us agree it's a great place to live on camp. A place where a day begins with the gong ringing even though we all ignore it. After we ignore the gong our jolly house counselors come in to attempt to get us up; little do they know they won't succeed.

There are three counselors in all: Ceri, who comes in singing and temporarily gets us up; Mandy from science who comes to complain about our rooms and call them the 'pits' (messiest), and finally Anne from ceramics who urges us to get up.

When we finally get up we rush to the showers only to find long lines. Some of us are lucky and as we enter the danger zone (the showers) we hear the screams of showering girls, "Don't flush the toilet!" "Don't use the sink!" and other words I won't mention.

For those of us who survive the "showers", we leave the showers, dry off and leave the bathroom. This isn't the easiest thing to do since we all have to dress in the bathrooms to avoid being seen by the 'male persuasion' as we run, toweled, to our rooms, which are not connected to the bathroom.

When we are safe in our rooms the sound of blow dryers is all you hear. All that can be seen is the application of mousse to our hair and the careful construction of our faces with makeup.

Soon it's time to decide WHAT TO WEAR. Should it be Guess, Benneton, Espirit, Ton Surton, Mickey Mouse, Betty Boop, Madonna, or Hard Rock Cafe T-Shirts? After choosing our attire, we dress and go to a shop and socialize for a while; then go to another shop to socialize for a while, and so on. You might also find some of us at the bunk, playing "Camp", a card game.

Our routine repeats itself until evening activity, after which we head for our rooms and, after a long struggle, the counselors finally get us to bed.

We've had our arguments, room switches, and bad days, yet we've all had a great summer, and we'll never forget it.

Jenny Pellman



Where do you go when it's dinner time and you're really hungry, after not eating all day? The canteen, of course. This is the only place on camp where decent junk food is served.

The canteen has a whole variety of 'empty calorie' foods. So next time your Mom comes up to visit, besides her taking you out to dinner ask her to add another hundred dollars to your canteen account so you can afford to stock up on sodas, popcorn, chocolate etc.

Remember, go to the canteen everyday and if you are not hungry you can buy me something. Note that on the Birdhouse there is a petition to have the canteen open after breakfast and lunch. If you are concerned about your fellow campers' emotional and physical well-being, sign it!

Larry Schimel

## The Garbage Crew

The Garbage Crew. Those of you who were here last year remember how well-loved they were. Well, this year only one of them returned. The infamous 22 year old infant, Chris Cole, is back to crack up the camp with his crazy, childish antics. Besides Chris, the rest of the Garbage Crew usually act a little bit more mature, although Chris has matured a bit over the past year. There is also Tim, the shyest of the four (but that's not saying too much, is it?). He is very often behind the stacks of plates and cups when you go dump after a meal, and is most easily identified by a little cross he wears in his left ear and his tired and bored expression. However, if you had to sit behind stacks of plates and cups for an hour, you would probably be quite bored, too. There's also Alexis, the Frenchman (to complement the two Brits). At first glance he also looks shy, but don't be fooled because he's far Shelby, the lone American, neither looks or acts shy. from it! All four of them can be a lot of fun to kid around and be with.

I asked each of them what they would miss most about camp

when they went home. Here are their answers:

TIM: 195, Dr. Ruth, and the leak in the cabin roof.

CHRIS: The garbage, of course; all my fan club, the lovely

food, and my friends on the staff who I was friends

with last year.

ALEXIS: Liz Berger, Irwin, and the mosquitos, flies etc.

SHELBY: The Brits, the truck, and the main road.

Amy Vernon.

#### unch

Lunch (Loo-nch) n.l. Second meal of day; breakfast, <u>lunch</u>, dinner. 2. Unused shop materials served as mid-day entrees.

3. Activity created to exercise lower jaw muscles. 4. Word used to define meal created for the majority of Buck's Rockers who sleep through breakfast and wake up near starvation point at 11:40 am. 5. Variety of unknown substances lined up in a row and given familiar titles such as "Jamaican Meat Patties".

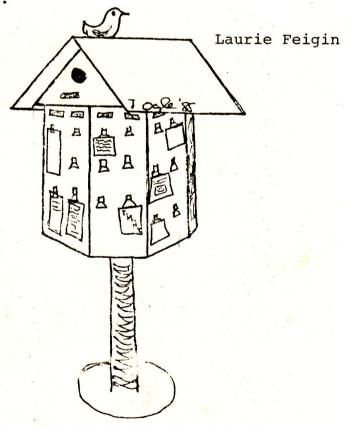
Jarrett Horowitz

## The Birdhouse

Between the Men's Executive Lounge and the Water Fountain, in the heart of Buck's Rock, stands a venerable institution that is dear to us all. Everyone has memeories regarding it—checking for 'call backs', fencing lessons, shop meetings, whatever. Yes, you've guessed; it's the birdhouse.

A most important structure, the birdhouse is the center of general information. It has the wheres, whats, whys and hows of everything. For convenience, there are handy little clips for each shop to display notices in the alotted space and, since the birdhouse is well-angled, one can revolve around it, read its words of wisdom and be squashed only a little.

Of course, another important media source at Buck's Rock is WBBC. The birdhouse and WBBC work in harmony, with Al Schaeffer proclaiming (as only Al Schaeffer can), "Check the birdhouse for further information and updates". In short, the birdhouse is an integral part of the community of Buck's Rock, without which communication would be difficult. Long may it stand!



## The Kitchen Crew Speaks:

What's your most memorable experience at camp this Summer?

JOHN: "Playing jokes on people. One really memorable joke was when one day I went to the microphone and paged different members of the staff to the outside phone. To my delight and horror each one ran towards the phone asking where their call was. There wasn't one. Also, meeting all the different people!

\* STUART: "Inhaling the ammonia solution in the morning when we clean the tables. Also, hearing the harmonious voices of WBBC makes me look forward to the day ahead--it's like a breath of fresh air!"

RUPERT: "Seeing live music and theatre of such high quality in such a short time. Particularly the live Jazz."

SIMON: "Not WBBC! Conducting a raw egg juggling class in the kitchen and finding out that Rupert Stocks was our worst pupil. He thought he was playing soccer and headed it! "

RUBBER CHICKEN: "One day, once upon a time, a long time ago, at least as far back as yesterday - I, the Rubber Chicken of the Kitchen, actually saw, witnessed, and photographed the Veggie Cook (who will remain nameless), actually doing work!!

PETE, (the Veggie Cook): "Getting woken up by ice water, which is a tradition in the Buck's Rock Kitchen."

DEBBY: "When you leave the tap on to fill an urn of water and it overflows, and the coffee runs out with twenty thirsty people waiting, and someone spills their cereal on the floor and it happens all at once and you can't find a mop or someone to help.."

TERRY: "Frisbee with waffles, The ultimate frisbee game, using breakfast."

LARRY: "During one meal, Alexis threw water at me. I ran after him with a glass of my own, but he evaded me. As he ran out of

the dining-room, the garbage crew nailed him with the hose. Thinking the fight was over, Alexis lit a cigarette, took off his shirt and sat down. I came from behind with a bucket of water, called his name, and when he turned around, put out the cigarette with the bucket of water."

LAURIE: "I woke up to my alarm and saw it was 6.30. I turned off my alarm and crawled back in bed thinking I'd have another minute's rest before work. Then I awoke later to find Al, the chef, and Steve standing there with a bucket of iced water. As I squirmed around in agony, begging for mercy and pleading incessantly, they poured the ice water over my head."

AL the Chef: "Payday and seeing the kids happy."

AL RUBIN: "All the creativity around Buck's Rock."

ANDY: "Blowing my nose on the way to Men's Exec."

STEVE: "Waking the late people up with ice water."

DAVID: During my first meal with campers, I happened to spot a camper attempting to balance a cup of milk and a cup of grapple on a flimsy plate. I knew a spill was imminent, but I did not expect that, coming at a quick pace, was a counselor with three cups of coffee. The two collided, sending various liquids flying. With almost animal-like instinct, all five members of the dining-room staff descended on the spill in an attempt to contain the spillage. We finally did."

GARMON: "Going to Boston on my day off."

Ellyn Blau

## Buck's Rock Bowl '85

Although it got off to a slow start, the 1985 Buck's Rock
Bowl was a fast-paced challenge of trivial excitement! With
a team from every shop (well almost every shop!), the Buck's
Rock Bowl challenged its players with questions such as:

- What sex is Wrinkles? (Answer: female).
- Who is the Prime Minister of Belgium? (Answer: Martens).
- What is the name of Josh Abram's sister who married former Buck's Rock Bowl master, Bob Steiner? (Anwer: Pam).

Simply explained, the Buck's Rock Bowl was a trivia game with three rounds. Each round consisted of fourteen cards, each card consisting of three to six questions relating more or less to one subject.

The success of this year's Bowl is mostly due to Josh Abram's hard work as counselor in charge of the Buck's Rock Bowl.

Recognition for a job well done should also go to:

David Miner (unofficial CIT)

Milo Bernstein

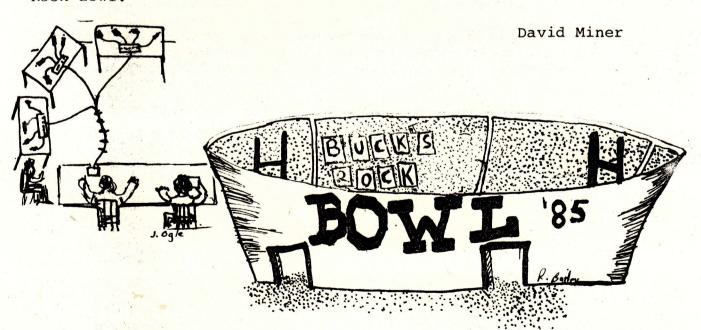
Peter Bulova

Steven Leif

Seth Diamond

Joey Center....

And to all those campers, CIT's, JC's and Counselors who helped write 1500-2000 odd questions in this year's Buck's Rock Bowl!



### The Infirmary

This is my third year at Buck's Rock and in these three years I have encountered some very different ways of running that infamous Buck's Rock institution, The Infirmary.

One method has featured the "You're not sick, you're faking it to sleep late" syndrome which, when properly reviewed and studied, is quite reminiscent of the "You're not sick, you're faking it so you can miss school" syndrome shrieked by Jewish mothers everywhere.

Another method has taken the "OK, you've scraped your knee on the Basket-ball Court - take two of these, three of those, four reds, five greens - and I'll have your prescription for those two anti-biotics ready by the Work Gong" approach. This always separates the truly sick from the, uh, mildly

scraped.

Finally, Buck's Rockers have been faced with an even more frightening breed of medical staff - the "over-Reactors". They have struck new terror into the hearts of we unfortunate hypochondriacs, with X-Rays for tennis elbow, amputation for in-growing toenails and campers with claustrophobia being ordered to remain in their rooms!

I'll leave you to decide into which category this year's medical staff fall. But let it be said that they've done a really great job this year. We couldn't have done without them, and their work is appreciated by staff and campers alike.

Jarrett Horowitz

## Dispensary

Hi! And welcome to our once-a-year Grand Tour of the Buck's Rock Dispensary. We begin our tour by giving a nice, big Hi! to the Dispensary staff. 1. 2. 3. Hi. Hello.

As we hope you don't know (we hope you haven't been ill)

they are quite nice at the Dispensary.

Going through the medicine cabinet, you have to squeeze between the bottles. The have everything from Sudafed to Solarcain, Tylenol to salt.

And they have ace bandages and crutches. Are you one of the people that try to get them just for the novelty of it?

Next, we explore the Water Zone, a cooler of "good water" everyone comes to get. The only special thing about this water, however, is that it is so very cold.

Also, the scales are broken, so bring your own. Good luck, and, for God's sake, don't get sick!

Liz Stein

## Girls' Annex One

GAl is a diverse house. It consists of twenty five or so campers, a minimal amount of showers, skimpy closet space, a lack of shelves, countless blowdryers, two counselors and several boxes. Oh, and some bunks strewn with garments and possessions of all descriptions.

What goes on there? Anything goes, perhaps. Certainly the average amount of squabbling, napping and hairwashing for any beautiful, brilliant and dazzling adolescent. However, beneath it all shines through that special breed of future women with the notorious:

- 1) Inability to wake-up unless tickled or reminded of the inevitable rush for showers.
- 2) Knowledge of haircare, especially that of the over-colored variety.
- 3) Knowledge of fool-proof tactics for postponing put-tobed indefinitely.
- 4) Ability to apply cosmetics during shop hours (while dodging Esther and Rebecca, our resident adults).
- 5) Knack of redefining 'socializing' as a shop activity-- and getting away with it.

Besides these obvious talents, GAl-ers are known for their differences in taste. Through Madonna and Depeche Mode you have the Beatles and the Sex Pistols. Through 'Benetton' and 'Guess?' you see 'Gap Sport'.

I did say diverse, remember.

Laurie Feigin.

## Boys' Annex

Gong! Gong!

"Come on, guys!" says Paul Bostock, our enthusiastic, dedicated, and slightly crazy house counselor. "Tonight's evening activity is 'Missing'!"

Nobody moves.

"Come on, guys! It's a great movie!"

"But Paul, I thought you said 'It's missing'," burst out a loud-mouthed American.

"Out!!"

Everyone leaves, but ten minutes later, they are back in the bunk.

Later that evening, Paul asks:

"How was the movie?"

"Great, great, we loved it," we respond enthusiastically. At night we have our usual pizza and sock war and then go to bed. In the morning, to the sruprise of Ira, our other counselor, we have all positively responded to his unusual waking up technique of singing operatic arias, and are up by 7:45 and out of the bunk for the work gong at 9:00. (A major miracle at Boys' Annex!) We also are all out of the bunk by 2:00, and we all go to evening activity! Wonders of wonders, we are asleep by 10:30.

Both Paul and Ira are so amazed by this turn of events that they die of shock and we are left to run Annex ourselves.

Anarchy prevails?!!

Bob Silverman

## Boys' Cabins

After surviving the Boy's House experience for two years and avoiding the Annex entirely, I became a full-fledged "cabbie."

Cabins--I never expected them to be this way. I mean, where else in the entire camp can you find counselors more immature than the campers; campers more annoying than the staff kids; half as much chaos; or one-tenth as much fun?

Strains of Zeppelin or Floyd can be heard mega-blasted out of Chaz's 280 Watt Sony, and Suicidal Tendencies V'd past the threshold of pain exploding from Abraham's room. And who has heard "Stairway to Heaven" so often in so little time?

The gong is unavoidable however and our Rock'n Roll haven here in the Cabins is periodically interrupted (nine times a day, to be exact) by the hammering of that venomous circular monstrosity.

One consolation is that we were lucky enough to be landed with a bunch of easy-going counselors who in the morning (being as exhausted as we are) give us that oh so necessary extra ten minutes of dreamland. How can you help but love it here at Boy's Cabins, USA?

Jarrett Horowitz

# Dining



Photo by Alexandra Fano



Photo by Alexandra Fano

#### VIETNAM Forum

On August 11th, counselors Jack Gresko, David Plakke, Rudy Veltre, and Michael Ashenbrenner talked about their experiences in the Vietnam War. It was one of the most intense evening activities of the summer. The forum was very well-attended, and the campers showed their interest by asking good questions.

Before the forum Dave Hoffman gave a brief history of the Vietnam War. He explained that Vietnam had traditionally been a colonial possession of France and that after World War II the country split—into Communist North Vietnam and French-supported South Vietnam. When war broke out, The United States went to the aid of South Vietnam and the French. American military aid increased through the Fifties and in the early 1960's we sent our first troops into Vietnam. This would bring about one of the most controversial wars in history. The time of the war was called the Vietnam Era. In that time there was bitter resentment in America both against the politicians who legislated the war and the soldiers who fought in it.

The forum started with an experimental video created and narrated by David Plakke, a counselor in Photo Shop. In the video, he gave a chilling description of his experiences working in a burn ward in a military hospital. Michael Ashenbrenner, from Glassblowing, talked about how his war experience affected his art work in abstract painting and glass sculpture. Jack Gresko gave a slideshow that vividly portrayed everyday life in war. He also spoke of the prevailent drug use among the soldiers. Rudy Veltre gave a graphic discription of how he coped with his stress-filled job as a Cobra crew chief.

Perhaps the most frightening realization of the evening for campers was learning that many of the combat soldiers in Vietnam were only seventeen or eighteen years of age. This disturbed me a great deal because I realized that I am only three years from an age at which many young Americans were dying for their country.

Throughout the evening Dave Plakke made the comparison between Vietnam and the rising conflicts in Central America. Dave pointed out historical parallels between the two conflicts, reminding campers that it would be their generation that would do the fighting this time.

In my opinion, the present administration is preparing the United States for a Vietnam-type conflict in Nicaragua. The CIA is currently illegally funding the anti-Sandinista counter-revolutionaries and President Reagan has repeatedly emphasized his intent to overthrow the Sandinista regime. Furthermore, with American paranoia of Communism so intense the likelihood of an invasion of Nicaragua seems even greater.

I think it is important for my generation to understand what happened in Vietnam from people who were there. Perhaps from them we can learn how to avoid the Vietnams of the future.

Matt Rosenthal



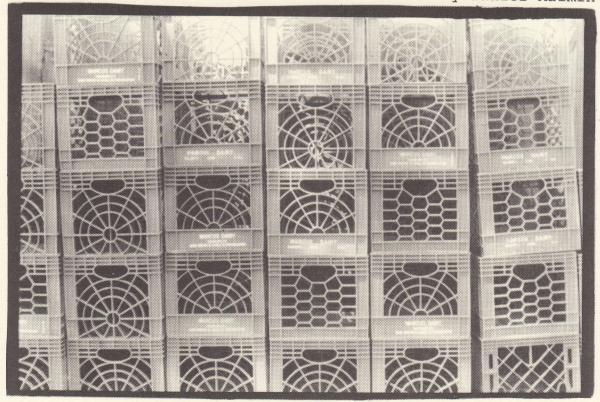
Ernst Bulova opening Staffworks.



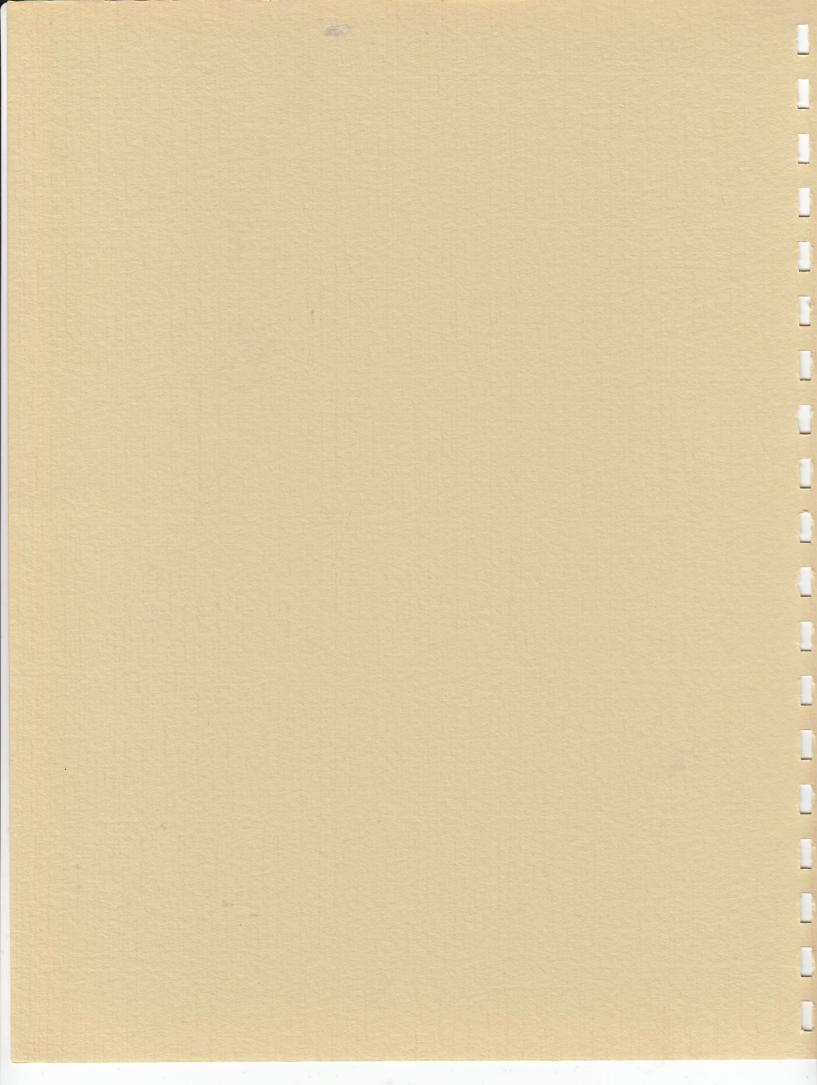


Jason Goldberg, Luke DuClos, Simon Harf, Jon Herman, Golan Levin, Jason Wild, Rashaan Bailey, and Seth Nadel on the Pub Shop trip.

Photo by Daniel Maimin



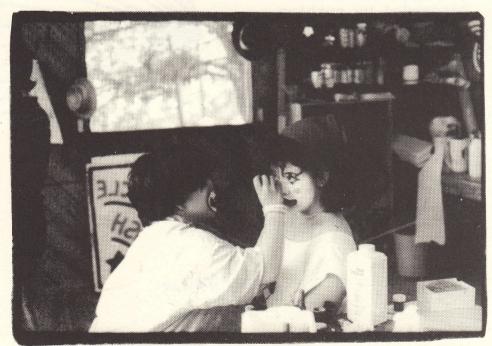




## HIDDEN

The Big Red Nose
The painted costume
The Red Wig
The floppy shoes
The Ruffled collar
The laughter
Is it real?
Artificial?
Who lurks behind that happy creature called the clown?
Exactly who is this joyous masked man?
A speechless being in a permanent high.
Is the clown a coverup for a confused someone?
A confused someone who needs a clown himself?
Maybe...

Evie Cooper



Rachel Maurer making up Kate Haggerty. Photo by Valerie de la Dehesa

## THE STAR ENSEMBLE

#### NIGHT

The light traveled
For millions of years
And suddenly
We saw it
But whence it came
Was no more

He ran across the sky
Filled with the thrill of the hunt
Moving everyday
But never gaining
Always the same distance
From his prey
Does he care?
No,
Orion will hunt
Until his prey is destroyed

#### DAY

It hung
Suspended by nothing
A glowing orb
Supplying light
Light + heat
Living for billions of years
Waiting
Until it runs out of fuel
And explodes
Destroying millions of lives
Lives that it watched
And nurtured
For most of its life
The life of the earth
And all its inhabitants

Larry Schimel

#### Yet

One day as I was walking along, the Earth Opened up and swallowed Me.

I was gone, but No One knew, So it Didn't Matter.

I am gone but No One has noticed yet.

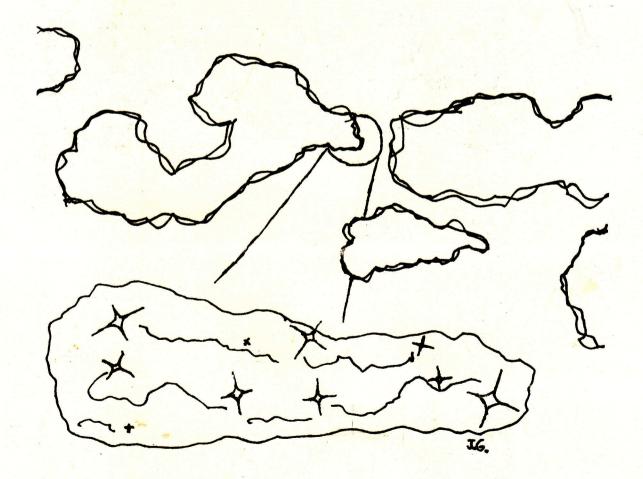
I don't think they will.

Amy Vernon

#### Full Phase

The blinding little sparkles that awaken as the moon spears them with its brillant light. Oh how they dance around the water's top so gracefully and smoothly. Almost like a million little soldiers setting up their battle array. But as the moon is covered by the clouds the sparkles fade away into the darkness only to be seen when the moon shines again.

By Jason Goldberg



#### **Tikledias**

A desolate museum made ready for destruction Clearing the way for a condominium A construction worker walks through the empty halls Examining the wall's weaker spots One unwanted statue stands alone in the desolation A statue of a man standing like a colossus Looking down on all others. On the base of this aged bronze statue In faded, chipped lettering is an ancient message "I am King Tikledias, king of all kings, lord of all lords. Look upon me and my works In awe." The worker reads the message Then uncaringly walks away "This will be an easy job," he thinks As he examines the wall's weaker spots.

Jon Gross

#### I Never Promised You...

The world outside my head is cut by bars
The formless crazy shadows spew their rage
My golden dreams have covered up the scars
I laugh, and step beyond your rubber cage

What is "reality" but painful bliss?
You cannot hold me down with your deceit
You pierce my soul: the voice within me dies
Three changes come--the mirror is defeat.

My heritage is poison, power vast Enough to rip your petty world to shreds When worlds collide, how can my spirit last? Insanity will break the tangled threads.

Sarah Cole



Meredith Lieber

#### Children

The children play as the sun makes patterns on their backs. They laugh and frolic at the warm water's edge.
They shall never die.

Elise Bergelson

#### The Ocean

The ocean is a blanket of blue, Where seagulls perch, and pigeons coo.
The water rushes to the sand, It carries seaweed to the land.
The beat, that's very, very, course, The rhythm of a prancing horse.

Rachel Laschever



Daniel Maimin

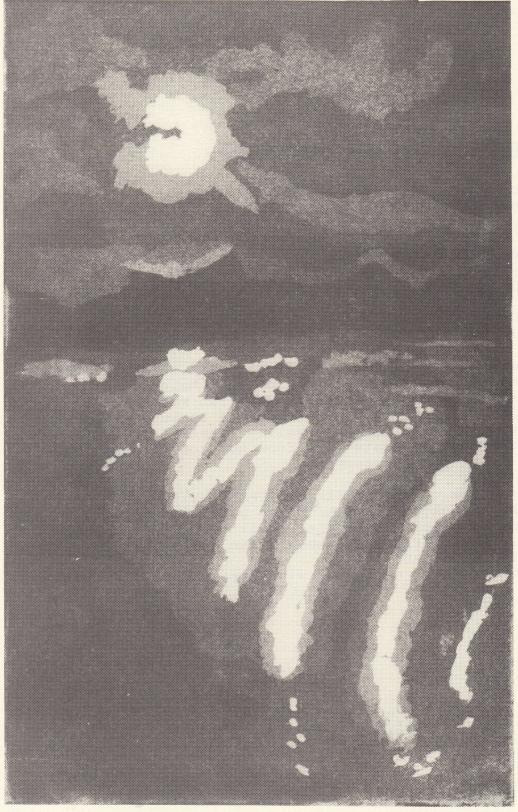
#### Pennsylvania Summer

There are no wineberries in New Milford
I've had this chill in my head
While weeding through these trees
Or stumbling on the rocks
That when I turn south
The rough green bushes
With their fuzzy thorny leaves
Will be bare again of their red-seeded beads
And all of my Pennsylvania summer will be a crumple
Of brown

When I sit in the peeling double-seat by Boys Annex Sometimes I let myself look out the Main Line Watch as Philadelphia's highways run west. While the badminton birdie waddles in insane flight I reminisce the Delaware Valley sunset Where the sky lights pink from horizon to horizon Not treetop to treetop

When I see a furry feline hunter prowl by
I think back to the squirm and purr
Of my two fat cats ranging their carpet playground
And recall Spring days when human and cats
Would lumber and stalk
Past shoots of unripened wineberries

by Noah Potter



At Gramma's

Katy Horsley

### The Ocean

A wave crashes,
The sea air blows.
The foam from the crashed wave is floating.

Old fisherman are on their boats, waiting.
The fish beneath have their own day to live.

A child is walking into the ocean thinking it is alone. An old man walks into the ocean knowing that with all the unthought of life in the ocean he could never swim alone.

by Stefanie Trepper

## The Prince And The Evil Sun

Once upon a time there was a Princess named Adeline. Princess Adeline was miserable because the Evil Sun had been drying out all of the flowers, plants and reservoirs. "Oh, boo hoooo," cried Princess Adeline.

"My dear Princess," King Marsh, her father, said.
"Whatever is the matter?" Princess Adeline explained to her father about the Evil Sun. King Marsh desperately tried to cheer the Princess up, but nothing worked, so the king offered a reward of 500 pounds to anyone who could tame the Evil Sun.

Many men came from all around but each one got fried by the Evil Sun's powerful rays.

Finally a prince, a handsome and rich prince, came

riding into town to try to tame the Evil Sun.

Before going to challenge the Evil Sun, the prince sprays himself with a coat of synthetic armor.

"Evil Sun," cries the prince, "I am here to fight

"Who, may I ask, is calling for me?" roars the Evil Sun.

" 'tis I , the handsome prince, and I am here to tame you."

"Whatever for?" exclaims the Evil Sun.

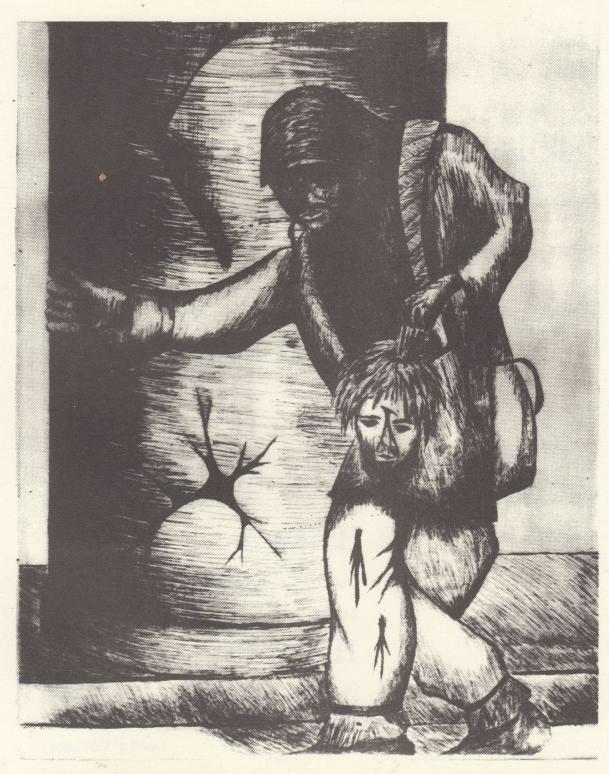
"You have been drying out all of the kingdoms beautiful things and you have made the Princess Adeline miser-

"Well I don't care," roars the sun, and the sun tried to fry the prince. The coat of synthetic armor was too strong, and the rays bounced back into the suns face.

"Ouch," cried the Sun, "that hurts my eyes."
"Well you deserved it. Now either be nice or I'll
extinguish you with this bucket of water," threatened
the prince. So the Evil Sun agreed to be nice and not
to dry everything out.

The prince went back down and reported to the king his accomplishment. King Marsh gave him the money and introduced him to the princess. They took one look at each other and were in love. They got married and lived happily ever after.

by Debbie Solomon



Portrait of a Betrayal

James Wolf

## I Sit and Think

and Think I wait and wonder when... Things take so long when people speak for the sake of speaking When people are bored They watch each other Things are unchangeable Why am I here? I serve a purpose What purpose? We all blend With each other We are a young harmony It will soon end.

Evie Cooper

### Haiku I

The waves pound the sand Swirling in their endless dance Following the Moon.

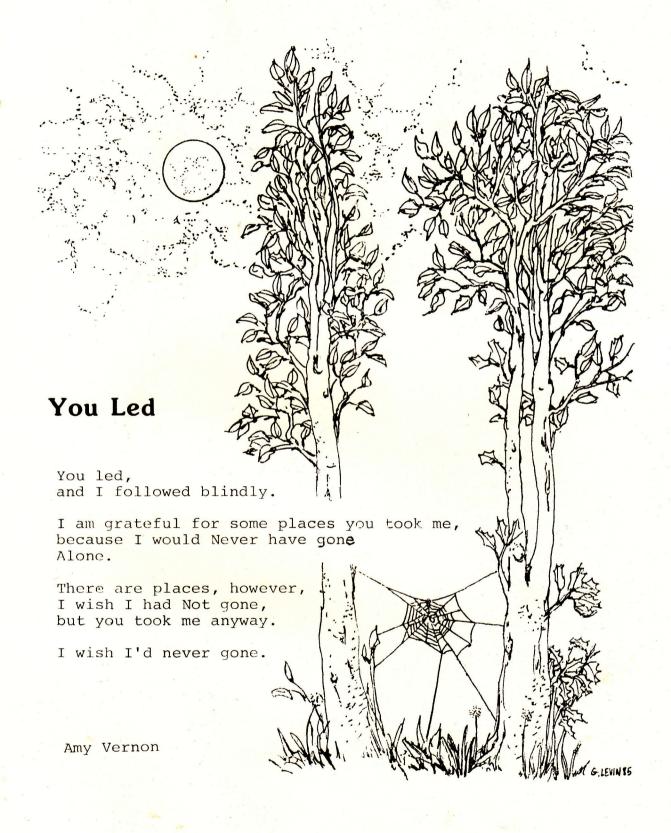
### Haiku II

The clouds look so deep I am slipping into them It is sweet and green.

### Haiku III

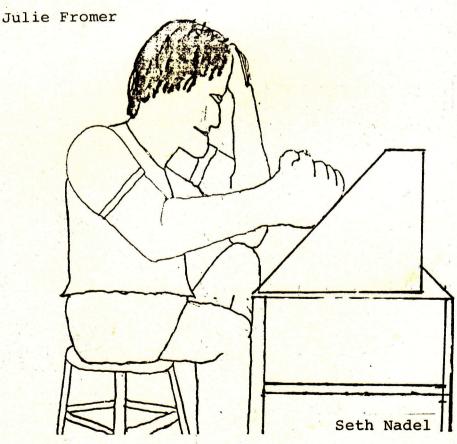
Open up your mind Let all the streams float inward Ignorance is gone.

Leela Corman



## YEARBOOK TIME

I have a box in Leather shop, half-finished. There is a deadline; they wish to photograph it for the yearbook. There on my shelf sits a bargello canvas partly sewn. They want me to complete it, for the yearbook. My batik has only two colors on it and hardly any wax. They want to hurry me along, for the yearbook. But I have another assignment. I must write a series of poems for the yearbook.



## THE BUTTERFLY

There's a butterfly He flies around While he's flying Little children chase him Puppies bark at him Cats jump at him He settles down on a leaf and when dark falls and the children go away the puppies and cats go to sleep the butterfly takes off again Flying away waiting for a new day to arrive

Debbie Solomon

## A Friendship

A friendship bound.
Like iron, it can be
Moulded or
Destroyed.
Separation
May pull them far apart;
Stabbing bitter words can
Tarnish the
Solid piece
Yet still they stand
Together
Forever

Claudia Gorelick



#### MAAZY

Staring into the shrubs, I saw a branch move.

Leaves rustled and I looked down expectantly.

Dejected, I remembered where I was.

No cat would crawl out of that perfect
hiding place;

No flash of white, or orange or black;

No jerk of a tail or swish of a paw;

No softness of fur or throbbing of purring.

I turned back to my leather with a sigh
but could not help one more hopeful backward glance.

Two orange eyes looked at me,

My hands stopped punching holes.

With a flick of his tail and a roll of his eyes,

He convinced me to stroke him;

I quickly obliged.

He is more than just purring and softness to me. He symbolizes my five cats:
His colorings bring images of OJ,
an orange tabby with identical eyes.
One quirk reminds me of Puff, who loves to greet me.
His tail reminds me of Squealer's, a long thin rope.
He plays many roles to me
And I know as my hand bumps into another
on his warm back,
That although the pet of one,
He serves as the pet of many.

Julie Fromer

### WELCOMING SOFTNESS....

Welcoming softness envelops
The heaviness of my body.
Entwined in miles of
Quilt and suffering
I am aware of
Generations of pioneer mothers,
My grandmothers.
Wrapping shared pain,
The bruised spirit,
Their silent child.

Emerging from the dense
Forest of smothering dreams
Lingering images
Fragmented forms are
Brushed aside
But persist
Like streams of sunlight
Filtering through the leaves
Of even the tallest trees

Streams of unhappiness Like cascades Plummeting over sharp cliffs Begin to pound And bore Into my new-found peace. But the supportive love Of my ghosts And their caressing voices Which whisper sweet lullabies To my heart Slowly chase away the pain Into ripples Which become smaller and smaller And then Vanish.

Katy Horsley

Love
White, Pure, Honesty
Friends, Enemies
Dishonesty, Dirty, Black
Hate

by Amy Vernon

## Too Much Pain

I woke one day to find that I was Not within Myself.

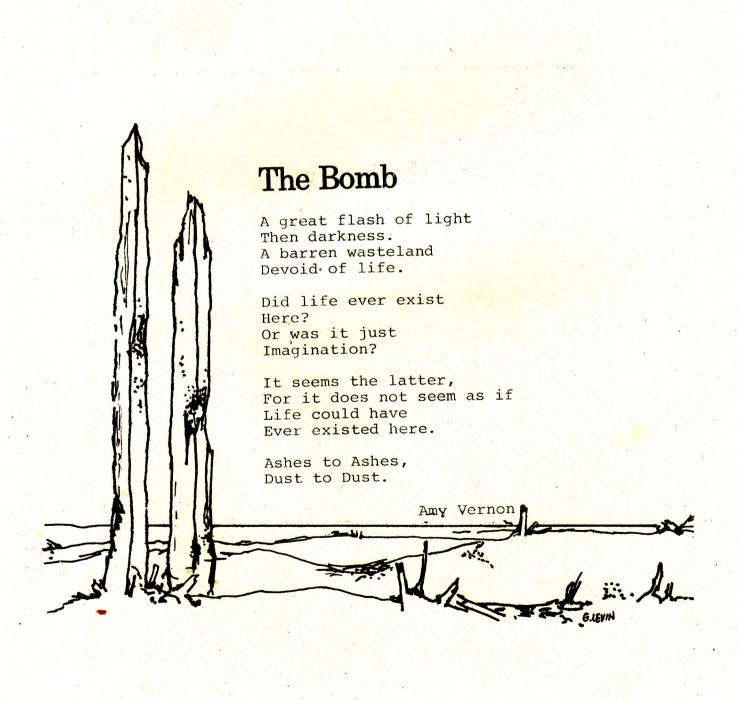
I watched Myself the Whole Day and found that I did Not Care for what I saw.

Too many people were Hurt.
By Me.

Too much Pain.
I don't Like what I see
What I do.

I haven't returned yet.

by Amy Vernon



#### Hiroshima

origami cranes on short string folded lives of fragile humans they rip and tear and die become shadows peace becomes chains of cranes--

the society blocks out the messages filling their minds with visions of classic Coke and grinning, stiff, permed newswomen living in a perpetual cloud of face powder speaking about Koko the gorilla's improving vocabulary blabbing senselessly over the cries testaments of pain of ruined lives and charred bones and origami paper dreams

Alissa Quart

## **Nuclear Age**

Such a small thing
Grows in so much hatred.
The trees demolished.
A young girl,
Still innocent,
Unable to face the world
Again.
The never ending cycle of life
Permanently damaged.
The futile attempt for
"peace"
The end of human kind.

Claudia Gorelick

#### Trust Not

People dying
Lives crying
Souls yelling
Doctors trying
Bodies rolling
Lives wasted
for a
good cause

Trust not in the government, but in yourself.

by Jason Burns

## Dancing in Dizzy Circles

Time sped past me as I sat.
Watching
Time left me
I want time back
The past

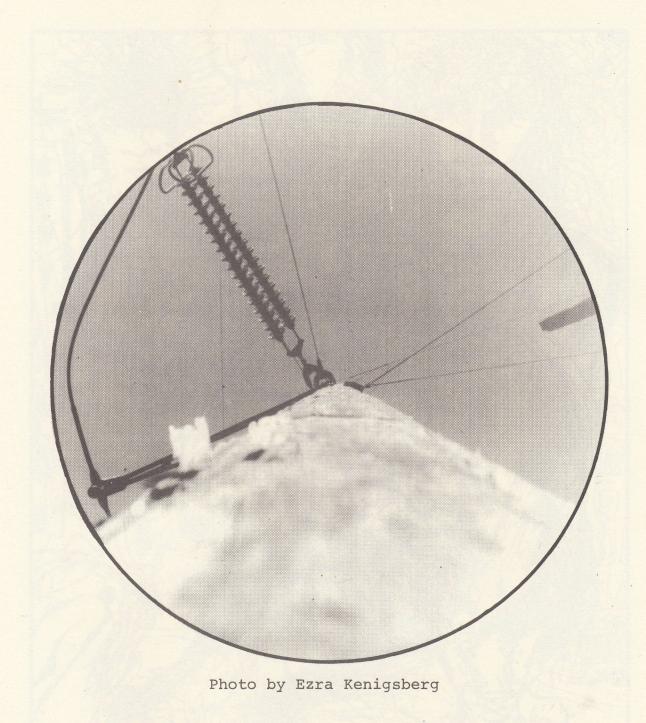
Sweetness, tolerance, innocence a twisting pink mobile with a dizzy, dancing animal kingdom a purple dress with rosebuds small

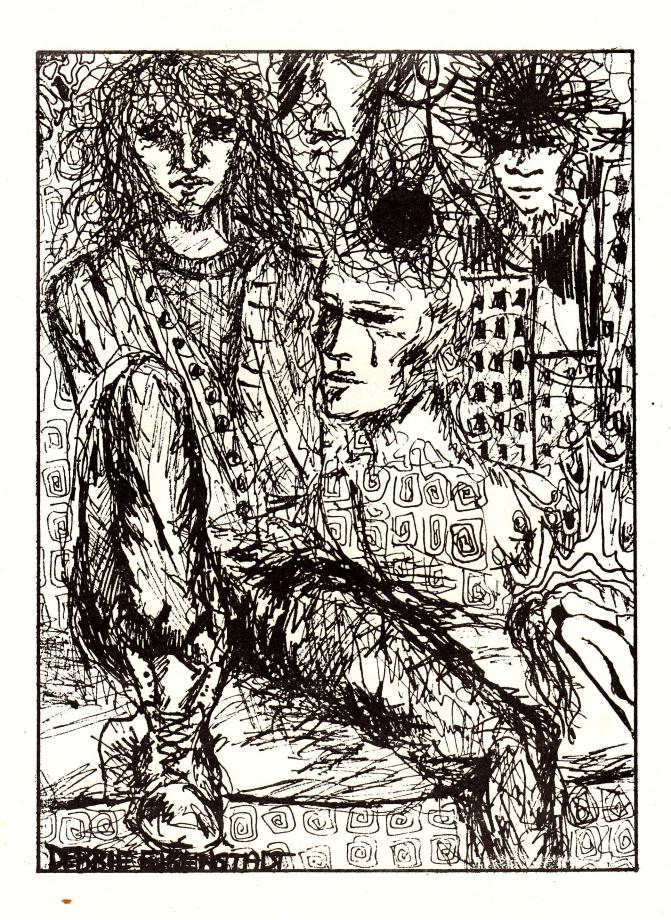
for white, kind skin
plastic Fisher Price characters
that talk without pretension
Stuffed animals that are named Jenny
Bunnies that have moods and personalities
that become real at twilight

a world of social acceptability of cooking banana mush and Droste cocoa

a young creativity.
To look naively upon the world as an Open Door.

Alissa Quart





### A Musician's Battle...With Himself

His hand raises There is tension His heart beats His audience awaits him He begins ... His tempo has been found He is nervous Yet confident? He relaxes Yet concentrates? Beautiful sounds are heard There is a pause An unbearable silence He is lost A deep breath is taken And he begins again And finishes With Pride.

Evie Cooper

#### Musical Secrets

A Voice
Beautiful music rings forth from the singer.
She causes the air to dance
with an aura of happiness.

Along with the instruments of song many voices peal with beauty beyond comprehension.

They Live.
They Love
They Laugh.

They Sing.

Danny Rockoff

### Of Lifeless Emotion

blood stained marble shimmering with grief tells its tale of lifeless emotion with lips sharp as steel and words of lost passion eyes staring into the depths of night as darkness overcomes watching, watching to find its victim, its prey, its formula for life clenched hands grasping and tearing for the sole purpose of its devious survival.

Alessandro Weiss

## The Wrong Kind of Day

To me it's always midnight, It's snowing day and night. I turn around the corner, to see the morning light. The sight I see before me, is not at all right, All of the planets are spinning, It's all an incredible sight. There is no one left to see, and nothing left to hear. I turn around, quickly, and everything disappears. I close my eyes, and imagine, wishing everything was right, then I opened up my eyes, and everything was right.

Rachel Laschever

## Confusion

Lost in a Swirling pool of confusion.

To turn left or right
To go forward or backward
To decide right or wrong
Is no easy task.

If this keeps up,
I shall be lost inside myself.
Forever.

Amy Vernon

### An Actor's Fear

She steps hesitantly onto the stage, not totally sure of her lines.

The cue is said, but she misses it. Improvisation fills the chasm while she gropes for the line.

A touch of embarrassment, she finally picks up, slowly at first, then with confidence. She finishes the performance.

A rose to match the color of her cheeks.

Amy Vernon

# A HILLTOP VANTAGE

I

He sits with eyes closed
In the shade that buzzes around him
And stares at the murmurs on a cement clearing
As impatience pulses in the little bond around his wrist

His eyes open,
Dulled
He peers about cautiously
Shakes his head
And guiltily starts to his feet
To meet his obligations
Cursing his laziness
Before his eyes droop
With a muffled gasp

Colored robes and wigs idle by
Screaming for his ears attentions
Begging him to flatter their finery
Roaring at the end of their tolerance
And suddenly
He wants to penetrate them
Grasp their chins and see their faces
Tear down their robes and wigs

The eyes open
Fixed
And he stands
Ahead rolls a summit
He leaves the noise below
And walks for the low hilltop vision
Of sound

II

The earth rolls up to a dame Overhung with a damp blanket of green A path is carved onto the face The pathfinder is lost to time

The traveler stands on a crest of rock Though the day is clear
The horizon is wreathed in a blue quiet Of sound

A blinding heat washes the trees
The walker squints ahead
Bark and branches lie to the wayside
The carpet crackles under human intrusion

He takes this path in silence
A crystalline cocoon forms above
Before, beside him
Quiet rests in a sealed core
An unbroken hanging of total mind silence.
The danger lies in viewing the unmaking
Of unsound's crystalline cocoon
Alone

Through the trees
Through the dark and the light
There are walls of stone.
They run through ivies of green and yellow
Their makers were the ancestors
Of the dwellers down below

The way skulks through a leafy tunnel of shade At its end
The trail forks from view in a pool of light

III

"I stride for the summit"
But in the light again
With a tempting wriggle
The path twists from view
Round a curve

"I step around
Breathless in expectation"
Or exhaustion
But a branch sweeping low
Grins as the trail scuttles under

A careless gong clangs on the distant floors
Shattered crystal explodes in all directions
Light swirls in the limp sack that held all of nothing.
Emerging from the discarded airtight case
Comes the ravening sound of reluctant promises undelivered
Of time and place on a measured circle



Jordan Kramer

# God's Love

The world is harsh,
And the world is cold,
But sometimes,
A bit of warmth and truth,
Shows itself,
Praise be to God.

By Chris Sabatelli

## Life

Flowers are almost human,
They live and flourish with love,
And seem to wilt,
If uncared for,
These are the ways of life.

By Chris Sabatelli

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# MANHATTAN

The streets are filled with rushing people, the lights all shine brightly, madness fills the avenues, streets and alleys.

by Debbie Solomon

## Night Images

Bare feet whisper through the soft, wet, grass.
The breeze envelops the walkers in its warmth.
The dark night cloaks them in shadows.
Lying under the stars,
Their light is beautiful,
Distant, cold.
It facinates the watchers.
While jealous aircraft mock the stars' sparkling beauty,
Saying, "We are not bound to a path."
"We have the freedom of the sky."
While deep down in their metal souls,
They know that they can never be a part,
Of the delicately balanced choreography,
Of the endless dance of life.

Kathie Norman



### The Game

(Opening game)

Down they sit.

They begin.
A great board of squares
awaits their test of mental keeness.
Respectfully, the challenger
grasps his pieces of black, going first.
The master takes hold of the white
countering his opponent's move.

(Middle game)

Move upon move.

The pace quickens
The tension builds,
and the nervousness can be seen
as foreheads wrinkle
from the threat of defeat
which lingers around their plans of victory.

The stones have stopped.
The strategy has paid off.
Unfortunatley for the challenger,
the master prevails.

(End game)

Danny Rockoff

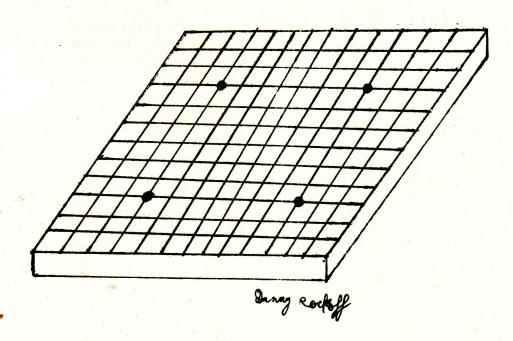
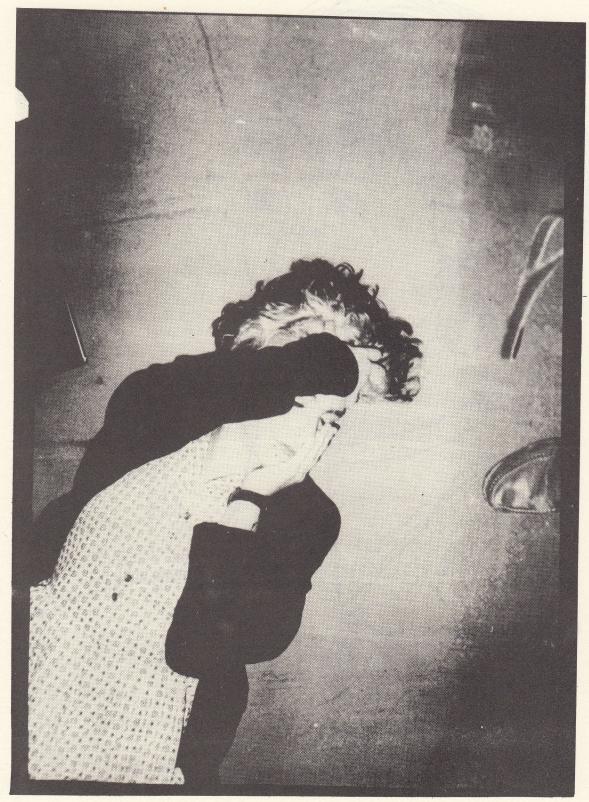




Photo by John Porter



I hate it when
They turn around
And face the other way.
People never listen
To me.
Or maybe
I just don't know how
To talk to them and
Tell them how I feel.
I sit here
Alone
Contemplating this thought
Wondering
Why it had to be this way.

Ethan Goodman

### Never

She caresses the feelings of life,
My feelings.
She takes them in her hands
And manipulates them so they will, eventually,
Fall apart.
She picks up the pieces
And puts them in some secluded corner
Never to be touched,
Never to be thought of again.

Ethan Goodman

### from Death of a Sailor's Dream

It was a normal day, the sails were up and the tide was good. Men scrubbed the bloody deck and repaired the masts as a man in the crow's nest kept watch for whales, still not knowing that their hunt was not for whales.

There was something unusual though, the men were not working as hard as they could, no matter how much the three captain's mates screamed. The third mate knew why; without the captain pushing them to work the men hadn't enough motivation.

The third mate walked the deck until he was over the captain's cabin. A small hole in the deck showed the captain sitting on his bed staring at a wall. The third mate wondered what the captain was thinking about: was he thinking about himself or was he thinking about his crew and what his decision to attack the patrol vessel sentenced them to?

Suddenly the sailor in the crow's nest screamed, "There she blows! There she blows! There she is, a 120 barreller!" As he shouted he pointed toward the starboard side of the ship.

All work, or what there was of it, stopped. Several men including the second mate and Chunta, the only African harpooner on board, jumped into a whaleboat: Chunta, spear in hand, started to steer at the scond mates command. The second mate took up the sails and looked ahead to where the whale was spotted.

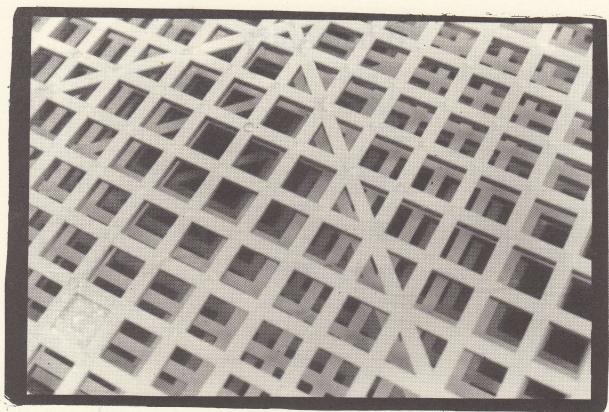
The captain quickly emerged from below deck, sheilding his eyes from the bright sunlight. "Come back! Come back! There'll be plenty more whales when we come back! We have more important things to do!"

The crew stared at Captain Bartholomew, wondering what was happening. No sane whaler would ever give up a 120 barreller.

"You heard me! Come back in!"

The second mate reluctantly took down the sail as Chunta steered back in. The captain slowly went back to his cabin as the three mates tried to restore order on the ship: the deck was a frenzy of confusion. When the three mates finally got the crew to work again, there was less work done than before the captain's scene.

Jonathan Gross



Daniel Maimin

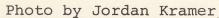
# Inhumanity

Do I Not Live Breathe Love Feel?

Can I be So Different that You shy Away from when I come near.

You call yourself Human, yet You are Not Humane.

Amy Vernon





## Soon, Jami, Very Soon

It was a Chilly November morning in Chicago, yet the man was dripping with sweat. He licked his lips and enjoyed the salty wetness in his dry mouth. He watched Jami close the front door and put the key into her jeans pocket. It was almost a ritual: every morning now, he watched her until the small, little figure who was Jami turned onto Apple Avenue and out of his sight. Every afternoon, he watched her come home after school.

He knew what would happen if she ever saw him. She would tell her mother or scream at the sight of his ragged clothes and misshapen features. No, she couldn't see him, not now, not like this. So he hid in the rusty, faded blue '56 Ford. Not very observant, he thought. She never noticed his car. Or

did she avoid glancing in his direction?

It was 3:30 now. Where had the day gone? He peered restlessly toward the spot where she would appear. He watched, perspiring again, as she turned the corner and neared the house. She stopped briefly to pet a stray cat, and he held his breath. Then she casually removed the key and unlocked the front door.

He watched her go inside.

When she was no longer there for him to watch, he sighed. Briefly he wondered where the police were looking for him now: Kansas City, Santa Barbara, here? No, not here. He'd never been here before. Who knows, he thought; it didn't matter; all he needed was a little time. When they found him, if they found him, would the doctors put him back in room 425, the one with the maddening, bare, stark white walls? But for now it didn't matter. He was free now.

Maybe one day he'd tell Jami who he really was, or had been, but until then, he would just watch. The sound of a car pulling onto the gravel driveway startled him. Her mother was home. She'd notice the car. She'd recognize him. Why was she home so early? Maybe Jami was sick. Maybe it wasn't early.

Without a watch, he couldn't be sure.

The mother was married again, married well this time. Such a charming little family: mother, daughter, stepfather. He should be the father, as he had been before the murder, the trial, the divorce. But soon he'd set things right. Soon, Jami, very soon.

Debbie Solomon

(from a work still in progress)



## THE FIFTH LEVEL

Maravi awoke. Unfamiliar white walls surrounded her. Where was she? Then she remembered. It had been too dark the night before to see anything when they had landed. All she remembered was the incredible sensation of walking in an open field after

being cooped up in a tiny ship for so many weeks.

When her mother had visited her that spring, Aaravi thought it was only for her annual visit. Instead her mother had told Aaravi that she was going to join her parents on their expedition. Aaravi was shocked. She could not imagine life outside of school. She had been there with her friends for twelve years, since she was four. It was a school for the children of scientists who worked for InterPlan, the interplanetary council.

"We can finally be a family," her mother had said. "You're old enough to go with us. You'll love it. I know it hasn't been easy all these years, but it was the only way..." Aaravi would have rather stayed with the people she considered her

real family, her friends.

"Happy family...Not likely!" she said as she got up. Her parents had very little time for her on the ship. When they did have time together it was a constant strain. They simply

had nothing to tak about.

She walked to the window. Her eyes opened wide in astonishment. The creature was about a foot long. The long tail which was coiled on the ground made up about half of its length. Its body was covered with thousands of tiny jeweled scales. Long wings fluttered softly in the breeze, reflecting hundreds of tiny rainbows on to the wet, blue, grass.

Slowly its head swung around, and she was drowning in two deep purple eyes, lost in their liquid depths. Then somebody moved on the road, and its head swung away releasing her from

its spell.

Quickly she pulled on some clothes and ran outside. As she came to the corner of the house she slowed, peering cautiously around the corner. The creature was still there! Silently she slipped around the side of the house. Somehow sensing her presence, it fluttered up into air and circled around her head before coming to rest, landing ever so gently on her shoulder.

She hardly dared to breath in case it would be frightened away. Then her fear left her. She stroked its soft head, and it began to make soft liquid sounds of contentment that went up and down like a scale played on a flute. "Kila" she breathed, only dimly aware that she had spoken aloud. "That's what I'll call you...Kila!"

"Call who Kil--Oh, a wyvern!" boomed a voice from behind them. Kila jumped upwards in fright. Aaravi turned around angrily. It was her mother. Slowly turning back, she gently coaxed Kila down.

"What did you call her?" asked Aaravi.

"A wyvern, named after a mythical beast on Earth. Nobody knows very much about them. They avoid our scientists, and they seem to be able to sense and avoid all cameras or monitors. We do know that they project and receive emotions. I wonder how it got inside the compound?"

"Can I keep her?" asked Aaravi.

"You'll have to ask the base commander," replied her mother.
"If he says it's all right, I suppose you can keep her, but not in the house."

After breakfast Aaravi walked down the compound's one dusty road to the Base headquarters. All the buildings on the Base were a uniform size and shape. Inside the Base Commander's office was just as dull and functional as her own home. As she entered the Commander's aide looked up from the papers she was reading. Aaravi asked to see the Commander. As the aide stood up Kila, who had been coiled around Aaravi's neck, poked her head out of Aaravi's hair. The aide shrieked in terror.

"What is that thing? Get it out of here!" she commanded.

"I think the Commander should see it," replied Aaravi firmly. Keeping her eyes on Kila, the aide quickly ran into the Commander's officeand shut the door. A moment later she returned.

"The Commander will see you now," she said. He was seated behind his desk.

"What can I do for- How did that get in here?" he said.
"This is Kila," said Aaravi. "I found her outside my window

this morning."

"Impossible," snapped the Commander. "Nothing gets through the energy fence around the compound. It was designed to keep all native life forms out."

"Maybe," replied Aaravi. "But Kila got in. Can I keep her

as a pet?"

"No," said the Commander quickly.

"But you didn't even think about it!" protested Aaravi.

"It's not possible. Number one, we don't know anything about them. Number two, it's too dangerous. They broadcast emotions, which in an emergency can be a safety hazard," he said firmly.

"Do you really believe that?" asked Aaravi.

"You saw how my aide reacted," he said. Then, seeing her disappointed face, he said, "Tell you what I'll do. I'll let you take one of the Hovercraft out today and release her yourself. Okay?" Aaravi said nothing. "I'll talk to Bern about it. He's in charge of the Dragonflies."

"Thank you," said Aaravi as she left, still disappointed. It was while Aaravi was walking home that she came up with the plan. First she stole a map from her father's desk. She spread it out on the floor of her room. Which way would she go? It looked as if west was the only way she could go,

towards the mountains. To the north, south, and east were only huge empty plains. She had to go to the mountains so that she could hide from the mandatory search flights the Base would send after her.

In a dufflebag she packed her clothing, her flute, and some of her other favorite things. She was glad that she had not been able to bring much with her on the ship. It made packing easier now. She raided the refrigerator for food for their lunch, and the store room for cans. The Dragonfly already carried a torch, tent, and various tools, as well as a first-aid kit and emergency rations. She hid the dufflebag behind the tree at the edge of the landing field and went to find Bern.

"I'll let you take number five up," he told her. "But you

must promise to have it back by four."

"I promise," she said, knowing that she couldn't honor it.
As she took off she looked down on the base for one last
time, then quickly turned, towards the mountains, and the
future.

Setting the Hovercraft down gently on a grassy knoll, Aaravi stopped for lunch at about one thirty. She trampled down an area in the grass, and when she sat down it was like being in her own little world. Carefully she uncoiled Kila from around her neck and fed her. A shadow passed over them.

As Aaravi looked up, Kila sprung into the air. It was another wyvern, and Kila was following it! "Kila, come back!" Aaravi cried. She whistled, but Kila didn't hear. Wait! No, she was turning, coming back. But Kila refused to come down. She remained soaring and banding in circles high above Aaravi's head.

In desperation Aaravi pulled her flute out of her pack and gently fitted its sections together. Then she began to play the same scale which Kila had sung that morning. Kila, fascinated, dropped a little lower, and then lower still. Finally, she landed lightly on Aaravi's shoulder and began to sing along.

When Aaravi changed to another key, Kila followed. Aaravi found that she could echo sequences of notes also. They stayed

there for several hours.

By the time they got started again the afternoon was ending. It was getting cloudy. They reached the foothills just as dusk was falling. Aaravi flew along the hillside, looking for shelter. Eventually she spotted a dark shadow. A cave! It was beginning to rain gently, so she quickly carried her gear inside. Then she erased the Dragonfly's magnetic log tape, turned on the Hovercraft's auto-pilot, and set the course in a large arc back to the Base. She hoped that this would confuse and trackers. She ate dinner and settled down for the night.

Aaravi drifted up into consciousness. Something was missing! Kila was no longer curled up against her side. She opened her eyes. Two glowing spheres floated above her. Silently she sat up and groped for the torch. She turned it on, then shrank back. There were two people in the room! Each had an outstretched hand with the palm face up. Above the hand floated a glowing sphere. A man, carrying wyvern, and a woman—but this was impossible, there were no intellingent life forms on this planet.!

Once there had been advanced civilizations, but all that remained now were ruins. The scientists from the first expeditions had deciphered some of the writings and recordings found in the ruins. She had learned the language in order to be of use to the team. She wondered if these people spoke the

same language.

"Hello," she said slowly.

"Hello," said the man. "My name is Kiv. My wyvern's name is Mias. She's the one you saw earlier today. She told me where you were."

"How?" asked Aaravi, confused. "I thought wyverns could

only communicate emotions."

"Oh, no," said the woman. "That's only the first level. My

name is Alys."

"Everyone," said Kiv, "can form a link on the first level with a wyvern in times of stress. However, only certain people can form a lasting link. We're not sure how or why. These people can go on to higher levels of communication once the mind-link with a wyvern is formed."

"Eventually, with training, you would be able to talk to

Kila," Alys told her.

"Could I be trained?" asked Aaravi. Quickly she gathered her things together. When she looked up Kiv had disappeared. "Where's Kiv?" she asked. Just then he reappeared in the far corner of the cave. He showed her a passageway hidden in the shadows. Alys led the way, and they started out in single file.

They walked for about an hour. Then she saw a faint light ahead. The end of the tunnel! She stood blinking in the light. Ther were in a valley, totally surrounded by mountains. It was beautiful. There were large cleared fields, and woods. A river meandered through, and in the center was a village.

Shouts were heard, and Alys laughed. "Here comes the welcoming party," she said. A group of children came into view on the path that wound down into the valley. A tiny girl led

the way.

"Alys!" cried the little girl running to her and giving

her a big hug. "Who's this, what's her wyvern's name?"

"This is Aaravi," laughed Alys. "Her wyvern's name is Kila, and she's coming to stay with us."

"Oh, good!" exclaimed the little girl, giving Aaravi a big hug. "My name is Sansi." Chattering happily, she led the way

down the path.

The rest of the day was blur of names and faces. Aaravi learned a lot about the people of Greenhaven, however. Originally they had lived in the cities that were now ruins. Then there came the Great War. The more peaceful people had retreated into havens like this one, to protect themselves from others who had Marauders. They attacked all others and

had no loyalties except to the band. Eventually frustrated in their attempts to capture the havens the Marauders drifted south. It was still dangerous to travel, because they would sometimes sweep northward without warning.

The village shared all food and necessities. Excess was bartered with other havens at gatherings called fairs that were held each fall. Craftsmen also sold their wares at the fairs.

As she fell asleep that night a series of images flashed through Aaravi's mind: Sansi laughing, children playing, beautiful jewelry, half-filled looms, houses with gardens, smiling faces, firelight, and Sansi falling gently asleep in her lap. Smiling, Aaravi dreamed of days to come.

The next morning she began what was to become her daily schedule. In the morning she worked in the fields, or helped to build or repair buildings, along with the rest of the village. Then after lunch and an hour of rest, she went with Kila to her teacher.

The teacher's name was Ziaya. She worked carefully with Aaravi and Kila, to forge a closer bond between them. Aaravi worked on sending and receiving specific emotions from Kila. After about a month and a half Ziaya told Aaravi that she was ready to go to the next level, color.

There were five levels:emotions, colors, shapes, pictures, and words. Ziaya told Aaravi that each level would probably be more difficult to obtain. Aaravi would never forget the first color that she received. Kila had sent her a brilliant yellow.

In the fall Aaravi went to the fair. They traveled for three days. Luckily they saw no signs of Marauders. The haven where the fair was held was empty for most of the year except for an inn. It was centrally located to all the other havens, and fairs had been held there for several hundred years. The haven was inside of a crator formed by an ancient, extinct volcano.

There were hundreds of people at the fair. Aaravi quickly made friends with many of those her age. One day, as she was browsing through a stall she found a strange map. When she asked what it was, a man told that it was a map of the way the world looked before the Great War. She decided to barter some of the jewelry she had made for it, in case she ever returned to the Base. She also traded for some new everyday clothes and a beautiful new dress. There were many musicians, and every night was very sad. She had made some wonderful friends. She promised to come and visit all of them when her training was over.

When Aaravi arrived back at Greenhaven, Ziaya told her that she was ready for the fifth level.

"You must go off alone with Kila," she said. "You must have time alone to concentrate, without the distraction of others. It will be difficult, but have faith. It is possible--all things are possible."

So, Aaravi went to live alone except for Kila, at the top of the waterfall at the far end of the valley. She was lonely only for the first day until she realized how many things there were to do. Even on the days when it snowed, she was busy. She took long walks, and soon had many favorite spots she liked to visit.

Two months slipped by. Although she worked every day with Kila she was beginning to get frustrated. It was like banging her head against a stone wall. She was making absolutely no progress. Then, one day when she was out for a walk her head started to ache, and she felt rather dizzy. As she started to sit down to rest, she heard a voice. "Sansi is sick! She has the measles." Aaravi was too worried to stop and realize that the voice had been Kila's. Measles! The people in the village had told her about them. Once there had been a cure, but it had been lost after the Great War, and now there was a good chance that it was fatal! Quickly she packed her knapsack and slipped and slid her way down the hillside.

She reached the village. When she saw Sansi she knew that the little girl was very ill. There was only one chance to save her, return to the Base and see if they had found records of a cure.

Aaravi called a meeting of the village to ask permission to bring a stranger, the medic, into the haven. Some of the older people protested, but when they were convinced that it was the only way to save Sansi, they quickly agreed.

Aaravi set out. It took her two days to reach the Base. When she arrived, the guard did not recognize her. No wonder. She was dressed in haven clothes, and she had grown taller and thinner. Her parents were called, but when they let her in she went straight to the Base Commander.

"Absolutely out of the question," he told her. "What if we should need the medic here?"

"You have the computer," Aaravi pointed out, "and the medic will only be gone for a day."

"I still don't think so."

"You can't mean that," said Aaravi. "This is a person we're taling about!"

"There are no intelligent life forms on this planet! This is all a hoax!" he said angrily. "It's a good thing you came back. We're leaving in two week."

"Why?" asked Aaravi.

"InterPlan is going to colonize the planet," he replied.
"You can't! There ARE people living here. They live in hidden places, but they exist! Where do you think I got these clothes?"

"Great," he said. "Suppose you're right. What am I going to tell InterPlan?"

"That's not the issue!" said Aaravi. She was furious.
"We're talking about a little girl's life! Whether this planet is part of InterPlan or not shouldn't matter. She is a person,

and she deserves help."

The Commander looked at her. He was speechless. Then he nodded. "Yes," he said quietly. "You're right. Forgive me." Quickly he got on the phone to the medic and briefed him. Then, turning to Aaravi, he said, "The medic will look up the cure and will be right over. While we're waiting, tell me some more about the havens."

"First, I think you ought to show this to some one," she said, handing him the map.

"What is it?" he asked.

"A map of the planet before the Great War," she replied The Commander looked at it and then sent it to the lab. Ten minutes later a very excited man ran into the room. "Who found this map?" the man demanded.

"I did, " said Aaravi.

"Do you know what this map says?" asked the man. "If this map is from the ruins and really shows this planet, then this is Earth!"

"Earth!" cried Aaravi. The legendary home. It had been lost for centuries. Aaravi and all the rest of the people in InterPlan were descended from scientists who had left before

"InterPlan is never going to believe me!" groaned the

Commander. Just then the medic came through the door.

Sansi recovered, but it took awhile. Aaravi stayed with her all through the long process. When the rest of the expedition left, she went with it, but only temporarily. She was going to study to be a doctor and then return to Earth.

Kathie Norman



## Sometimes You Can't Win

It was a dark, starless night. The full moon's vain attemps to peek out from behind the clouds were jeered by the clouds' movements. Merlaina, a small ten year old, crept into bed. Sweat made her flannel pajamas stick to her legs.

She fell into a light doze.

The moon peeked in front of the clouds and shone between the shade and the window frame on one doll, Agatha. She stretched and awoke, walked to the window, clambered onto the sill, and pulled open the curtain. The light of the full moon (dolls only wake up with a full moon) flooded the room. There was a blinding flash of light that nobody saw and a deafening bang that nobody heard.

The flash and bang were the kind of flash and bang produced when two dimensions collide at an unimaginable "unspeed". (There is no such thing as speed when referring to the space between dimensions: hence the term "unspeed". Nothing material can exist in it, but for material things it gives the illusion of a journey. Sometimes the absence of space can seem closer to infinity than the presence of it.)

The dolls all stretched and awoke. The ceiling was inching to about a foot lower and the paintings on the wall were all of dolls. The bed was really too long to fit into the room, but fitted anyway. Quite a lot of things were either floating or on the ceiling. The fixture was upside down and on the floor. Many objects were not there or were replaced by something else. For instance in place of the desk was a small carousel. It was, in fact, a fantastic sight. The dolls did not seem surprised.

It happened every full moon. Even so, it was a once a month occasion. Tiny voices filled the room. Voices never heard before by humans. They did not immediately notice when Merlaina turned over loudly in her bed and began to wander away from her sleep; it blended in with the rest of the din.

She was nearly awake when Agatha noticed the subtle-then rather drastic - change in the child's breathing. The doll rushed to the window to allow the moonlight in; if she could get there in time, everything would quickly change back to Merlaina's dimension. The dolls would fall asleep. But the transition could only take place in moonlight, when any humans present were unconscious or asleep.

Agatha had not quite reached the window sill when she realized it was too late. Merlaina was awake.

II

Merlaina opened her eyes and stifled a scream. She closed her mouth and looked around. What was the purpose of

screaming when she was only dreaming anyway? She was sure that she was dreaming. She stood up and walked dizzily toward the bathroom, carefully avoiding the upside down fixture. She wandered down the hall, which looked normal- almost- and into the bathroom. Head spinning with exhaustion, she turned on the faucet. Not bothering to glance at the liquid, she cupped her hands and filled them with fluid. She splashed it on her face, hoping to jilt herself awake. It felt cool, refreshing. Some of it dripped into mouth. It tasted cool, refreshing. In fact it tasted like - like-! It tasted like She allowed the water, now orange, to pour into her hands. She tasted it! Now it was Sunkist. As she watched in amazement, the liquid ran from the faucet, changing color every few seconds from one color to the next. 7-Up was followed by Rambin' Root Beer, then grape soda. She turned off the faucet in a state of ecstatic shock. One foot had a hard time edging its way in front of the other until she reached the room. dolls sat silent, with an air of sullen embarrassment. Merlaina turned on the light and surveyed the room. Part of her mind yelled, "It's just a dream! Go back to sleep." would have believed it- she wanted to believe it- except another part of her mind was shouting at her, informing her that the flavors of soda were just too real to be a dream. She could not help but believe that part of her mind.

#### III

"Now calm down," said Agatha.

"Calm down???" agonized Merlaina, "Calm down? How can you say that? Ma! Ma-a-a-a! Come quick." She rushed out of the room and down the hall to her parents room's door.

It looked normal, except that the door was not regularly a bizarre shade of purple. She clasped her hand around the door knob. She turned it and pulled the door open. Her parents' room looked perfectly normal, but it was if she was looking through a cloud of smoke. She ran toward her parents' bed, or tried to. Midway through the door she was stopped by something like nothing she had ever felt before. Something like an invisible wall composed of no conventional material.

"Ma!!!" she pounded the wall, but there was no sound.
"Ma!! Pa!! Help me!!!"

She was crying and she turned around to lean on the door. She bawled some more, then gave up and slid to the floor. She sat there and leaned, ever so slightly on the wall. She choked back a few sobs, stood up, and walked back to her room.

"I'm calm now," she said softly with control. "Now tell me what's going on."

"And so," concluded Agatha, "you must fall asleep before midnight." She glanced at the clock, "that's in 17 minutes. If you don't you are stuck here."

Agatha motioned elegantly towards the bed and Merlaina clambered in. The dolls took ready positions to back "asleep", and Agatha stationed herself by the window shade.

"Fifteen minutes remaining. But what if..."

"Shhhhh!" Agatha interrupted, "go back to sleep."

"Ten minutes left," Merlaina made strange muffled noises as she turned over to look at the clock.

"Five minutes. I just can't-"

"Shh!"

Four minutes. Merlaina still was not asleep. "I'll sing you a lullaby from my dimension," Agatha said softly. It has magical sleeping powers, but I don't know if it will work on humans..."

She began to sing a soft, eerie, masked melody. The words were also magical, but sounded like nothing next to the music. They were magic, because they were not in English, but Melaina understood them anyway. The eerie part was, that when translated it rhymed.

Lullaby
With a sigh.
Sleep into darkness.
Weep not in darkness.
For that darkness is good and pure.
No longer an evil lure
Forever no more.

There was more, but it could not be translated. Merlaina knew the meaning of it, but she could not translate it if she tried. It could not be conveyed or fully appreciated within the limitations of English. Merlaina had trouble believing that she understood it. It was as though somebody inside her head was helping her. The meaning was extremely deep.

But she was captivated by it; she could not sleep, the

magic was not right for humans.

Agatha looked. It was 11:59. It was time for a last desperate try. It was time for a Moon Ride.

V

Agatha quickly, but clearly, explained the moon ride to Merlaina, "It's a ride on a moonbeam between this dimension and yours. It's dangerous. It feels like you are surfing, and you could lose your balance, of course...."

"What if I did? Where would I fall?"

"Oh, don't worry, dear. You would fall into a time door. But there's a catch," her voice lowered. "If you change history or the future, it won't affect you right away, but it will show up. Various, smaller time doors will appear....the present and future and past with that, change. You could not go home with changes in the past or future. It would be... different. We would have to change it back first."

"Why wouldn't I be affected immediately?"

"Sharp, Kid," thought Agatha. A good question. "Because you- your body that is- does not ride the moon ride. Your temporal body needs a plane to exist in. Your mind, your astral body, doesn't. It can exist between dimensions. In 'Unspace'".

A pause "Huh?"

"We send your body home right away. Your mind takes the moon ride."

"Oh," she said unsurely. "How long will it take? Will

mommy notice I'm gone?"

"No time at all. It will seem long-even like years-but time doesn't exist there. At the end there's a big time door-your time- and you will fall through it into your bed."

"Oh."
"11:59 and 49 seconds," prompted George, the elephant doll.
They waited in the shadow of the curtain for 10.5 seconds.
Agatha opened the curtain as light flooded the room and Merlaina was lifted off the ground into pure light.

### VI

She was part of the light. She had been all her life. She was the light. Who was that girl, that stranger from a dimension non-existent - in a void? What was that girl's name? Merlara? Termaina? Merlaina? Yes, that was it. Who was she? She had not existed for years.

She opened her mouth to ask Agatha and realized that if she was light, she didn't have a mouth. She was Merlaina. This was

a moon ride.

Turning her attention away from the ride, she was about to ask Agatha how much longer when she noticed for the first time a row of large, empty doorways. She looked at one and fell in.

#### TIV

A swamp. Small furry animals scurried past her barefeet, to store some eggs. Large eggs. As the mother of the eggs- a small dinosaur- approached, Merlaina became frightened. She knew when she was- the end of the dinosaur age. But how was she

to get back? She was too frightened to run. She sank down below a small hill. (Merlaina did not know it, but the dinosaur would not have hurt her; it was not a carnivorous dinosaur). Ducking by a bush, she tore off a handful of leaves, out of habit. She sat crouched there for a moment, eyes closed, and a moment later she sensed Agatha's presence. Then she was on the moon ride.

### VIII

It struck her as queer that her bedroom had looked so different then. In that time. She felt very small. She suddenly became aware of an alternative set of doors; small ones. Then she was through.

### IX

Mud. Miles of it. No sign of life. Desolate. Alone.

The mud went on forever. That was all there was. Only mud.

Merlaina unclenched her fists and looked into one. The
leaves she had torn off were in it. She had forgotten about
them; strangely, it seemed long ago since she had torn them
away from their home on the shrub. She cringed guiltily and
dropped the leaves into the mud. It bubbled up around the
leaves and the leaves dissolved. The bubbles reached above
her knees. She pondered lazily about this until she realized
...It was too horrible to be true! What she had watched happen
to the leaves was now happening to her legs, from the knees
down.

"No," she thought, "that's too horrible! That can't be."
She tried to run, but wherever she ran, there was mud,
that horrible, smelly mud! It was everywhere! She cried
out. If anyone heard her, they didn't answer.

She started to cry. Quietly at first, but then louder and louder out of habit; she always did that at home to attract attention.

Then Agatha appeared. Her material feet failed to touch

the mud. "Come," Agatha said.

"I never thought her mouth was capable of speech,"
Merlaina mused. "It's just drawn on." She reached out for
Agatha's outstretched hand. Later she didn't remember what
happened next; she only remembered that soon she was on the
Moonride.

Back on the Moonride, Merlaina thought, "What would have

happened had Agatha not come in time?"

"I don't know," came the silent answer from Agatha. "But what I do know is that you made a change in the dinosaur time. Do you remember?

The furry creatures. The dinosaur. The eggs. Fright, frightened, ducking. Ducking behind the hill. Scared. Tearing. Tearing the leaves...

"The change can be ever so small," Agatha reminded Merlaina

silently.

"I tore off a handful of leaves. I left them in the mud.. please. Please don't make me go back...Please!"

Agatha wasn't there anymore. Merlaina could tell without

Two memories of the same thing. Parallel memories; one of the dinosaur time described previously, one different. In the other one Agatha had arrived—but moments after Merlaina arrived, as she was about to duck behind the hill. Which was true?

"Which is true?" Merlaina could feel that Agatha was ack. Could she explain?

"Both. In a way, the second is more true, because the mud doesn't exist. Never existed. Not on this Time Track. You can't get there from a Moon Ride." (The small time doors were now gone, Merlaina noticed).

"But I remember..."

"Of course you remember. It happened in your mind. It happened in reality, but it never happened in any recordable fashion. We can't get back there even if we wanted to. Because of the turns that our history has taken, it never happened. It only happened on the other Time Track, and only there because when you tore those leaves off the plant eating dinosaurs didn't survive. And because they didn't survive, neither did the mammals or other dinosaurs. The mammals no longer had eggs to feed off, the other dinosaurs no longer had those dinosaurs to feed on. Forget it. It was a touchy time. Every single solitary animal was vital to survival. You couldn't have known."

It seemed to Merlaina like years later when the sleepiness came. She was starting to doze when she vaguely felt Agatha: "Don't fall asleep! NOT NOW!" But it was too late. Merlaina dozed off. Curiosity got the better of her sleeping self. She sleep-drifted (not sleep-walked mind you) right through a time door. The dolls could do nothing to hold her back. But Agatha went with her.

reset field beckerey

They were in Merlaina's room, but there were subtle differences. The furnishing was in the style of years ago. There was no wallpaper, no electric appliances, no fixtures or outlets. A kerosin lamp stood next to the four-poster bed. The door was closed. A boy lay, asleep and about to wake up in the bed. Meriaina was sprawled on the floor, asleep. She had no way of knowing when the boy woke up. But Agatha could do something.

"Shh!! Don't wake Merlaina!" She whispered to the boy. "What?! Who?! I.."

"Shh!! Merlaina" Agatha said softly, nudging her.

"Mmmph. Nice, hard floor...My floor...Nice normal round hole in the floor. Mmmmm..." She opened her eyes, looked around and said softly, disappointedly, "Ah, no..." She slumped back down. "I thought I was home."

"You are, but in a different time."

"What's going on," said the boy. "Why are you here?"
"We're leaving," said Agatha. "Come, now, Merlaina."
Merlaina stood up and groped out of the room. They walked down
the stairs and out the front door, into the moonlight.

XT

"Smaller doors," thought Merlaina. "Agatha, we've made another change. Agatha, fix it. Fix it before I fall in. I'll fall. Please don't make me fall. Fall...Falling....

#### XII

Cement. Cold, hard cement. Alone outside a big building. Door opens, children march out two by two. One girl marches alone.

Merlaina stood up and marched next to the girl. Grey. The sky is grey, the ground is grey, everything is grey and dull.

The girl turned gratefully to Merlaina, then faced the front again, appearing not to see. They boarded an unfamiliar, metal, ugly vehicle and sat together in one of the pairs of two attached seats. As the vehicle moved, voices almost like those on a normal school bus, filled the empty air.

"My lunch was stolen."

"Hey, Jimmy!"

"Mary and Jon sitting in a tree.."

But all was dead. The voices were dull, flat. Grey.

No enthusiasm. Not like for real.

The vehical stopped at the end of a uniform tree-lined drive. Uniform. Like the streets, like the other vehicles, like the people. The children got off and walked in pairs of two. All in step. Merlaina had to struggle to keep in step, although it seemed to come naturally to the others. Each time the group reached a house, a pair of children would drop out of the group and walk up the walkway to the door. The houses, although with different doors, are identical.

At the fifth house, a white one, Merlaina's partner left the group and started to make her way up to the house. Merlaina followed behind and caught up with the girl. There were four tight locks on the door, which the girl opened. No longer in step with the girl, Merlaina followed her up a flight of steps to a small, almost modern-looking bedroom (2 desks, 2 beds without posts, etc). It was equipped for 2 children. There was even a second dresser full of "one-size-fits-all" clothing, Merlaina found later.

The girl sat on her bed, so Merlaina sat on the other one and faced the girl.

"It's like this," the girl said quietly. "I'm so relieved you came. We're supposed to have two kids per family and there weren't enough. I was alone. Thanks."

Both girls were quiet for a moment. The girl said, "I'm not like the others. I was in an orphanage for a while. You see, my mother had quintuplets and we all survived. But the salary that an average family earns is only enough to support two children and take 2.5 vacations a year. She could only keep two of us. I was in an orphanage for long enough to become ....different. You're different too. Why?"

Merlaina sighed and said, "Later. But you're right. I am different." And you've no idea how much, she added silently to herself.

The other girl smiled. "Let's go for a snack. I'm afraid it's just milk and cookies. If I asked for anything different my parents would get suspicious. My mother's downstairs. She's like the others; don't hold it against her--it's a matter of survival." She smiled again, weakly. "She'll give us snack. She expects us to want it."

"Should I call your mother 'Mom'?" The other girl sat thoughtfully for a moment. "Yes," she said. "Call her Mom."

They walked down the stairs slowly, in step. Behind the stairs was the kitchen. A woman stood, bent over the stove.

"Hi, kids, snack's on the table."

"Hi, mom." And indeed, snack was on the table. Enough for two children. Merlaina turned towards the other girl. The girl nodded slowly. That was how it was. The mother didn't look at them; she looked through them. She was bombarded with 'sameness' all through her childhood and early adult life. To her a person wasn't human unless they grew up, had two children, and was like the other parents (if a woman, then a housewife, if a man then a businessman). That was how it was to be human. She never noticed that she had only one child. She was a clone of her mother, as well as of all the other mothers. Clones. Not literally, not appearance-wise; only behavior-wise. They were all the same, all the same!!

Marlaina sat down at the table and, hesitantly, picked up the cookie. It tasted like the cookies she had had in sleep-away camp! Still, she ate it because the other girl did. She felt she had to. She even drank the milk, something she never did at home. She didn't want to attract attention by doing something wrong. When she was done she dabbed her mouth with a starch napkin. Imitating the other girl, she lifted her plate with the empty cup, crumbs and dirty

napkin on it. She dumped the dirty napkin in the garbage pail, as well as the crumbs. The plate and cup went in the sink.

"Thanks mom," said the girl.

"Thanks," Merlaina added. She felt uncomfortable about calling that woman 'Mom'. It seemed, somehow, disloyal. They went back up the stairs and back into the room.

"Now comes the hard part. We have to keep ourselves busy for two hours until six o'clock, when Daddy comes home. The others don't have to keep themselves busy; they're perfectly satisfied sitting for two hours staring into space. We get an "amusement kit" every year...You know, a box of colored pencils, pads of paper, stuff like that. I usually take a nap. I save the kit for when I'm excited. You have a whole stack of kits in the closet. They've been giving the mysterious "second child" kits ever since I came along. Mostly they give out the gifts for the different ones—so we don't go crazy. They consider us crazy anyway, but not in that sense. I'm always "different", and today I'm excited too. I'm going to use my kit today. How about you?"

"I think I'll just kind of slack off and read," Merlaina

said, motioning to a large bookcase.

"Okay", the other girl said. "But you may regret it..."

Merlaina shrugged.

The other girl took out some colored pencils and paper and started to draw as Merlaina wandered over to the bookshelf. The lack of a telephone annoyed her. What she wanted to do was to call a friend. No telephone. She looked at the shelves. "The Kill", "The Different One", "The House Alone On The Hill", "Alone", "Time Book of History", "Arrow Journal"... She reached for the history book. Tucked inside was a pamphlet entitled, "The Underground: Brief Explanations of the Real History".

## Section 1:1 How This Government Came To Be

"Years ago, approximately a century ago, a series of not-so-significant incidents led to a tremendous increase in security. Among these incidents the most famous are:

- The Curritown Break-in

- The Bank Zap

And, the straw that broke the camel's back,
- The mysterious Girl Case."

"The case went somewhat thus:
According to a young boy, a small sleeping girl and her talking doll were in his room in the middle of the night. It would have been ignored except that someone was definitely there. The door was found open."

Merlaina tore her eyes away from the paper in shock. they only closed the door, none of this would ever have happened.

"What's your name?"
"Laura," said the girl, without looking up.

"Laura, what's the underground?"

"Shhh! Don't say that! Not that loud!" She bounded out of bed over to Merlaina, took the pamphlet and said, "forget it!"

"But what is it?!"

"My...club."

"A club...an international club against the UGW - the United Governments of the World. We educate people." She was practically whispering.

"Look, I have something to tell you."

"What?"

Merlaina was about to say everything - about the Moonride - everything, but she changed her mind. "I think you're brave to belong to a club like that. I really do."

"Thanks," said Laura uneasily.

"Hey, don't worry. I won't tell. Remember, I'm different too."

Merlaina went back to reading:

"This resulted in an increase in security in that area an idea that spread. Within a few short years, guards lined the streets for the "protection of the people". The result, a century later, was a worldwide totalitarian government."

Merlaina looked up in wonder. Small changes mattered more than one might realize! She read on ...

"This, of course, is contrary to the theory, generally taught, that the government we have now has always existed, and is also contrary to the widely-held belief that the government is always right."

Merlaina sat there silently, looking at the pictures black and white photographs. One was a photograph of her house, only painted white. (In her time it had been green; it had always shown up as grey in photos.)

She heard a door open, footsteps, then a door close downstairs.

"Honey, I'm home!" It was an ever-popular line, but this time it was dull, unreal. Like a bad actor. Merlaina looked at the clock. It was six o'clock. A few moments later she heard another voice say "Honey, I'm home!" this time from next door. She put the pamphlet back in the book and the book back on the shelf, and followed Laura down the stairs.

"Daddy!!!" said Laura, hugging the man. Merlaina did the same, feeling uncomfortable at the thought of calling him "Daddy".

They sat down to dinner. The food was Okay but the

conversation was dull, flat, stereotyped.

"Work was fine, today. How are you, dear? And how are my two, favorite kids?" Merlaina got the upsetting feeling he would have said 'kids' even if she hadn't been there.

After dinner they sat around the fireplace silently, for about an hour, and it was BORING!!! Then the girls went upstairs and drew. After a little while, Merlaina read a few poems from a poetry book, "Modern Poems for Children". But the poems made her angry. As she returned soon afterwards to her drawing, one poem in particular continued to occupy her thoughts:

## DEATH OF AN INDIVIDUAL

One tall blade of grass on a well-mown lawn. The other blades don't like it. The tall blade dies, The others make a party of it.

An individual on a uniform plane Who should have been ashamed Died. Nobody cared, nobody mourned. At the funeral the person was scorned.

At exactly 8:59, the alarm clock rang. At 9:00 all the second floor lights on the block went off, except for Laura's. Laura turned hers off a moment later. They crawled into their beds and Merlaina, exhausted, fell immediately to sleep. She was still wearing her nightgown.

In the middle of the night (11:59), Agatha woke Merlaina and helped her out of bed. Together, they went into

the moonlight. The moon was full.

Two minutes later, Laura woke up to a noise. Seeing the empty bed, somehow she knew Merlaina wasn't coming back. She sat down and cried.

## XII

"When was I?" asked Merlaina.

"1985" Agatha replied. "But it didn't..."

"Yes, how did you know?"

<sup>&</sup>quot;It wasn't your 1985. We have to get rid of it by -" "Closing the door?"

<sup>&</sup>quot;Just a lucky guess," Merlaina lied.

"No, really, how?!" "Tell you another time." "Come with me, Merlaina," said Agatha, searching for Merlaina's astral-body's hand.

They went through a door.

She was outside, by her own open front door. Except her house was now white. She closed the door quietly. She then felt as though she was being picked up by an updraft of the wind....

.... onto the Moonride.

She rode on in silence for what seemed like another passage of years, becoming, again, part of the moon beam. The sight of a large door at the end broke her trance like a hammer. Seconds later, she tumbled through.

...through void and darkness...

...and into her own beloved bed. It was midnight. Before going to sleep, she left a note scrawled in red crayon on her dresser:

Then she lay down, glanced around, and welcomed sleep - blissful sleep.

She woke up at dawn, sure she had dreamt everything. She glanced at the clock on the dresser (it was 5:57); and noticed the note.

"That left no doubt," she thought tearing up the note

and throwing it away. It had happened.

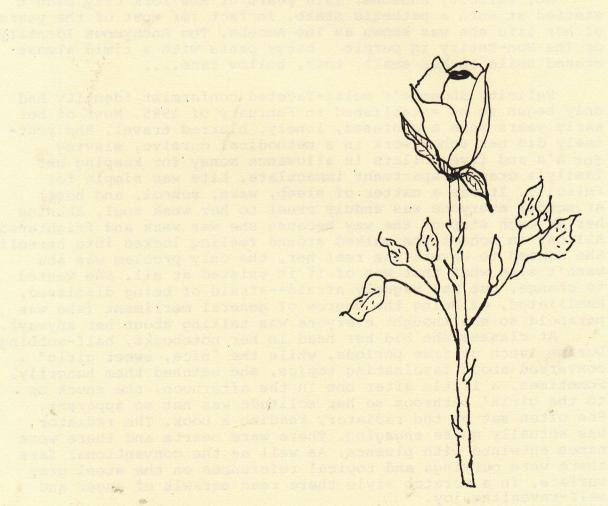
Today would be normal. She would go to school, come home and have ice-cream for snack. Later her parents would come home, she would do her homework and talk on the phone. Maybe she would do her homework with Rachel, Janeen or Laura.

No, she couldn't ever see Laura again. Laura didn't exist, never existed and NEVER WILL on this time track. Laura's world is of another dimension.

"Poor Laura," thought Merlaina. She and Laura were of different worlds that couldn't exist simulataneously.

Sometimes you can't win.

Liz Stein



## The Anonymous Identity

Juniors!
"Ignite the Fire" at the Remi look-alike contest
Right here on our department
Saturday, June 26, at 4:00
line formation begins at 5:00

Felicity was in her bedroom, tinging her hair tips to a sticky golden-blonde. Looking in the mirror she suddenly felt very frail and insecure. She looked at the poster of her deity, Remi, who looked down seethingly from her high post.

Felicity felt like releasing her anger at herself by smashing everything around her. She only had seven hours to get ready. Today was the day of the infamous Remi look-alike

contest at Macy's.

No, Felicity Shosone, 13.8 years, of New York City, hadn't started at such a pathetic state. In fact for most of the years of her life she was known as The Amoeba, The Anonymous Identity, or The Non-Entity in purple baggy pants with a timid almost crazed smile on her small, thin, hollow face....

Felicity Shosone's multi-faceted conformist identity had only begun to be established in February of 1985. Most of her early years were a confused, lonely, blurred travel. She routinely did her schoolwork in a methodical cursive, slaving for A's and five dollars in allowance money for keeping her family's cramped apartment immaculate. Life was simple for Felicity. It was a matter of sleep, wake, school, and home. At school everyone was unduly cruel to her weak soul, abusing her at each step of the way because she was weak and frightened. All day in school she walked around feeling locked into herself. She wanted to unveil the real her, the only problem was she wasn't sure what that was of if it existed at all. She wanted to change, but was vaguely afraid—afraid of being dismissed, humiliated, of being the source of general merriment (she was paranoid so she thought everyone was talking about her anyway).

At classes she hid her head in her notebooks, half-sobbing. During lunch or free periods, while the "nice, sweet girls" conversed about fascinating topics, she watched them hungrily. Sometimes, a little after one in the afternoon, she snuck up to the girls' bathroom so her solitude was not so apparent. She often sat on the radiator, reading a book. The radiator was actually quite engaging. There were hearts and there were names entwined with plusses. As well as the conventional fare there were cursings and topical references on the steel grey surface. In a scratch style there read scrawls of anger and self-revealing joy.

Yes, on April 24, 1985, Felicity Shosone Richter, after having grown up a naive but cultured East Village girlhood shed her painfully unformed personality. The transformation began that morning while Felicity was sitting on the radiator's edge. It was about 8:30 in the morning and Kathlyn stomped in with her masked friends, giggling in a harmonic chorus. Kathlyn, indeed was fascinating and striking. Tall, and lean, she had sparkling charisma and an easy effervescent smile. Coming into the bathroom, her glass facade dropped very quickly. From the side of her mouth she growled a criticism of a fellow classmate. "Such a typical bitch." She dropped her civilised smirk. It was business time.

Whipping out a stick of Lancome lavender eyeliner, she started briskly penciling her eyes. "Yes, Jesse will never learn that he is mine," she yelled to the three other carbon Kathlyns. She venomously kicked the door, ignoring Felicity's amoeboid existence on the radiator, looking through Felicity as if she was a phantom, a sheer ghost whose mind was the equivalent of mashed potatoes.

Suddenly the mega-being burst into exuberent song. It was not a Top Forty song. It was called "Night and Day" and it had an interesting rhythm. It had a throbbing, raging beat with a soprano sweet voice. Felicity, who listened dilligently to the radio, had heard this silly yet meaningful song. Suddenly, her lips quavering with anxiety, she asked the all-powerful one who had written this.

"Remi," Kathlyn said, excitedly pulling at her gargoyle earrings. "From Remi and the Recluse. Haven't you ever heard of them?"

"No," Felicity said meekly.

Kathlyn opened her eyes, sensing a convert. "Oh my God! Absolutely sublime! She and Liza Muller--they formed this group. My idols! And they were only in ninth grade. I swear, they are the total best! When they were fourteen they recorded this album, Melodrama. Oh my God, you've really never heard of her?" Kathlyn breathed for only a moment, "Night and Day" is her latest, it is sooo amazing. Brilliant."

After this encounter, Felicity, went to Tower Records with twenty-one dollars of hard-earned vacuum cleaning in her purse. Under the Remi heading in the record racks she found an early Tupperware record Remi had recorded when she was just fourteen. Felicity almost gasped at the resemblance between herself and the young Remi. This album was reduced to five dollars, as was Remi's newest, "Night and Day." Felicity carried the two records to a saleswoman near a blinking strobe light and asked meekly to purchase them.

The saleswoman, wearing eyelashes like black widows, pointed out that Remi had an even newer album on the way. She said in her squeaky voice that it would be released in one week and that it had a good song called "The Dinner Party."

And so an infatuation was born inside Felicity's anonymous

starving soul. Two weeks later Remi's "The Dinner Party" was rising quite steadily while Remi's third album, the painfully self-conscious "Love Tryst" was also becoming quite popular.

Around this time, Felicity started signing Remi's name on her sneakers, her notebook, and her bare, fleshy arm. She sang Remi's songs around the classroom, but she kept this new version of herself to herself. No one even realized the immense changes that were taking place in the Anonymous Identity's confused, mousy soul. The other classmates looked on unaware, immersed in their own twisted social maneuvering.

Another change was a sudden anger at the disciplinarian educational system. She followed blindly Remi's example as it came to her from magazines and television. Felicity's school work began to drift. Her teachers, who had thought her amusingly eccentric were perturbed. Her type of dress began to change as well. Although she had always been a timid dresser and was frightened of wearing anything slightly unusual, she found that following Remi was easy. She read Remi's simperingly condescending tips for "the masses", in "Seventeen". Remi was heralded as a unique and striking singer. Felicity now tried "the unusual look", that was so common in New York. Now she wore heavy black eyeliner and piled her hair in a monstrous lump on the summit of her head.

At school her meek character had not changed so radically. She still sat on radiators, chilled with fear and unsureness. The only difference was that she was now accompanied by Cecila Cunningham who followed her obediently and was a Remi clone to the utmost.

In effect, Felicity was learning from this Take and no Give relationship. She now knew what ordinary girls talked about felt, and understood. With this in mind she started to fabricate an idyllic lovelife she had never personally experienced.

She didn't do her schoolwork as a statement. Would Remi labor over assignments when she could be preoccupied with fun and self-gratification?

The rebellious teenage schitck carried over to her oblivious parents, who now actually noticed their only child. Even so they were up and jetsetting around the city, eating out at over-priced-Mimi- Sheraton-recommended-restaurants, while slowly their puppyish, sweet daughter molded herself to the image of Remi. She had curdled.

Slowly March passed her by. Her teachers were tired of this 'Phase'. She felt empty. That elated feeling she sometimes got at Spring had passed and her only real worry was if it would be warm enough to wear her midriff-revealing scraps--an ecclectic collection that showed off her less than formidable figure.

Both Cecily and Felicity wore copper and silver bangles. They piled their golden-reddish hued Remiesque on their heads. One Wednesaday at school Felicity sat in front of the

splattered mirror in the bathroom while Cecily watched admiringly. Felicity put two coats of pale pearl Loreal frosted lipstick on with strident strokes. Felicity smacked her lips together and reached in her little, ladylike bottle of hairspray, wetting her tousled coils.

Cecily jumped off the radiator with a giant thump, the metal shaking with the impact. Her dazed cow-like eyes focused on Felicity.

They were passed in the halls with snooty supercilious smiles, the heads of these classmates tilted upwards. Felicity was now all the more daring. She styled her hair freakishly once she got to school. She carried a bag of Remi gear, changing in the girls' room. Her clothes were mostly cut out at the waist-leaving a gaping hole that revealed her flat, ribby stomach. Her gown today was satin with patterned materials sewn on in almost a patchwork quality. Layers of lace and velvety ribbon edging the sleeves.

Felicity half-mummured, half-hummed song, chatting coldly to her old enemies.

Remi became to Felicity a symbol of the unattainable. Felicity wrote her name over and over again, frenzied. She envisioned perfection in satiny ballet slippers swivelling her hips. Intelligent, rebellious, anti-establishment Remi. She was the immortal one who rejected everything of Felicity's Anonymous Identity period. Remi was the charitable one--she had contributed a thousand dollars in profits to the Battered Children's Fund. She was magnetic, genteel, with a sunny welcoming smile, a sultry guise.

Felicity had read the great Remi story—a tale in Felicity's mind of epic proportions. It was in a dog-leafed issue of Creem. Felicity had a heart-littered Remi scrapbook album. Remi at the Calico Cafe. Remi at a chic party, dangling a wine glass.

Remi was the spirit of the future with the ultimate sense of style. She was a paragon of beauty. She wrote pleasing, reassuring lyrics about the heartbreak of love.

Felicity signed her papers Remi. She imagined marriage scenarios with Remi's boyfriend, Theodore Richards. Richards was a famous Jazz musician who owned a chic, moderne club, The Calico Cafe. (Felicity learned this from the Fingertip Facts About Remi Calendar.)

It was perhaps May 30th when Felicity first heard about look-a-like contest. She was first notified of this momentous event via Cecily.

Felicity had now resembled Remi's ethereal presence for more than a fortnight

She wore a patterned shirt that barely covered her midriff, and a lacy skirt that she wore low on the hip with pearl clips that were bought in vintage stores and broaches with antique cherubs, smiling in a glossy heaven. She wrapped her head in gingham scarfs, her dress-style could be classified as a charming, quaint collection.

Felicity and Cecily went shopping everyday, each one drawing them closer to their unattainable goal—to be a Remi. For example, Monday's shopping consisted of pink stirrup leggings and a lace adorned "star shirt."

Tuesday's acquired goods consisted of a black silk scarf and a charm heart necklace. Among all this hub-bub, Felicity's mother, a small lean, sickly woman started noticing the ten dollars Felicity earned from house cleaning disappearing more rapidly. Ms. Lydia Richter was, of course, morally opposed to the Remi sensation, even then before she was aware of her daughter's complete immersion in it. Felicity had never mentioned the Remi competition to her.

Felicity, for two whole weeks, went shopping every day. Many lace "tummy blouses" were discovered, as well as flowery tank-tops. During these odyssies they often stopped for greasy, thin pizza at Ray Bari's where they distastefully remarked on their burnt crusts.

Cecily was really excited about the contest. She pressed quite a lot on the subject. On Thursday, she picked up the forms at Macy's. Felicity skimmed over them.

Felicity often conversed on the matter. On Thursday night, while Cecily and Felicity were circled around the blasting MTV, chomping on Cocoa Crispies and watching a Remi video, Cecily brought it up again.

"C'mon! Flee, go for the contest on the 26th!" Cecily prodded, gurgling. When she spoke, her fat cheeks bunched, glistening. Today her chubby little mouth was open, her acneridden shimmering in the television's light.

Felicity wasn't listening, she was watching Remi's egotistical music video, "Passion," which was filled to capacity with all sorts of compromising shots of Remi in odd positions.

Felicity asked to have the question repeated.

"Y'know. Like the competition?"

"Oh," Felicity said breathlessly, thrusting her shiny orange toenails skyward. She thought on this subject a moment, recklessly flashing her cold, blue eyes.

"Hmm..O.K. Babe, we got a deal..."

From then on, their lazy summer month was stocked with intensive shopping. Discerning eyes, a good color sense and a full knowledge of Remi were required.

They bought their makeup at Barone's. When they departed (never empty-handed) it was with lipliners and dusty rose blush in their clenched hands. With each pleasurable purchase they were more prepared for the day.

On a rainy Sunday they might blow cherry Bubblicious while examining booklets on Remi's hairstyles. They poured over French braiding techniques.

June passed slowly, soon the day grew close. They spent
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days and nights at work, rining their eyes and combing their lashes.

On the actual day, Felicity was awoken at five by a nightmare. She gazed out the slanted Venetian blinds while removing the sleep from her eyes. She stretched in her cute little Garfield nightie which she had recently cut to shreds and dyed in a fluorescent yellow.

She looked at her reflection in the mirror, her smeared

mascara

"Uh!"she yelled, her head throbbing.

Her eyes were like frozen lakes, cold and embittered, a clear, shallow, icy blue. Her hair puffed out in front like a giant cheezedoodle. Herself. Now that was power. It was a mass of voltage. Impressive.

Her eyes flicked devilishly. "You are sooo normal," she

reassured herself, combing her hair lovingly.

Next came the hairspray to derive "the wet look." After this was the complicated makeup process. Her shadow stretched devilishly by her eyes gave an assertive look.

Her mother arose at 11:30 in the morning, her thin figure

swaddled ina towelly bathrobe.

"Felicity Shosone!" her mother yelped.

Felicity looked up. Her face was atrociously painted, her shirt was ridiculously low. Lydia Richter's heart dulled to a tired thump.

"Oh my God, Felicity!"

"What?"

"You're not the sweet wholesome girl, my daughter"

"Gimme a break!"

"Jesus, you're not going out on a New York street in that promiscuous get up."

"For the contest."

"Felicity! What in hell's name has happened to you in a damn month? You'll get molested at that rate. If I knew that it entailed wearing such precocious get-ups--Jesus!"

Felicity tried to block out the warnings, taking them lightly while she snapped on her ballet silk slippers and popped ginger crackers.

"So you want me to be a nebbishy blah like I was before? Now I am an original."

"Just like everyone else," Lydia said facetiously.

"Yea."

"Oh, come on! What am I supposed to tell Jill and Rena when they see you doing pelvic thrusts on television? That, yes, my daughter is a rabid Remi fan."

Felicity looked up at Lydia. She ached at her mother's

sickly, tortured face, taut with exasperation.

"I don't live in your time, Mom. I'll be back by eleven." Felicity urned her back, collecting her giant cosmetic bag, with all of her "toiletries."

Then she ran out, slamming the door loudly as she passed. Cecily was waiting for Felicity in front of her apartment

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building.

Cecily's huge stomach was sticking out for all to see as she was wearing a tummy-cut gown.

Her squinty black eyes were alive. A less Remi-looking

girl, you were not likely to see.

They were met by two full taxis, one who was going to Brooklyn and another who drove past them. Finally, they got a reasonably decent cab that smelled of smoke and had Barbra Streisand music from the Seventies playing in the background.

The cab let them off at that twisted discount store haven,

34th Street. It was bustling with crazy colors.

When they stepped out of the taxi they were greated with intense heat, the awful stench of a beggar ir the street and a barrage of bodies. Felicity was also greeted a flood of shame and embarassment at her appearance.

But with derelicts sprawling, Moslems preaching salvation, ghetto blasters screaming, incence burning, harried business people running, dodging, hurtling children that were being openly abused by their parents and cherry ices dripping, no one saw them.

The contestants slipped in unnoticed. They caused quite a stir on escalators. Toddlers pointed at the "funny-looking" girls. They flicked their sharply underlined eyes, blinking lightly as their coats of mascara would not take. They did not move their heads because their golden-reddish Remi curls might be upset from the pole they had achieved, wrapped in a black scarf.

They could not move to the or right because their carefully aligned straps on their shoulders might be set askew.

On the second floor they began to sway involuntarily as they heard "Fascinated With You." Remi herself was at a concert in California. She would arrive in the early evening. Remi and the lucky contestant would eat at Wiedows On The World at the trade center. The winner would also be eligible for five hundred dollars in Remi gear.

The room was hot and moist, the sweating, vibrating dancers hopping from one foot to the other while mouthing words from

whitish lips, frosted with cotton candy whipped gloss.

Their eyes were alight with anticipation, their were fingers clutched in wild hopes. Felicity's glassy, blue eyes were set strongly. She talked to Cecily, moving quickly like an eggbeater.

a highforehead and bluntly cut black hair. She told the girls in a stern voice that there should be no noise from contestants on procession, "The line formation should be to this white line and no further."

The woman told the contestants in jumbled speech the rules of the competition. As she talked her heavy glasses slipped down her nose and stray bits of her black, blunt cut hair wandered to her mouth. This made her even more irrational. Chaos had taken over the contest. People were yelling, the audience was closing in. All the judges were out of control,

howling inneffectually toward the one hundred and forty girls that had shown up for the contest. Felicity was the twenty seventh on line and Cecily was directly behind her. As Felicity glanced at her rivals, she started to feel very unsure of herself. So she would not feel to let down by loss, Felicity took a pessimistic stand, convincing herself she would not win.

There was a girl that was thirty fifth on line that was unspeakably slender and beautifully delicate with an almost bisque look about her. A Remi. The girl was perhaps twenty one.

"Cecily," Felicity hissed. She was already in a sour mood

and had a horrible pounding headache.

"That girl! The thirty fifth on line. She is a Remi!" Cecily gasped in horror and bent over to see. Felicity hit her shoulder.

"Don't make it so obvious!"

The music grew louder as the crowd grew larger. The viewers chortled to themselves, finding the Remi look-alikes quite hilarious.

It was almost five o'clock. The junior Department Salesmanager was there. She was over-friendly, shaking everyone's clammy hand and grinning at them, "Hi, I'm Anne!"

Ann gave an entire speech, supposedly profound and deep, on the meaning of Remi as a symbol of changing youth. Then the lights blinked on and off and the music started to blare. The procession had begun. Felicity's knees shook like vanilla pudding. Her stomach was hurting, twisting painfully. Each girl went out in front of the judges and the burning lights, and did a little walk or some sort of dance. After peering over craned necks for about twenty minutes, Number 24 went out on the black tile, and Felicity could finally see.

She strutted out to the marble, swaying nonchalently to "Passion", which pumped from the overhead speakers. Felicity watched this girl confidently. She was all wrong. Her hair was too short and was wrapped and hidden in a colored scarf. She showed none of Remi's celebrated ringlets. Cecily clucked her fat, hot-dog-like tongue. Twenty five was not there. She'd gone to the Ladies' Room to gloss over her lipstick. Twenty Six came to the floor. dark and had none of the blonde, airy intensity that a Remi-imitator required. She was a good dancer and was bursting with energy. Her name was Vanessa and Felicity thought that she would be interesting to learn from. Felicity was next, number twenty seven. She started early and was over-excited. She jumped out before her turn, running forward before the ending of "She Feels The Rhythm". "Dinner Party" was next. Felicity sauntered to center stage as Remi would have done. Then she was indulging in frantic movements as Remi did in her famous video. She tousled her curls, kicking up her ballet slippers and walking delicately, watching the judges expressions. They nodded; one smiled approvingly and marked something on the little sheet of paper.

Felicity would have died for that piece of paper.

Cecily was on after Felicity. Felicity scanned the judges reactions. Cecily actually did look rather odd. She was 135 pounds and her girth trembled back and forth when she danced.

When Cecily's minute was over, Felicity was crying. "I

lost!" Cecily nodded empathetically.

They waited in Macys for four hours for the winners to be posted. Finally, a tall bleach blonde taped it up. Felicity and Cecily skimmed the list.

We are pleased to announce a winner in the Macys Junior Department's Remi Look-Alike-Contest:

Felicity Shosone Richter. CONGRATUALATIONS!

2nd Place: Maggie Bernbaum

3rd Place: Clarrissa De Braun

Honorable Mention: Mara Stiller

Rachel Morris Keri Reiner Audrey Ender

Felicity stared, suspended, dizzy. Her heart pounded, her body trembled.

"No, it can't be!"

"Yes, it can!" Cecily shouted pretending she was not envious, just glad for her false friend.

The judge with the black glasses and crossed eyes walked up to her.

"I'll present your check tomorrow. Great, kid. Great!"

"But...it was against the odds".

"We have dinner scheduled for 7 tonight with....Remi herself."

This was all too much for Felicity. She was ecstatic. No longer was she an anonymous identity. She was a pillar of triumph. A Remi....

It was 6:30 and a wilted Felicity primped and plumed in her choice of dress, a black lace one, was glowing with self assurance. She was a monument for all striving teenagers, she lived a charmed life. Remi's limousine was scheduled to arrive at 6:30, but the limosuine drew up eventually at 7:30. Felicity was very hot by this time. It was dusk on a New York summer's day. The heat was simmering her and frying her. Her dress stuck to her skin. She had rivers of perspiration on her neck. She was starched and stiff and clean earlier. Now she was soggy and grey and slouched. She was still in the flush of excitement, but was let down by Remi's irresponsibility.

Finally, it came to the curb. Already quite a group was formed, circling the star and the fortunate contestant .

People shouted things, mostly of an obscene strain as the forboding black door opened and Felicity stepped inside, sitting down gingerly on the leather seat. The sweating people on the street gazed jealously at Felicity in the airconditioned recesses of Remi's car.

Suddenly a rock hit the back window with a frightening thud. A cry came from the sidewalk," Die Remi." Felicity shuddered as the veering car swiftly sped off. Along Fifth Avenue, a rather big crowd had gathered. Remi waved patronizingly to her loyal

citizens, her people, the common folk.

"So you're one of my fans are you?" Remi said casually. Felicity almost jumped with elated joy. She watched her idol carefully. As the light was cast on Remi, Felicity observed the real Remi, unpainted and in a stylish evening gown, her hair pinned neatly in a bun. Remi's cold eyes calculatingly watched Felicity. Remi, moving carefully, lifted a cigarette from a pack on her left. She then pushed the window down and up auto-matically, childishly playing with the switch.

"I'm the real Remi, Felicity Shosone. A God damned neurotic." Felicity looked upon Remi and sighed. Her pores were alot larger than they looked from pictures. Without the layers of

foundation you could see her oily complexion.

"You're disillusioned, right?"
Felicity looked at the great one.

"Don't bother, bitch, you are. You and all the other bitches who demand me to be some sort of immortal statue. Jesus! Oh god do I hate this pompous ritual or what? Hector.... Hector, you ass, get this thing over with, right?" She directed this abuse towards her chaffeur, an elderly gentleman. He managed to inch along the West side Highway without being seriously hurt, a feat in itself. Cars honked behind them. The beautiful Remi examined her nails.

"Look," she said crisply, "which song of mine do you like best of mine?" Remi had a plastic smile on her face.

"Uh....'She Needs the Rhythm'"

"Hmmm. What do you do?"

"What do you mean?"

"Sing, dance, draw, act?"

"Oh. Fashion. Interior design."

Remi had a tooth chipped. Felicity saw it when Remi gave her one of those clipped, condescending smiles with her eyes half shut.

Hector, her driver, seemed to be her toy for victimization, Felicity couldn't imagine why else she kept him on.

"Hector you're just so slow witted and simple. You have acne on the back of your neck and you smell... unclean." Remi shouted.

Once they were near the center, Felicity let out a sigh of relief. They were overcome with cheering fans. Remi's bodygaurd,

Charlie, screamed for the crowd to stop and Remi crawled through the fans as young suburban teenagers hurled themselves at her.

"Come on you little un-talented, drippy bitch!" Felicity arose, dazed at this sudden verbal smash by Remi. People touched Felicity's arms as she passed and pushed Rainbow Brite autograph books in her face.

It was all so sudden that her mother would be unaware of all

this until the Eyewitness News reporter told her at 7:00.

"On a lighter note, the Remi look-alike contest..." They would of course assume Felicity was at Cecily's, mourning over the lost contest, yet they would see her blushing face in the height of exhilaration.

Remi blew wisps off her face as she was attacked by packs of pre-adolescents, "Come on let me by!" Remi shouted again, as she pressed her body through the young children with clutched pencils.

Remi walked towards the elevator in trippy high heels. Felicity

Shosone suddenly stopped remembering something.

"Remi, I can't. I'm afraid of heights."

"A little late for that, isn't it?" Remi said, her eyes staring angrily at Felicity, "Don't be feeble, you little bitch. You little spineless scum."

"I suppose, "Felicity said, her teeth clenched.
They walked across the floor to along line that was waiting to

engage in the standard tourist fare.

When Remi, shimmering in sequins passed, the line parted, and cooing ladies expressed their wonder at this free public appearance. Remi walked casually by, Felicity following dimly behind her. They got to the front of the line without so much as a murmur from the others that were waiting on line for fifteen minutes or more.

As they rose up a hundred floors, Felicity peered into Remi's hard, cold heartshaped face as it contorted in anguish. Remi mumbled to herself, reproachingly for getting herself into these awful situations with innane creeps.

"Dress is di riguer, of course." Remi remarked nastily as they stepped out of the elevator.

The meal was mostly a silent affair, highlighted by Remi's continual caustic comments that seemed to slip easily from the seventeen year-olds precocious, forked tongue.

"Really, Remi. I appreciate your giving your time so generously

to me. I'm sure you were very busy."

"You bet I did you weak, empty bitch. Face up to it, wimp, I was paid."

Felicity was still, sitting listlessly. She stared at her over-priced shrimp in butter sauce that she speared out of habit. Her linen napkin lay folded in her lap.

"But, Remi..... How did you get started?"

"I used my friend to get an album and then I just left. Classic case, right bitch?" Felicity was there in the restaurant with Remi as unbelievable as it seemed. Remi wasn't really their in spirit, of course. In fact most of the time she was pouting or looking

narcissistically into every mirror her eye happened to fall on.
Felicity felt like the Anonymous Identity again, soft and mushy like jelly soap.

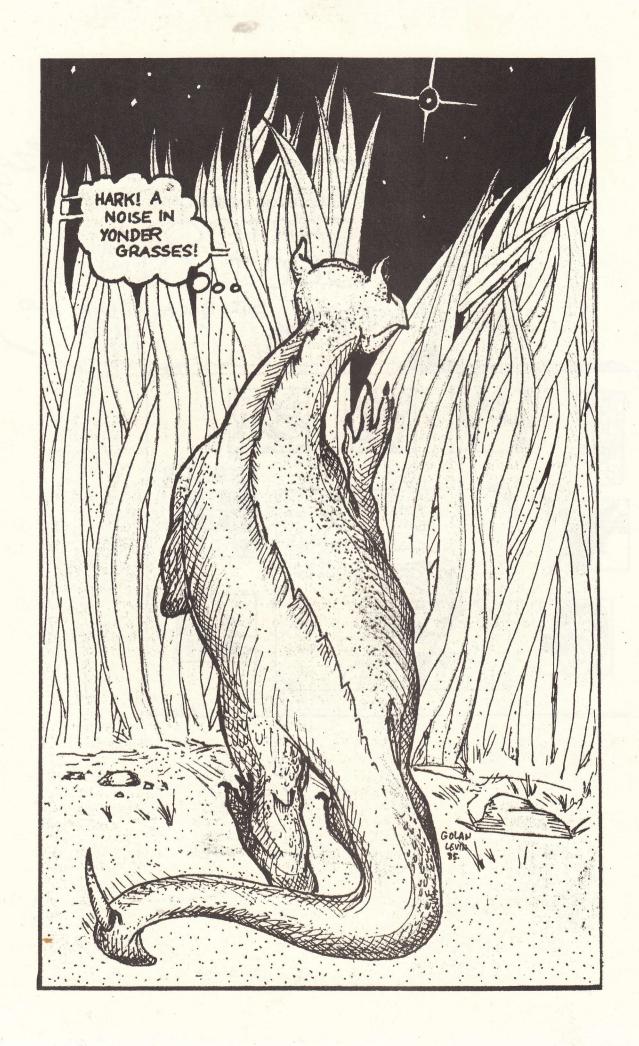
When it was time to go (and that was never to soon) Felicity went down the one hundred flights and dissolved in the back seat of the limousine. Remi never even said goodbye, she just left her with one last word of advice, "Screw your friends." She was than off to the Calico Cafe and Theodore Richards.

The next week Felicity stripped her hair. It was now dull and lackluster. For months the Anonymous Identity drooped along with life until she heard of a brilliant young female actress, a supposed genius with dark brown hair and a crooked nose.....

Alissa Quart

This clay that the city and expensely subject to the party of the

GOOD EVENING. WELCOME TO THE Z SIT BACK, RELAX, AND The Brady Bunch R. Bailey





Loger Bailey

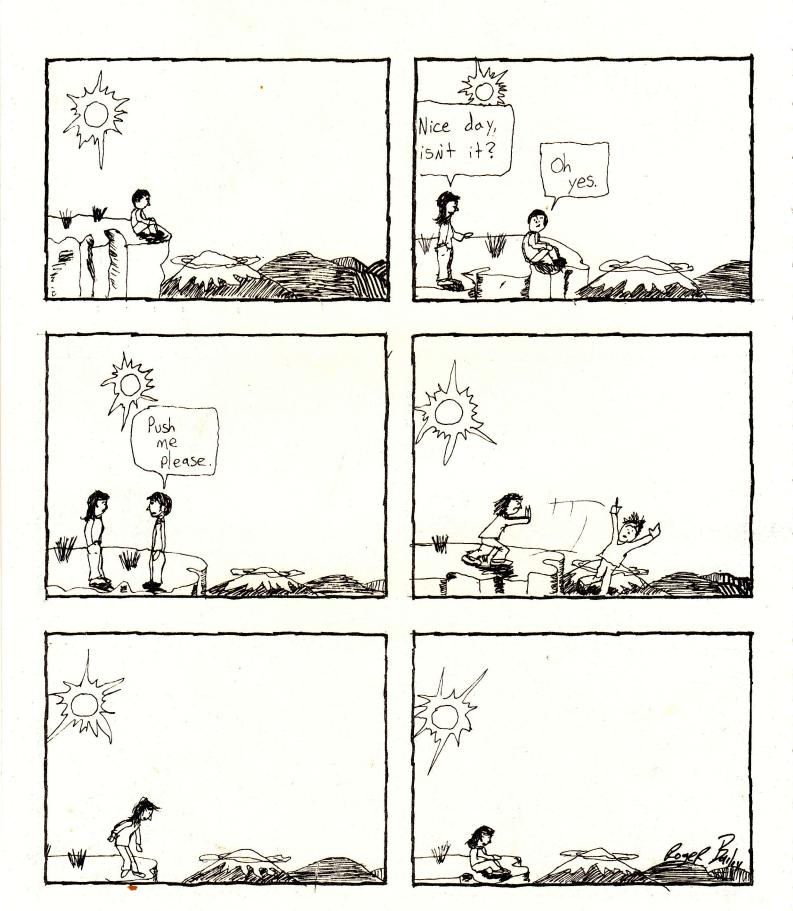






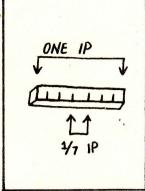






# metamorphosis CIX & GOLAK LEVIN

14 MILLION, 502
QUALKUFRITZTRANIAN
YEARS AGO, THE
RRRIGLERP - DHAZI
OF MITZUNUUGI DEVELOPED THEIR FIRST
SYSTEM OF LINEAR
MEASUREMENT.

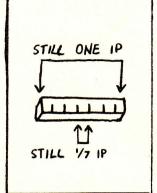


THE UNIT WAS

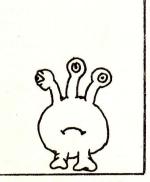
CALLED THE IP, AND

THE IP'S REPRESENTATION WAS ENGRAVED
IN A BRONZE BAR

CALLED THE IP-N.



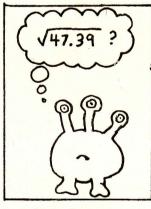
NATURACLY, THE IP WAS DIVIDED INTO SEVENTHS.



WELL, THIS WAS
THE STATE OF
THINGS FOR QUITE
SOME TIME UNTIL A
LEADING TEAM OF
SCIENTISTS DISCOVERED
THE IP-N WAS SHRINKING
AT A RATE OF 15 MILLI-



WEGS A MONTH. IT
WAS FOR THIS REASON THAT THE MITZUNUUGIANS WERE
PERPETUALLY SQUARING THEIR HEIGHT
(IN COMPARISON TO
THE SHRUNKEN IP-N)



A NEW PROBLEM

AROSE: EITHER THE

RRRIGLERP-DHAZIS

FROM MITZUNUUGI DEVELOPED A

NEW STANDARD OF

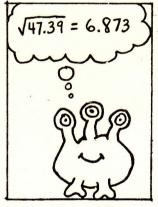
MEASUREMENT, OR

THEY WOULD BE

CONDEMNED TO DO

COMPLEX SQUARE

ROOTS IN THEIR HEADS.



LUCKILY, AND

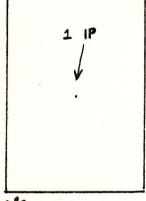
QUITE FORTUNATELY,

ONE OF THEIR LEADING MATHEMATICIANS

DEVELOPED A HYPERQUICK METHOD OF

DOING SQUARE ROOTS,

AND THE PROBLEM
WAS RESOLVED.



\*THE IP-N IS

PRESENTLY -38.941

GIGAWEGS LONG.

IT IS KEPT IN A

TEMPERATURE CON
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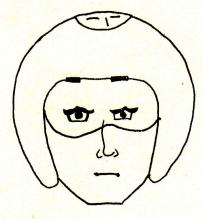
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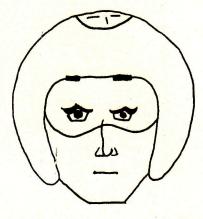
ON QUALKUHFRITZ.

# NEW! JAPANESE ANIMATION

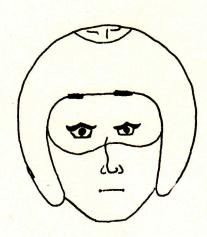
FOR YOUR VIEWING PLEASURE!!!

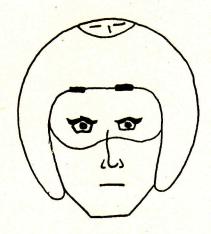


"SPACE MAN"



"SUPERALIGHT"





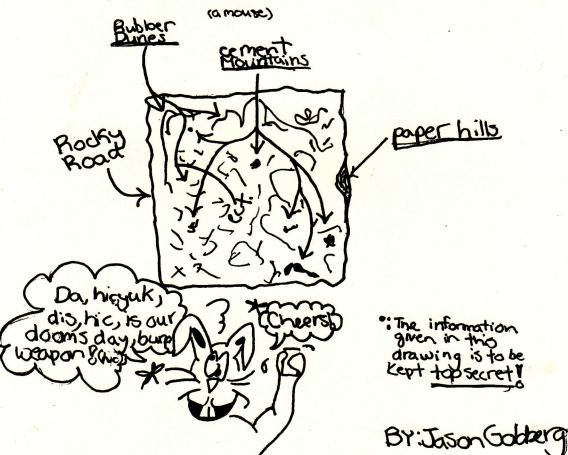
"SUB-LIGHT" SPACE FLIGHT"

JAPAN: THE PLACE OF NEW IDEAS

By: N.K.D.

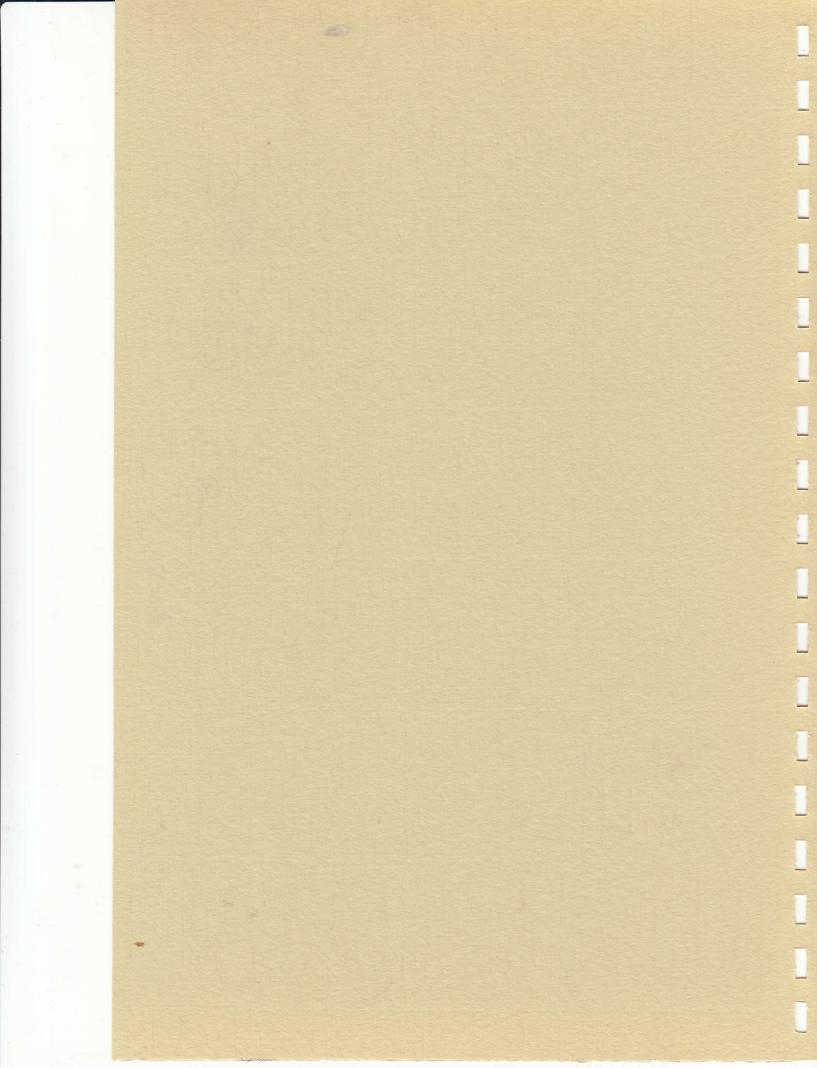
## "The Quicker Picker Upper"

## (The Handiest Little Tool in PUB Shop )

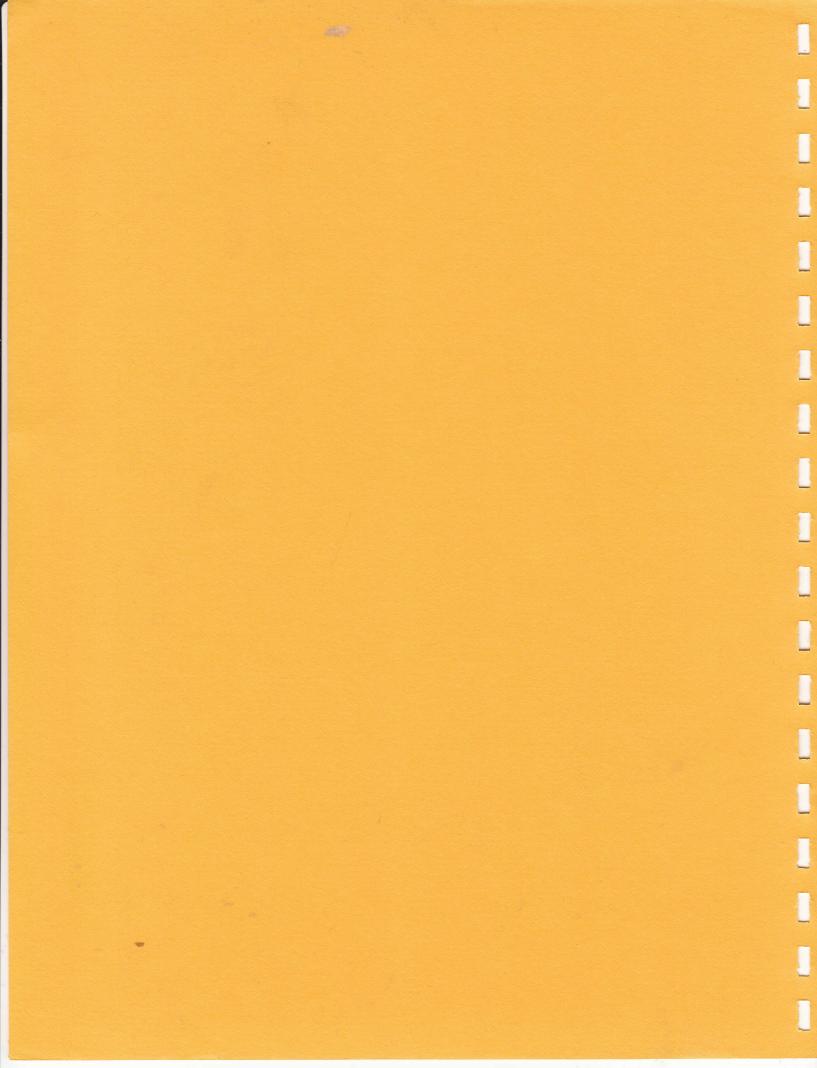














# Buck's Rock as Matrix

Buck's Rock as a matrix? Perhaps. One of the meanings of matrix is "something within which something else originates or develops." In that sense, one can look at Buck's Rock as an environment (the something) within which creativity (the something else) originates or develops. But other meanings of matrix include "a mold from which a stereotype is made..." and "an impression used for mass producing duplicates of the original." Those meanings of the word can certainly not be applied to Buck's Rock this summer. If anything, the summer of '85 was a summer of greater individuality and diversity than we have seen in a long time.

Throughout its history, Buck's Rock has opposed the molding or stereotyping of young people. Instead of compelling you to join groups, we have invited you to do so, instead of dictating your projects, we have suggested them, instead of regimenting your movements, we have encouraged you to move in whichever directions your interests might take you. Age and sex have played no part in our program. The same rules that have applied to our 12-year-olds have applied to our 16-year-olds, the same opportunities open to one age group have been open to all, and (with the exception, perhaps, of "girls" volleyball) the same activities open to girls have been open to boys and vice versa. When we see boys working in our sewing shop and girls welding in our sculpture shop, we know we've been successful.

Your accomplishments this summer have often been both self motivated and selfless. You've worked hard at what you've undertaken yet you've not done so for a grade or diploma credit or a place on an honor roll. You've produced items of great beauty in our studios and workshops. But you could have purchased comparable items in a shop or department store. You've toiled on our farms and you've done production work in our shops. But you've received no monetary compensation for your labors. You've put in untold hours of rehearsal time as musicians, dancers, actors, clowns, singers, and technicians. And often it has been at the expense of involving yourself in no other activity until the performance was over. Just why have you made such sacrifices and given of yourselves so freely? We believe that Buck's Rock has had something to do with it. Here you have found a matrix for your creativity. Here you have learned to trust your impulses, your emotions, your senses, your thoughts. And as you developed a better awareness of who you are, you began to develop stronger convictions about the endeavors you wanted to pursue and to derive considerable joy in their pursuit.

It has been said that the creative person is a perpetual child and that such a person never loses the capacity to be surprised or puzzled or the capacity to wonder. We are pleased to have so many such "children" at Buck's Rock. But in addition

to your childlike qualities you also reveal a good deal of sophistication. You are impatient with bogus art, cliches, stupid traditions, hyprocrisy, empty slogans, and patronizing adults. As a group, you are anything but "typical" teens. By and large you are interesting, caring, thoughtful youngsters who are sensitive to the needs of others and considerate of their rights. You must be atypical as adults would not stop us as often as they do on outings and trips to remark on how unique you are.

For more than a decade now young people have evinced little interest in world affairs. Forums and discussions at Buck's Rock have been limited to bull sessions in the bunks and an occasional argument on the social hall porch. This summer, with some trepidation, we planned a Hiroshima Remembrance Evening and a Retrospective on Vietnam. How pleased we were that they turned out to be two of the most moving events of the summer. The procession of over 200 Buck's Rockers, each with a lit candle, moving silently from the big oak tree to the campfire site is a memory that won't soon be forgotten. The following week, when Jack Gresko, Mike Aschenbrenner, David Plakke, and Rudy Veltre told us what it was like to be involved in the Vietnam conflict, some fictions about those years were laid to rest and the terror and fear and hopelessness that those men felt were brought home to us with a force and honesty that the makers of Rambo II could probably never understand. Whether your eagerness to know more about Hiroshima and Vietnam, as evidenced by the numerous questions you asked, suggests a political reawakening of young people, it may be too early to What was encouraging, though, was that so many of you chose to get involved and learn more about both of these chapters in history.

Over the years, Buck's Rock has seen many generations come and go--the Beats, the folkies, the hippies, the groupies. Many prided themselves on being non-comformists. In retrospect, however, they were remarkably conformist -- in the clothing they wore, the hairstyles they sported, the music they sang, and the thoughts they expressed. It is your generation, the generation now attending Buck's Rock, that seems to be the most tolerant of diversity. You wear no uniform, you espouse no line, you demand no compliance with your values. More than three hundred of you attended Buck's Rock this summer. came from seventeen different states and from eight different countries. Your backgrounds and experiences were as rich and as varied as the regions from which you hailed. Among you were punks and japs and rebels and jocks and preppies and wasps But the majority of you defied labeling. You were and nerds. just ordinary (and not so ordinary) kids who worked and played together these two summer months.

The word matrix which comes from "mater," the Latin word for mother, has two somewhat contradictory meanings. On the

one hand, there is the mother in whom life originates and develops; on the other, there is the mother who wants to mold and mass produce duplicates of herself. Part of the growing up you've done this summer you've done because you've been separated from your usual matrix and have chosen not to be "matrixed" here at Buck's Rock. Give the freedom to choose your own activities, to make your own decisions, to get in touch with your own selves, you have spent your days in all manner of creative pursuits. Encouraged to apporch people and problems with an openness of mind and heart, many of you have learned to see things in fresh, creative ways. Buck's Rock, in that respect, has been the matrix that has taught you to be wary of matrices. It has also, we hope, been the matrix that has enabled you to grow, to develop, and to flourish.

Jan and Sufil



# A la Recherche de l'Eté Perdu

What happens the rest of the year (in the fall, winter and spring) when you think about your summer at Buck's Rock? Probably, concrete images and memories are the first to come to your mind.

SITE MEMORIES--Perhaps your bunk, your favorite shops or studios, the lawns, ball fields, the Dining Room Porch, the ping-pong tables, the big tubes floating at the waterfront, a place you visited on a shop trip, the goat pens at the farm, etc.

SPECIFIC OBJECTS AND THINGS--you would surely remember anything you actually made yourself--a bowl or pot or glass goblet, a drawing, painting, silkscreen, fabric, a leather hat, perhaps a zucchini you picked at the farm, a calf or rabbit you adopted for the summer, a musical instrument you struggled with and tamed etc.

PERFORMANCE AND SPORTS--dances, plays, concerts, movies, videotapings, shows, softball and soccer games, talent nights, any production you had a part in but also those you attended etc.

SPECIAL EVENTS AND TRIPS--the carnivals, Festival, Country Fair, English Night, the College Bowls, Vietnam and Hiroshima memorial programs, overnights, sports with other camps, roller skating, Saturday evening picnics etc.

A multitude of major and minor events and things, provide the concrete memories of a Buck's Rock summer. But there is another category of memory that is less definable and more important than the concrete—and it has to do with the people you lived and worked with during the summer—with the other boys and girls, and the varied members of the staff—the whole rag-tag, motley, wonderful lot of them—who came in all shapes, sizes, colors and nationalities and in a wide range of personalities.

Beyond the corporeal and truly impressive program that Buck's Rock provides—all the equipment and facilities—are the indefinable but wonderful benefits of living and working with an extraordinary mix and matrix of people who give off vibrations of creative curiosity and vitality.

You may not have thrown a clay pot this summer, but you probably know someone at Buck's Rock who had that mud-puddle pleasure.

You may not have performed in a play or concert or recital, but you know people who did, and you shared in their pleasure and excitement.

You may not have stepped into the Computer Shop or been to the Veggie Farm this season, but you know kids who spent fascinating hours there.

Even if you did not polka-dot your face in the Clown Shop, you enjoyed their merriment and comedy.

You knew the performers and crafspeople. You lived and played and ate meals with them. You were their friend, companion, collaborator, and audience.

As individuals, we necessarily live within our own skins and minds. We are severely limited--some say tragically--as to the things we can personally do and experience. But in a synergistic creative environment like Buck's Rock, we can expand and multiply ourselves both directly and vicariously. We "do our own things" first--but also we participate in the interests, talents and accomplishments, achievements, and pleasures of our fellow-campers.

Perhaps the best part of Buck's Rock is the other people.

Luin and Soberta



At a camp fire one night you sang a song: "Take my hand. All is well, when the day is done, day is done, day is done." Now, at the end of our summer we can say: "Take my hand. All is done, summer is done." The summer of 1985 is done. And this is a time to celebrate the present, to look forward to the future, to remember the past. Ilse and I, on this occasion, choose to look back to the past, to remember the year-books of past summers and the titles the campers of those days have chosen for their yearbooks.

One summer in the 1940's, "I Know Where I am Going". Oh, the optimism of those years! The self assurance! We are not so sure now. We have become aware of the uncertainty that makes this title sound more like an echo of

long ago than an expression of our feelings now.

1965: "And Light Does Not Linger". A melancholy truth but also a statement of hope. Though light may not linger, there was light. The campers lit it then; we shall have to see to it that it keeps on shining. We should be aware that we are the inheritors of what they then created. We wrote for their yearbook: "Of course, where there is light, there will be shadow. T.S. Eliot said: 'Between the Idea and the Reality falls the Shadow.' We may add: 'Between the idea and the reality shines the light. He said: 'Between the Conception and the Creation falls the shadow.' We may add: 'Between the conception and the creation shines the light.' There cannot be light without a shadow, there is no shadow, where there is not light. They belong to-They extingether. Light and shadow are complementary. guish each other, they create each other. Contradictions? But we live with contradictions, forever attempting to reconcile them and to discover that therein lie the roots of creativity." This is worth remembering.

1966: "Kaleidoscope". The title derived from the language of ancient Greece: Kalos - beautiful, Eidos - form, Skopos - aim. The title signified the attempt to aim for beauty by giving it form. But, by giving a fictional kaleidoscope turn after turn, we began to realize that form "We still aim for beautiful forms", we is transitory. wrote for the Yearbook of 1966, "we do. But our thinking has become more critical. Not only beautiful forms are transitory, we begin to fear that mankind itself may be transitory. "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty - That is all ye know on Earth, and all ye need to know," wrote the poet of classical revival. Alas, no longer. We have to know more. Form and Beauty are but expressions, Chaos and Ugliness are but expressions. Expressions of what? What lies beyond? What is hidden underneath? Our horizons have turned limitless; the universe endless; the immeasurable spaces contain countless galaxies. The atom is energy; space and time are no longer absolute. Form is a construct; beauty is relative." However, it is our hands that hold the kaleidoscope, that give it turn after turn.

With all that in mind the title of the 1968 Yearbook "Millions of Suns". We wrote" "Millions of Suns. was chosen: Universe after Universe. Billions of Stars. All suns. Giants, glowing red towards the ends of their lifespans, millions of light-years away. Stars, bluish-white exploding into the beginnings of their existences. All suns with planets rotating, galaxy after galaxy, and without end, unreachable by man, staggering his imagination, exhausting his comprehension. Millions of planets. Do they sustain life on their surfaces? Life, as we know it? Life as we don't know it? Or is life just ours? Unrepeated on millions of planets? Just ours? A freak? An accident? A unique gift? An unimaginable occurrence? Is earth the center of the universe? The center that gives meaning and purpose to all creation? Or is it something of no importance, tucked away on a planet circling a tenth rate star, a star amongst millions of stars? A speck of dust in one galaxy amongst millions of galaxies? Shall we ever know? Here we are! Each one of us! Millions of men, millions of women, amongst millions of suns. We men, we women, we, too, are sending out our rays, as if we were suns. We nourish each other, we create new lives, we nurture them. We love and sustain, we help and feel. Brotherhood of Man. But we hate. We shoot and kill. Cannons and gunpowder, bombs and fire. War and poison. Jealousy and Envy. Falsehood and lies. But there's a dif-Our sun, amongst millions of suns. It exists. Unmovable. It follows along the path of an endless Unmoved. journey, prescribed, unchangeable. Millions of men! Millions of women! We have a choice. We know of good, we know of evil. We can steer our course, we can be the captains of our ships, the masters of our destinies. True, we are caught between birth and death, but as long as we walk the road bridging beginning and end, we can decide. We can nourish tenderly, love strongly, create passionately. We can also do evil, rob and deprive, inflict injury and pain, cause suffering and devestation. We can lead lives of desperation; we can lead lives of exultation. Millions of suns: blind, burning but dead; bound by the laws of physics and chemistry, spending their energies unconsciously and aimlessly. Millions of Men. Millions of Women. Vulnerable, threatened by death, injuries, accident and fate. But not blind! Endowed with eyes to see, with ears to hear, with brains to think, with hearts to feel. Growing, creating, free to spend their energies, free to decide, free to choose the road."

Between 1966 and 1968, we turned our eyes inward and the 1967 Yearbook was called "Inscape". Having gone far afield in those Yearbook titles of 1966 and 1968, there was a return to ourselves, to an inner landscape, probing the essence of creativity that is in all of us.

1977: "Touchstone" named after the stone which was once used to test the karat value of gold. Karen, who wrote the editorial said: "We may not leave the summer with a finished product. Realizing that Buck's Rock is not a crafts factory, there is no shame in having no complete portfolio of work." She continues: "I worked in the shops and I performed. What I learned this summer, cannot be bound into a volume for students. Beside a knowledge of skills, I acquired an understanding of my strengths and weaknesses. I am sure I have not exhausted the possibilities of my experiences. My insights will increase as I create and, thus, confront myself." And she concludes: "Rather than counting the number of pots I have made, I count the skills I have acquired, knowledge that will not vanish once I leave camp, experiences that will enrich my future work." Karen Pinkus.

1978: "Summersnow". The title, a symbol of the attempt to make the impossible possible. Futile? Gallant? The

rewards may lie in the attempts.

1982: "Coda". A passage at the end of a composition, introduced to bring it to a satisfactory conclusion. We thought this to be an understatement. We called the summer of 1982, as we had called many summers before and afterwards, more than satisfactory. We called the summer exhibarating, triumphant at times, melancholy and sad at other times, but always creative, using gifts, abilities and talents, conquering the obstacles, enjoying assets, overcoming liabilities, accepting limits, using opportunities.

1983: "Fleeting Images". "Yes, indeed," we said, "we cannot hold them in the nets of gold, spun by our memory. But are they really fleeting? Or do they leave their marks? The marks that form character, that influence the way of life, that are part of the signs giving travel directions.

1984: "Matters of Moment. Moments of Matter". commented: "The title points to all that lies ahead, to all that has passed. It implies achievement and frustration, endings and beginnings. It speaks of the endless repetition of expansion and contraction. It encompasses the privileges and obligations of human beings who are both observers and solution. It speaks for all human beings who live in the midst of contradictions, sustained by the lights of hope, spurred by the passion to know, faced with a past that is gone and a future not yet born, inheritors of great achievements, inspired by the thoughts of all that lies ahead. Where the unexpected and the expected converge and collide; these are the matters of moment, these are the moments of The obvious and the hidden. The hidden stands matter. revealed, the obvious is questioned. Where revelations and questions contend, such encounters are matters of moment; they are the moments of matter. Faith and doubt may make your heart and soul their battleground. When they urge judgement and decision on you, these may become matters of

moment, moments of matter. The points at which decisiveness and hesitancy, firmness of purpose and vagueness ask for a decision, these are matters of moment; they become moments of matter. At times, we experience confidence that we can influence the course of events and write the history of the future. At other times, we despair because we think that the forces that shape our future are beyond our control; that they are at work, independent of us and of our efforts. Where the lines of confidence and despair cross, these are the times of self-examination when moments matter. become the matters of moment. Where the desire for peace and the threat of war ask us to act, there arises that matter of moment, there arises moments of matter. The cosmos itself may contract and expand, may be forced to endlessly create itself may contract and expand, may be forced to endlessly create itself and endlessly destruct itself by the clash between matter and anti-matter. Cosmic matters, not of moment but of infinity, and we, the witnesses. Perchance, the only witnesses. Matters of Moment."

And now: 1985, "Matrix". What is matrix but form. But form demands content. They belong together. Yin and Yang, dark and bright, negative and positive; the two principles in Chinese philosophy and religion form the perfect circle of life and through their interaction influence the destinies of all existence. They complement each other, they could not exist without each other.

You named your book "Matrix". Form to which you gave Content. Open the book again: See, feel, think the content that you created to fill the matrix. The complete work is form and content. You created both, you experienced, probably without being conscious of the fact, that one cannot exist without the other.

Matrix, the mold providing the base that houses the content. The content poured into the matrix, only to have the matrix give birth to a new mold.

May you be able to create matrix after matrix, molds that house ever new contents, colored by new experiences. We wish that for you!

May you try to combine matrix and significance in the future, do justice to shapes and substance, unite structure and motion, order and spontaneity. We wish this for you.

The passage of time may transform your outlooks so that

The passage of time may transform your outlooks so that they assume new aspects. May they be constructive and to your satisfaction. We wish that for you.

You may look at things as if you had just turned a corner and seen them for the first time. There may be such moments. We wish them for you.

You may remain curious, eager to make new discoveries, explore new possibilites, create new things. We wish this for you.

You may devote time to explore the relationships between your heart and your mind and find that you can reconcile these

forces within yourself. We wish you success in these efforts.

You will try to come to terms with uncertainties around you. We wish that you will succeed.

You will seek and find friends who do not disappoint you. We hope that you will, and our hope carries with it an element of certainty that you will.

You will receive affection and love as you have received it in the past and it will sustain you. We wish this for you.

You will be able to give love and affection, care and concern to many. May it turn out well for you and earn you the rewards as you deserve them. We wish this for you.

You might try to make reason your guiding light and remain the master of your emotions. We wish you the strength to make the effort.

You may try to combine in your life, truth and fiction, fantasy and reality. You may find that you needn't always be conscious where one begins and the other ends. We wish for you that you may live with both and that they will enrich your life.

We wish for you to develop your convictions by living with faith and doubt.

We wish you the ability to live with the collision of the expected and the unexpected, where your actions meet with your reactions.

We wish for you to develop convictions to which you remain loyal and convictions you will have the strength to change.

You will have to make many decisions. You might, at times, be hesitant or decisive, impetuous or deliberate. We wish you a minimum of regret if you have made the wrong choices or missed opportunities. We wish you strength if the wrong decisions are reversible and we wish you joy and happiness if you feel you have made the right ones.

You may pursue happiness because happiness is so elusive. We wish for you to attain as much happiness as you can tolerate.

You will come through many beginnings and many endings although you may not always be aware of them. We wish you hope at the moments of endings and no misgivings at your beginnings.

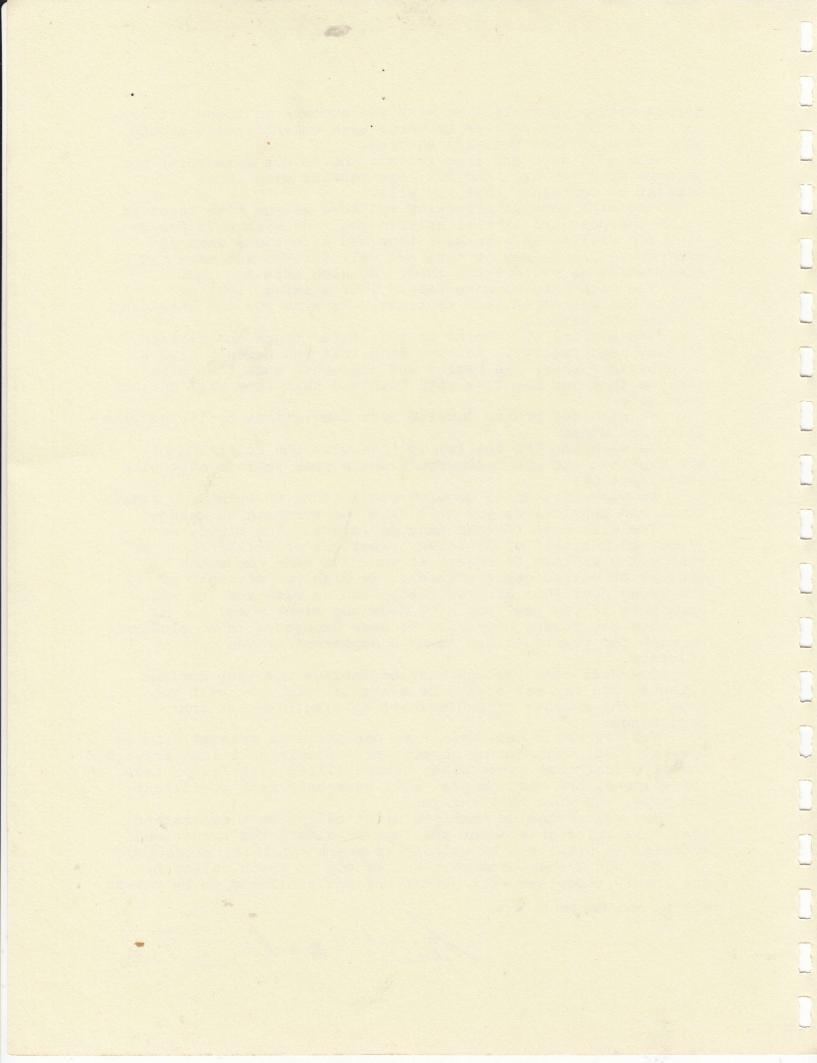
May you see a time when - to paraphrase a message from an international congress of physicians - people will look skyward, not with fear that space might become filled with launch pads for weapons, but when people will gaze only with wonderment and hope. We wish that for you.

May you recognize that you might belong to a generation that will bring this about and that shoulders the burden and accepts the privilege of helping to avert the final catastrophe.

May our wishes accompany you as you go forth, alone but not lonely, together with others but not swallowed up by crowds.

Matrix and Content.

funt and IIse



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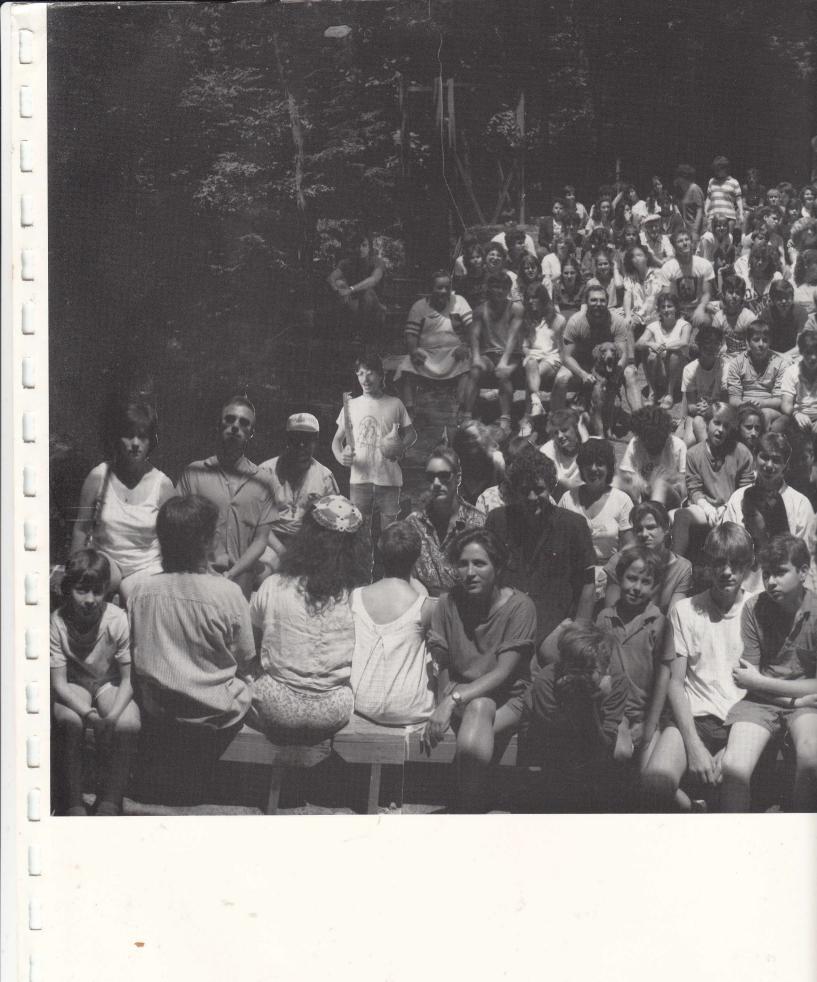
Art Shop
Photo Shop
Print Shop
Silkscreen Shop
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Pam Dicke
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Alan Hack
Randy Hudson
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MATRIX was produced by the campers and staff of Buck's Rock in the summer of 1985.

Buck's Rock, New Milford, CT 06776

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Buck's Rock Camp 1985

